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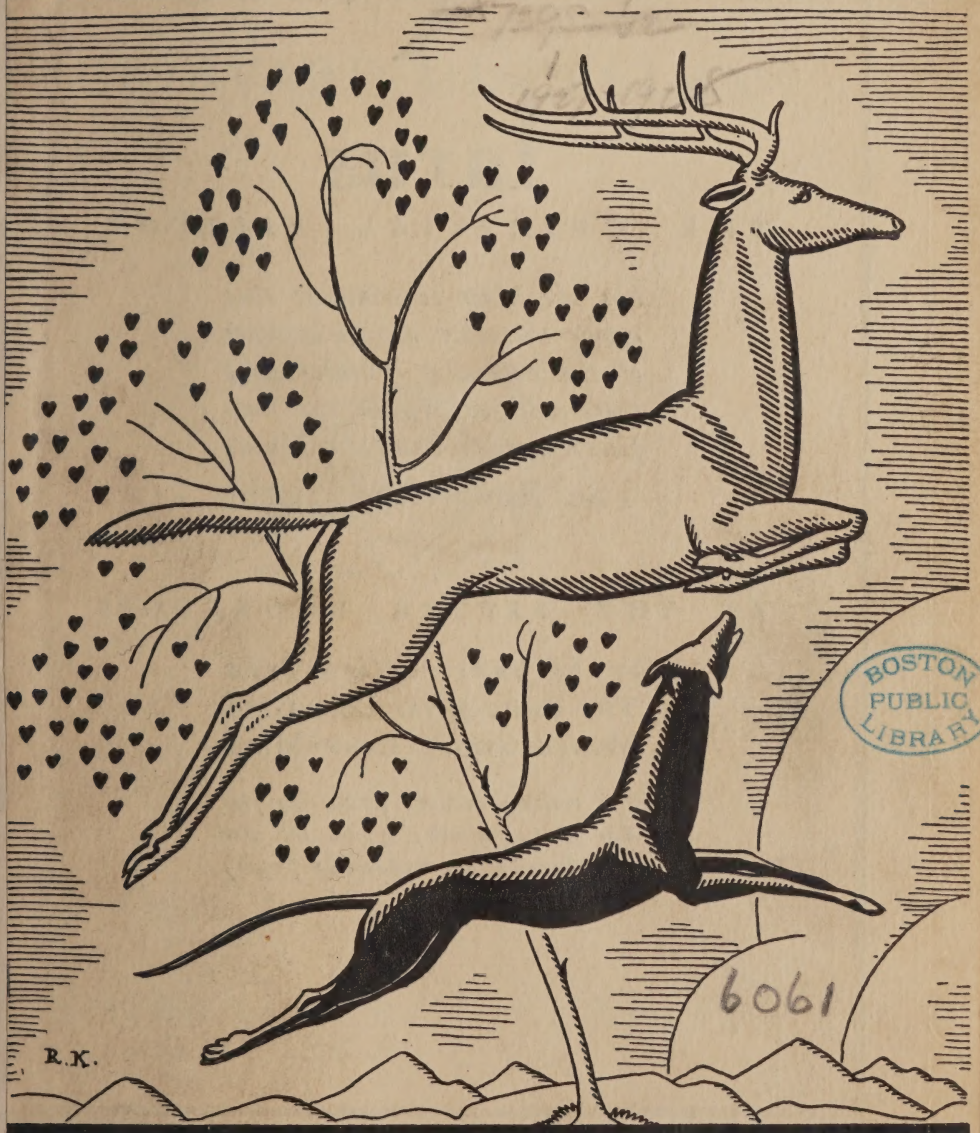

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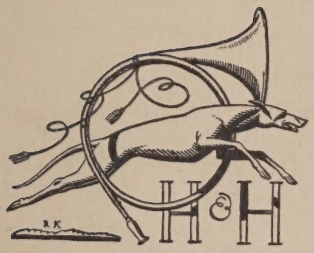

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HARVARD

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γείτονες Εὐβοίης, χαῖρε θάλασσα φίλη.

PLATO

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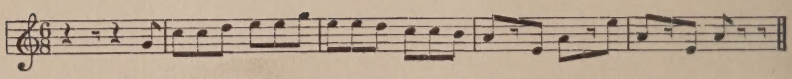

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THE
HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY
Vol. 1, No. 1 Sept. 1927

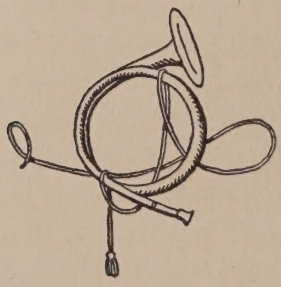
ANNOUNCEMENT

THE HOUND & HORN will be published four times during the college year. As a Harvard miscellany it will attempt to present not the aspect of a single department or group of departments in the University but the entire scene of undergraduate and graduate activity. Its pages will be open to creative work in any field and on any subject, provided that work is of a sufficiently non-technical nature to assure a general Harvard interest. Of the miscellaneous nature of the proposed magazine the present issue can be but an indication: in addition to prose and verse, critical studies of art and architecture, reviews of current books and periodicals, and reproductions of painting and sculpture, future numbers will contain articles on music, history, philosophy, science, and sport. THE HOUND & HORN will supply a fresh medium for creative expression to all members of the University who desire it. The editors hope that contributions from all the graduate schools will be in good proportion to those from the college proper, and that Harvard men who have permanently left Cambridge will benefit us occasionally with contributions

and criticism. It is the intention of THE HOUND & HORN to provide, in a measure, a point of contact between Harvard and the contemporary outside world, both here and abroad. It will endeavor to represent Harvard's potential best, and it calls upon sympathetic subscribers, contributors, and critics to help it reach such a goal.

In order to insure the spontaneous and sincere coöperation of all who are concerned in its publication the magazine will announce no "boards" and will conduct no "competitions." It will be perpetuated by those whose continued voluntary interest proves them worthy to undertake that task.

THE HOUND & HORN takes as its point of departure what is at once a valediction and a call to action. In the mood of Plato's distich it bids farewell to a land whose long familiar contours have ceased to stir creative thought: it bids farewell —and sounds the hunting horn.



PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY MARSTON

THOSE *few of us, classmates of Henry Marston's, who had known him with some intimacy in college, were oppressed with a peculiarly heavy and unrelieved sense of loss on hearing of his sudden death from pneumonia early last winter. It was not so much that, in the ordinary sense, great things were to be expected of him: he was an obscure instructor in philosophy in a Middle Western college when he died, and might well never have emerged — so doubtful were all his capacities for "getting on"—from that extremely shadowy and penumbral sphere. But in the limited circle of his close friends he occupied a station that no statement of his actual achievements will account for: one can only say that more than any other of our exact contemporaries he seemed to be conscious of the perplexities that beset us all, and capable, if not of resolving them, of making them articulate in terms that deprived them of half their inhibitory power. His influence on six or eight of us was out of all proportion to his years and experience, and there were students of his who will not calculate the full effect of his teaching until they are twice as old as they are now.*

The paragraphs that follow I have taken the liberty to select from a journal of his which he appears to have kept very irregularly for several years and which his family have handed over to me as being perhaps his closest friend. I

am somewhat ruefully conscious that these passages, like faded photographs, give only a weak and diminished impression of the strenuousness and ardor of his mind as it revealed itself in immediate contact. He probably wrote toilsomely and for the sake of discipline, rather than from any spontaneous impulse toward that kind of self-expression; and it seems to me — perhaps in consequence of this — that I detect the derivation of many of the ideas more clearly here than I ever did in his conversation. No doubt his mind was not in any strict sense an original one: I could not pretend that there is any evidence of it in his journal, and as I am transcribing the most interesting passages you will be able to judge whether I am right. Yet I cannot but think that they are worth printing if only because they give some clue to his potentialities and some insight into a mind that never made to ordinary appeals the concessions that all the rest of us have found it impossible, at least on occasions, to refuse. Whatever injustice they do to his memory it is perfectly competent to survive.

NEWTON ARVIN

There is no hope for the writer who thinks that his whole task consists in searching for the right word. In writing, the beginning of wisdom is reached, one might almost say, when one quite ceases to think of words at all. One's task is to think of *things* — an irksome and onerous but an ineluctable task. If one can, at every obstacle, forget for the moment that language exists, and visualize or in some way intensely realize what one is actually trying to say, the real difficulty is conquered, provided one has laid in one's stock of symbols with the right thrift beforehand. This process is itself an indis-

pensable one, and consists not in acquiring new words for their own sake — literary over-capitalization — but in examining and incorporating into one's thought new symbols for old experiences — experiences for which one has never had the fit and adequate names. Any word we "learn" without support for it in adventure and dreams, is excess luggage, not a passport. If we have adopted words only on these sober and legitimate grounds, we shall never need to "hunt" for them: it will be enough if we re-enact imaginatively the experiences for which they stood.

* * *

How many contemporaries have modern ideas and how few have modern feelings! A hundred men will "accept" an evolutionary, geological, deterministic universe, to one who will succeed in making himself at home in it. Most of the intellectual energy of our time goes into the labor of saving as many old emotions as possible without junking the best new ideas, and our most engaging writers are, in consequence, dualists. Babbitt himself is a specimen of this malady, and he would be the first to reprehend it. All his sentiments draw him toward the seventeenth century — or the thirteenth — and all his perceptions entangle him in the twentieth. We need a new Rousseau, need him most desperately, to make us *feel* as citizens of a post-Newtonian, post-Darwinian, post-Watsonian universe ought to feel. And we get only — or chiefly — Keyserlings, Anatole Frances, Shaws, Chestertons, Spenglers, Croces, who make us feel at moments like moderns, at moments like ancients, and most of the time like early Christians living in the eighteenth century. It is idle to allege

that we *cannot* make ourselves integrally at home in whatever world our intelligences may discover: our emotions are adaptive, and have solved worse dilemmas than this, many times. It is really up to the artists and thinkers of the present age to help us over this present chasm. A single Shakspere working on the world of modern naturalistic knowledge would do a century's work in a decade — and it is not inconceivable that such a gift should be sent us. But the writers I happen to know about are poorly equipped for the task. Think of T. S. Eliot, with his air of having hung over from the Renaissance; or of Huxley, with his Enlightenment emotions; or of Anderson and Lawrence, with their mystical philosophies of sex. Not a twentieth-century emotion in the whole lot! — Yet their "ideas" are all that one could ask of the most indefatigable readers of "outlines" and "stories."

* * *

There is no refinement so complete, no distinction so choice, that it can survive in the presence of the genuinely commonplace. It prostrates everything by a simple gesture to its own flat and undistinguished level, and all the grandeur in the world is impotent to lift it from that earth. We see this embodied on every hand daily. Elegance, in the old sense, is fruitful and expressive only in the company of equivalent or comparable elegance. This is because the commonplace is essentially unfertile, inexpressive, meagre, lacking in reference, unmalleable. It has no resource, and no potential wealth. Its hallmark is its stiffness of gesture, its chronic indigence of phrase, its subjection to the fragmentary. To be fastidious — and not merely precious — is to cultivate versatility, to mul-

tiply lights and shadows, to cherish all dimensions, to love simplicity that has emerged from complexity and ease that represents labor. All these acquisitions are thrown away on the commonplace: if you would converse with it, you must do so in its own straitened vocabulary, for all other words are jargon to it.

* * *

Nothing is to be gained by preserving — except as a convenience in expression — the dualism between Values and Facts. Values are facts of the psychological order — and even that does not mean that there is any fundamental or irreconcilable distinction, or perhaps that a mechanical description of values is impossible. Is it inconsistent with what we know of other mechanisms — not to fall back on the word organism — that we should be animated by a desire to sustain life, to keep our organic unity functioning as long as possible, or that this desire should be satisfied only for a limited period of time? Do not all mechanisms tend toward this kind of stability? And are they not all infected with some element of disequilibrium that, like mortality, ends in death, and like our bodies, ends in dissolution? And where else, if not in this mechanical principle, do all complicated values have their roots? I cannot conceive of a really sound and intelligible value that was not based on some radical organic need — any value of which the service would be *merely* pain or injury or death, and could yet be somehow defended. Beauty, for instance, is not only a value, but a fact — a fact representing a certain harmonious relation between the organism and the environment, and rooted in the same physiology that makes us susceptible to all pleasure and pervious to all pain. We should never be

aware of any beauty if our eyes were not somehow gladdened by bright greens and our ears by exquisite tones, and our whole anatomies, probably, by splendid proportions in the chance or deliberate arrangement of things about us. What Beauty could mean if not this physical relation, no one has ever adequately explained: yet neither has anyone ever tried to find for our preference of one flavor or one odor to another a home in the eternal world of Ideas. Beauty, to be sure, may be ideal or discursive, but in that case it becomes a figure of speech, and the mechanistic account of it must be phrased in other terms. But in any event if we prefer Beauty to Ugliness, it is for the best of animal reasons, and its defense as a value is only compromised by putting it on transcendental grounds. No matter how abstract or spiritual or intellectual one's values may become, they must be values that express the natural demands and facilitate the natural adaptations of living beings: "intelligence" that would lead to starvation or ineffectiveness or death would simply not be intelligence at all, but the most odious of follies and the most punctually reproved.

But why, in that case, do values ever change, or why is it fruitful to think of them experimentally? Does this argue that the organism itself, in spite of all appearances, is in process of rapid alteration — say from late Imperial days to our own? Obviously not. If values have changed in that interval it can only be because adaptation was never perfect, was indeed never more than provisional and pragmatic (actually, though of course not confessedly) and that those earlier values were phrased only to respond to certain needs and to confront certain emergencies. Other needs went — most un-

stably — unsatisfied, and other emergencies became disasters. Any rough and ready set of values will certainly take care of *some* important needs, and the complicated values of a fairly civilized group will take care of many. But animal adaptation is at best an uncertain affair, and socialized living is infinitely complex; and it is this uncertainty and this complexity that make change inevitable and chronic. Values change clumsily enough, no doubt, in keeping pace with "real" changes, but change they do and must so long as any intransigeant desire is neglected or any opportunity for better adaptation left unexplored. . . . . .

There is a sense in which Truth, as a value, is worth pursuing for its own sake: but it is not the obvious sense. In the long run, the Truth will, as they say, make us free; will help us to eliminate conflict and minimize the cruder terrors of existence. In this sense, then, fundamentally, it is worth nothing for its own sake and everything for our sake. What we mean by praising its "disinterested" pursuit is that any other pursuit would simply not lead to Truth at all; and so our deepest interests lead us to be, on one level, dispassionate and nonpartisan.

* * *

The men of my generation who wish to live the creative life on any level will have to devote much of their energies to the task of resisting exploitation. Their "souls" are in far graver danger today and in this country than they would have been in a period and place where their talents were entirely superfluous and unusable. A thousand channels are cut out into which a man with artistic and literary gifts can direct his activities, and all but a few of them lead toward unprofitable

points of the compass. A thousand amiable and benevolent appeals are made daily to such a man to exercise what seem to him his most special capacities—and nine hundred and ninety-nine of them are seductions. If the difference between the valid and the treacherous appeals were sharp and unmistakable, one's resistance to them would be relatively easy: exactly what makes it so difficult and often so nearly impossible is that the most vigilant conscience cannot always detect that difference. To be completely ineffectual no man can bear, and how constantly what seems a negligible surrender of integrity offers itself as the only alternative to such a fate! But probably all such surrenders are irreparable: they are usually called "compromises," and very inexactly, since they are not based on *reciprocal* concessions but on a yielding from one side of the most precious prerogatives. The way out lies in the direction of formulating as clearly as possible, and with as many repetitions as it will take, the grounds on which creative activity can be engaged in without loss of integrity; and of then acting on this formula obstinately and proudly. Some of our critics have already done much of the work that needs to be done by way of precept; it remains for the examples to accumulate!

* * *

How many of my exact contemporaries — Vernon Hunter, John Rice, Leo Michaelson, Ames Hancock — have fine talents that no one seems able to put to any good use! They are like a row of sundials on the northern side of a high wall. The question might be raised whether the wall should be torn down or the sundials moved round to the southern side. I cannot feel that there is a real dilemma.

GLASS

THROUGH the dirty streets' dark maze
I wandered, through the squalid ways,
Unheeding, at the sunset's close,
Unheeding of the gold and rose.
There was a window dusty and dim:
A face looked at me from within.
The face and I stared eye to eye
A moment, then looked otherwhere;
But I had seen what else was there:
I knew that things were thus and thus,
That house I knew for what it was,
That face, God knows, I knew it too.

Sometimes sudden meeting you
In store or arcade as you pass
You see your own face in a glass,
And strange it is to turn and see
That other simulacrous Me,
Strange before you unaware
To see the mirrored brow and hair
And know it sudden for yourself,
Your flesh turned ghost, your living elf
A pictured phantom in the air.
You stop and stand most silent there.

This was the strangeness took my brain,
Except that through the window-pane

There looked a real and living face,
And bridged across the glassy space
The track of sight had sudden brought
Into the winding roads of thought
The fleshly image of a ghost
Who much that day those ways had crossed,
And now upon the outer air
Living and real had met me there,
O ghost turned flesh, a phantom thought,
Alive, from a window looking out.

Sometimes in pauses of one's speech
Certain fibres seem to reach
Across the gap of brain and brain
And net themselves and weave a skein
Of words that voiceless reach the ear,
Of questions that their answer hear
Before they're asked, of thoughts unsaid,
A tapestry of quick-spun thread,
Across whose mesh four burning eyes
Speak to each heart each heart's surmise.

A face across a window-pane:
Within the tumult of the brain
An order grows, the risen blood
Into its courses shrinks its flood.
Quivering still and taut the mind
Watches a certain skein unwind,
Of a certain lost geometry

Discerns the impossible Q. E. D.
The cave still trembles with the sound
Of rivers struggling underground
To burst again their sightless lair.
In the cave's heart they shake the air
Across whose agitated mass
The corpora of shadows pass,
Films, wind-quivering, that fall,
Changed, upon the cavern's wall:
Their combination now presents
An other subtler Innocence,
And that which postured once as Fear
Walks in a sturdier garment here.

H. N. Doughty, Jr.

MR. BELL AND MR. FRY

HAVE you ever wished to suggest to a Boston hostess that Sargent was not the great artist she believes him to be? And have the decorations in the Museum of Fine Arts and the Public Library left you less enthusiastic than seemed to be demanded by public opinion? And have your emotional reactions, without sufficient intellectual support, remained in unwilling suppression? If this describes your case, you are not asked to sign the coupon below, but to be presented to Mr. Roger Fry. For Mr. Fry, in his latest book of esthetic criticism, "Transformations,"[1] indulges Mr. Sargent in a ten-page toboggan slide from the promontory of the great artists to an adjacent promontory (be it said for the benefit of the Boston hostess, equally high) particularly adapted to illustrators of social aspects. There Mr. Sargent will find himself in the company of such as Sir Thomas Lawrence, though how far below him in that courtly existence "time alone will tell," says Mr. Fry.

A distinction between the artist and the illustrator is the theme of all the essays in this collection. In "Vision and Design" Mr. Fry postulated and considered the esthetic reaction; and now in "Transformations" he considers the esthetic reaction as opposed to, and involved with, other reactions, often confused with the esthetic.

No one has yet made clear the nature of the esthetic reaction. Mr. Fry says that it is caused by the perception of a relationship, a particular relationship expressing three dimensional form with a definite feeling for volume, weight,

[1] TRANSFORMATIONS. *By Roger Fry. New York. Brentano's, Inc.* 1927. $10.

and density. But this is proof only as the reader detects a similar reaction in himself. Following an author through so unexplored a field means involved reasoning and rather halting reading. The fun really begins when he analyzes work that is without esthetic appeal or contains a mixture of esthetic and pyschological attractions. The nice differentiation between the elements involved sets a very high standard for the analysis of individual pictures, and forms the most stimulating part of the essays.

The most brilliant and decisive analysis is devoted to the consideration of the late Mr. Sargent. Mr. Fry proves that the dashing Royal Academician, except in a few early works, was entirely without an individual reaction to his subjects; that his success, in fact, depended on his lack of imagination. Mr. Fry finds in his work no more than a complete and economical statement in paint of the world as seen by the average man. To be sure it was the average cultured gentleman's point of view, but reactions to a world marked by social distinctions rather than one of personal relationships of form and color. The ability only to record facts of existence explains why Mr. Sargent failed so in his mural undertakings, for they are quite without imagination in the arrangement of volumes within a given space. There is even the story that Mr. Sargent once referred to one of his mural compositions as "just a bunch of blokes standing around"—it might well have been one of the new decorations in the Boston Museum.

Mr. Fry's criticism has more constructive elements than such advocates of "significant" form as Mr. Clive Bell. If Mr. Fry does not find the artist in Mr. Sargent, he does ap-

preciate in him other worthy qualities. He even admits that with some painters, the psychological or illustrational world created may be more exciting than some esthetic ones. His constructive attitude leads him, once he has established to his satisfaction the esthetic and illustrational elements, to ask if they react on one another when both are present. Does the story that a picture tells determine in any way the relations between the forms? The conclusion that such interaction is not inevitable, or even desirable, is partly explained by an analogy in opera, another mixture of narrative and formal elements. At the opera it is often difficult to decide whether the music, the words, the acting or the pictorial effect should be occupying our attention; and it is only in the less serious works that we can enjoy the production as a whole. He goes on then to consider Rembrandt, for whom it is sometimes necessary to focus first on the dramatic composition and then on the spatial, and who again provides examples of an apparently perfect coöperation between the two attractions. Mr. Fry's hope is that the artist will soon realize the impossibility of excelling in two arts and the worthiness of excelling in his own field, the esthetic.

Throughout the series Mr. Fry has resolutely adhered to his problem of esthetic criticism. It is free from the more usual quibbling over remote historical or archeological questions. Nor is it to be confused with the school of criticism which ascribes recondite motives to the creator. Mr. Fry is a painter himself and has a practicing knowledge of the painter's intellectual and emotional processes. The question of the exact nature of the esthetic reaction remains unanswered. Mr. Fry has advanced the idea that it is aroused by

the conviction of a certain sense of volume but leaves us with "goodness knows why" for a reason. Perhaps the burden of the investigation belongs to the psychologists who have already contributed "empathy" to the possibilities. Mr. Fry has not yet used the word. At any rate he has complete faith in the existence of esthetic sensibilities and is making it his task to lead out those sensibilities into the public consciousness.

Mr. Clive Bell's "Landmarks in Nineteenth Century Painting"[2] is not a further contribution to the study of esthetics, but is concerned rather with applying the idea of significant form to the great confusion of information about nineteenth-century painting. With this idea in mind the painters fall into three groups: first the "chromo" painters who supplied a mixture of colored photography and sentiment to the "average man" and because of the peculiar social conditions of the century were the Academy members; second, the smaller group of hard-working, sincere, and adequate painters who would normally have been the Academicians, those men of talent who adopted the radical methods of the innovators when they had ceased to be radicals. The third group was the reviled company who concerned themselves with the formal elements that have always concerned great painters.

The first group is dismissed with a short explanation of how they were able to hold the position that they did. The second group Mr. Bell mentions with respect but in no detail; and in the third group he finds his "landmarks" in the century's painting. The painters are characterized individ-

[2] LANDMARKS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY PAINTING. *By Clive Bell. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1927. $3.50.

ually and in relation to the preceeding generation, their own, and often the one immediately following — not as often happens by what they said of themselves or what was said of them, but by their esthetic reactions as betrayed in their paintings. After the more exhaustive and penetrating characterizations of Mr. Fry, these seem inadequate and poorly stated. It is only when considered in relation to his book that Mr. Bell's characterizations seem adequate. Taken individually they are surely less discriminating in distinctions than Mr. Fry's. However, Mr. Bell has created something by no means identical with the material of his fellow critic. Their reactions to works of art are similar, but one is building up an esthetic theory which demands the closest examination of reactions and the very nicest distinctions, while the other is using his esthetic judgment to piece together the movements of an entire century.

From the point of view of an attempt to create the century anew Mr. Bell has succeeded admirably. His book leaves one with a lively sense of having been on the spot when every thing that really mattered in nineteenth-century painting was happening. This is achieved partly through the judicious use of sprightly anecdote. The book is more effective for its brevity and lightness than a longer and more detailed treatment would have been, and still the outline is complete for a more detailed pursuit if the reader wishes. Mr. Bell may regret that he is not a painter, but he has successfully produced significant form in his series of essays on the art of the nineteenth century.

ROBERT TYLER DAVIS

SEA SONG

LET us lie then together beneath the sea
There are no mermaids near and no fleet curving coral
to disturb
The dreams which we have come to dream here.
Nothing can this silence break,
Not your voice nor mine nor the slow ebb which lifts us but
lightly.

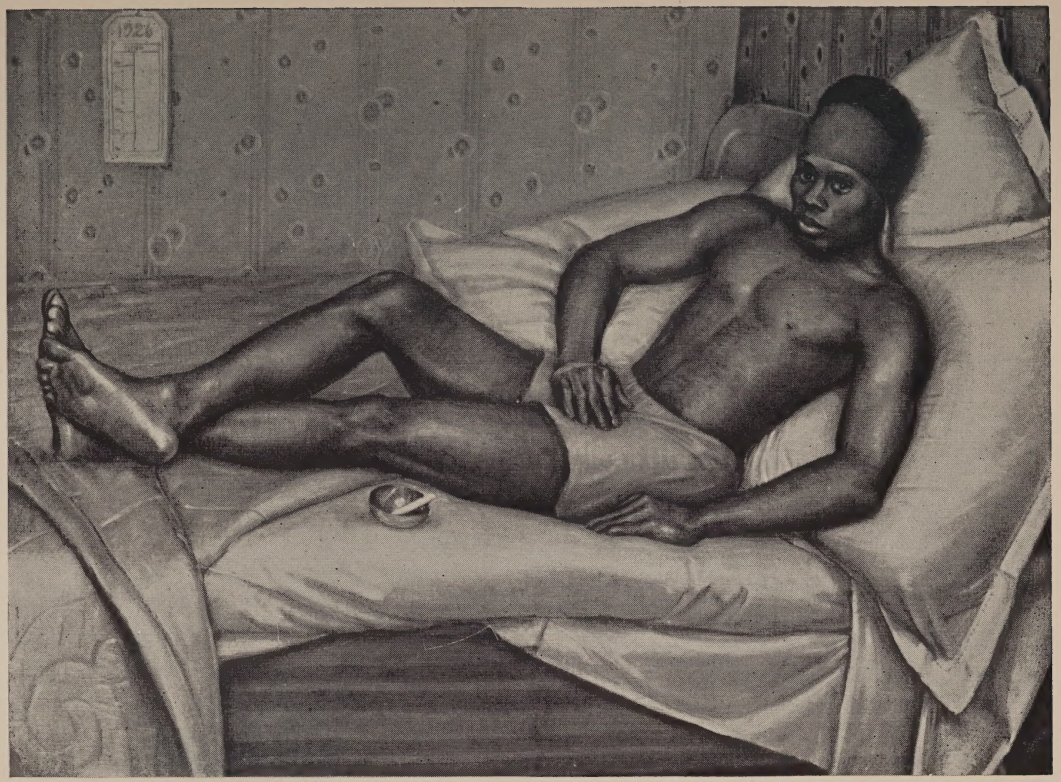
Let there be no rivers under the sea
No currents to bother your hair
And where the low grass sinks to rest
No dreams of conquest.

Who are these two tremulous in water?
The intricate pattern of their burning has dissolved
Into the agate of the sea. What is there left of them but a
thought,
And the thought wavers.

TOM MABRY

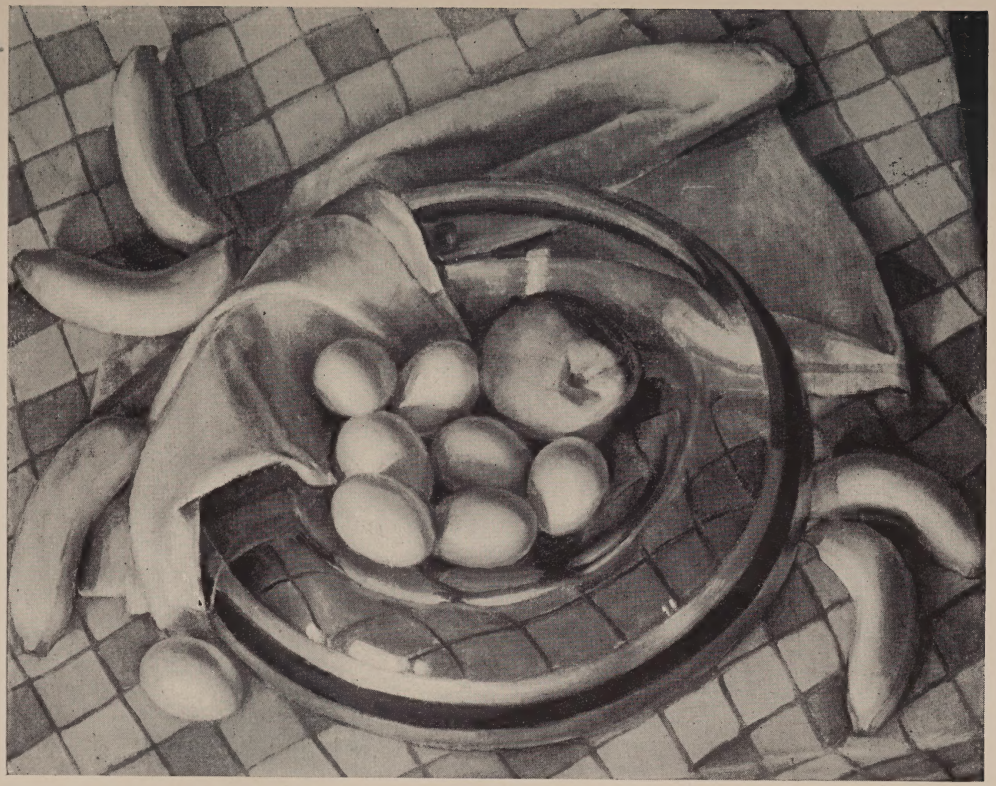
MAURICE GROSSER was born in Huntsville, Alabama, 23 October, 1903. He prepared at Webb, Bell Buckle, Tennessee, and entered Harvard College in the fall of 1920. During his Freshman year he planned to concentrate in the Department of Mathematics, but transferred in 1921 to the Department of Fine Arts, in which field he continued concentration throughout his college career. He was graduated in 1924 with the degree of A.B. cum laude. Having been granted an Eaton Fellowship for two years study abroad, he spent the winter of 1925 in Paris and southern France, and is now at Anticoli, Corrado, Italy.

Portrait of John Brooks Wheelwright — Maurice Grosser



Narcisse Noir

Maurice Grosser



Still Life

Maurice Grosser

TWO POEMS

CODETTA

AS one who had been granted leave from Hell
Would turn back sighing when his time was run,
Would tread with steps resigned the well-known way,
Not shuddering like new-comers at the swell
Of wailing as the light about grew dun
And the far gates grew small around the day;
So I turn back to the world where I dwelt
Before your love released me; and I go
Like him, not wailing but in silent pain.

TO AN OLD LADY

AS the plow turns a field that's run to daisies
And where were flowers once is red earth now,
A square of sloping warmth the hill-side raises
Among its green fields, lovlier for the plow;
As March sun melts the snow from pasture stubble
So that brown patches break the level white,
While from the melting snow springs swell and bubble
And, ere it's gone, the brown turns green and bright;
As horse and buggy down a wood road going
Sleepily in the sun have worn three lanes
For which we love the road still better, knowing
What goal it is the creaking carriage gains;
So, by years touched, your face, once smooth, grows lined
But lovlier yet for loveliness behind.

JOHN A. ABBOTT

BETWEEN THE BELLS

ROGERS and Blair and Turner will take the later train
Of course, and play their banjos, make the porter dance,
Spill ginger ale, smoking last cigarettes and cheer;
At least he'll be unpacked.
The winter towns dissolve in dirty snow
Soiling our waxen Berkshires' hasty flanks. No wind but cold
Shall ragged, weave my next term's monochrome.
But cheer wheels through the snap of stars above the Dome,
Proximity of restless voices, fire-light and dancing shadows
At the far end of a corridor.
Here is the sleigh to bring him back
Over the ribbed and glassy track, by ruined wood, north season's wrack
The whip-shot's isolated crack (co co co rico)
Where cries mid-afternoon's lone cock,
These black clouds chapping our lead hills.
Back, dog, bay not the sulky sun in brittle air.
Back, boy, work hard write often
They quickly come
Who'll print this silence with laughter and electric light.
Vacant the corridors, my steps creak past the lintels
Of these void saloons. Blurred echo of a closing door
And evening rustles in. Pause for a glance
Through haze of night
Hearing waterfall, the snow fall and night fall
Pausing, to rest, insidious interval.
A caesura severing the waltz of years,

BETWEEN THE BELLS

Time apart. Always the hint of this moment
Stirring the scent of distance; island hour,
No memory of sleep or a dream shall resist me,
No thought of a face or a door
Only the prescient swell, the conscious tide
Binding the waves upon an island shore.
A girl darts out upon that darkening terrace,
Cries at the sky "More snow," shadow on shadow
Pause for a glance; those foreign headlights far far far.
Wait. No train or car can bring them to me here,
Stillness; how miniature the plain
And clear. Never shall conquerors be less near,
Never a backward stare, a forward fear again.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

THE DECLINE OF ARCHITECTURE

BY us, to be incorporated into the past, rush the small incidents of the intellectual landscape. And thus we deduce that our civilization advances with increasing speed; even though within us and largely unnoticed the engines which cause the phenomenon of motion are actually more certainly slowing down. Speed even in connection with the movement of civilizations is wholly relative. But the engines of other civilizations, even as of the earlier states of our own, are irrecoverable; and no comparison is possible. The appearance of speed is more probably due to the fact that in the intellectual landscape of the present the smallest incidents stand clear, and rush past us with all the effect of major events of the past; and the metronome rhythm is so close to our ears that the larger and more significant rhythms of our day, which alone we retain of the past, are obscured.

In judgments of chronological speed, which is from its final immeasurability — since it can be measured only by instruments and agents that move with it — impossible of real comparison with temporal speed, we are forced to depend on the intuition rather than on reason. We can not get out of our own part of chronology in the sense that we can get out of one part of space in order to put it at an equal distance from another part of space; and hence, even if it be the comparison of two parts of chronology neither of which is our own, we are completely handicapped in the use of

rational methods, held as we are by our own part of chronology in a line with both the parts we would compare, and always nearer one than the other.

More important then than the rate at which the scenery passes — which unquestionably tends to appear faster than ever before — is the intuitive judgment of our time on the slowing down of the engines within us. This morphological sense of the age of our civilization is, however, reported to us from various quarters, and the difference in the detail of the reports which come from different individuals, who are in some sense inspecting engineers — from Henry Adams, from Oswald Spengler, from Paul Valéry — cannot obscure the essential unity of their judgment that we are old and that we are going slower. The present problem of any phase of human activity is, then, that of how it will pass the crisis of self-consciousness of mortality; since the sense of age and of slowing down brings with it the sense of inevitable comparatively immediate death and stop. As the body dying, dies not all of a piece, but loses the use one by one of its parts and members, so a civilization approaching its end casts off one and then another of those forms of human endeavour which in youth it could not have got on without.

Standing, then, as we do, beyond the downslope of the nineteenth century and the apparent gap of the war, and regarding our architecture, we are led to demand whether the time of its discard is at hand or whether, after the superficially historical wastes of the last century, it may be reintegrated or has already been reintegrated as a sound organ in an aging body. For if what passes today for architecture is but a blonde wig and gold teeth; no ghost, rather, but a

soulless imitation of its former body; it were better such illusions of second childhood were at once dispensed with, and the possibility of a future without architecture frankly faced. In such an inquiry individual monuments can have little to offer: it is too easy to find Mr. Scott's cathedral on the Mersey and Mr. Cram's on the Hudson as false as any bridgework, despite their plausibility, and the grandeurs of Publix as rootless as any transformation, despite their amazing technical perfection.

In the general consideration of our architecture, it is this technical perfection which is the central dilemma. Despite Alain, it has not been the habit of our aesthetic to consider technics as in themselves art: Suger would have been one with Roxy in the belief that technics alone did not make a cathedral, be it for the celebration of the mass or the projection of the moving picture. Yet no sophistries about good and bad ornament can dispose of the fact that "modern taste" tends to find the virtues of contemporary architecture solely in the perfection of its technics. Of the immediate results of this preference, the inversion of the traditional hierarchy by which the average factory becomes more aesthetically significant than the average church and the average bathroom more beautiful than its accompanying boudoir, the importance is very slight and finds a simple explanation in the more or less unconscious replacement of the older symbolism which established the hierarchies by a symbolism which fits the life of the moment. The interest of these changes is undeniable, but similar instances may be found at any period when one symbolism replaces another.

However, in this admiration for technical perfection, which

is already far more widely spread than it is consciously formulated, there reposes the danger that by it architecture may shortly come to be pronounced dead. Yet even that is perhaps preferable to having the corpse continue, like Jeremy Bentham among us, attired like a superannuated prostitute in the finery of her various periods of youth and glory. The danger is that the surrealist theory of contemporary architecture may be correct, and that all conscious aesthetic additions to technical perfection are "embellishment" in as evil a sense as the scagliola of Mr. Loew's palaces or the American Beauty capitals of Dr. Manning's Metropolitan. If indeed this theory be correct, there can be no such thing as a "modernist" — that is, aesthetically-conscious-contemporary — architect, and the very presence of an architect in our civilization is an anachronism: Mendelssohn or Le Corbusier were then worse shams than Cram or Lutyens, who display their skill as embalmers rather than pretending to galvanize the corpse.

In specific instances the truth of the surrealist charge is clear enough. The finest fragments of contemporary building are to be found in factories and laboratories where the builders sought only the perfect technical solution of their practical problems, and permitted themselves no thought consciously aesthetic. And at the same time in the work of "modernist architects" those elements which are introduced for reasons of art are inevitably the ones which are most open to criticism. The implications from these instances are most serious. Hopefully we need not generalize from this that architectural aesthetic can achieve purity only by ceasing to exist and that architecture itself has potentially ceased, since

architectural effects satisfactory to the contemporary observer can only be obtained if they be not consciously sought after, and must always be the product of builders seeking technical perfection alone.

It is one thing that we, "*civilisations, savons que nous sommes mortelles*" and another quite to find that one great branch of our civilization whose past monuments have been as symbols and for themselves almost its greatest glory, our architecture, is not only mortal but dead. For in the attempt which we then need make to cut away the dead limb to save the rest, vastly more might have to be pruned away as well. For fundamentally the surrealist criticism of a "modern architecture" is that the intelligence may not function artistically but only technically and that the introduction of the aesthetic intelligence into building, makes to-day not monuments of modern architecture but merely bad machines. But such criticism, while it is seen here to arise from the problem of modern architecture, could arise and has arisen equally easily from the contemporary problems of any of the other arts — in the *Ballets Mécaniques* of Léger in the cinema, or of Antheil in music the same issue arises — and if it be necessary for the vigorous old age of our civilization to remove the dead limb of architecture, with it must come all the other limbs on the aesthetic side of the tree. An event before which all those who are too sophisticated to delight with the mob in gaily attired corpses and too skeptical to seek consolation in the mythus of science are left with a world in which technics for technics' sake remains the only intellectual occupation.

Simple as when I asked your aid before;
Humble as when I prayed for grace in vain
Seven hundred years ago; weak, weary, sore
In heart and hope, I ask your help again.

Brave though we be, we dread to face the Sphinx,
Or answer the old riddle she still asks.
Strong as we are, our restless courage shrinks
To look beyond the piece work of our tasks.

Help me to bear! not my own baby load,
But yours; who bore the failure of the light,
The strength, the knowledge and the thought of God,—
The futile folly of the Infinite!

Only in the mood of Henry Adams before the Virgin of Chartres is there courage to go on. For against surrealist criticism little may be brought except a will to live, engendering a faith that, while there is unquestionably a precipice before us, we yet need not cast ourselves down it directly into nothingness. Rather would he believe that there remains some footpath down the cliff which, while it leads as inevitably as the jump to oblivion, may yet have something more to offer the human traveller than the nihilistic fall of a Lucifer. Toward that footpath we may yet attempt to seek a way.

No sure itinerary offers itself, for, as far as we know, no architecture previously has been allowed consciously to come so near its end. All unknowing, Rome harboured within her corpse the youth of a new age: for us there appears no Pantheon which is at once a first mosque.

We must accept all of technics; but we need not accept that technics are all. But the technics of building are a part of science and hence subject to the increasingly statistical laws of science. All solutions of technical problems are therefore relative and not arbitrarily right or wrong. In the complex technical problem that is a building, many interchangeable solutions of details are equally satisfactory scientifically, and the choice among those interchangeable solutions becomes therefore free from technical limitations. Technical perfection in other words is not in a complicated problem — and every building is a complicated problem and increasingly so — exact in the sense that four is the exact as well as the perfect solution of two times two. Thus the sum of free choices among equally satisfactory solutions of details within the technical perfection of the complex whole is another and separate complex whole. These choices may be left to chance — or economics, which is historically the same thing — in which case the separate complex whole is unintelligent and disordered, or it may be entirely controlled by the consciousness of the designer, in which case it is intelligent and ordered. In the first case there is no architecture; in the second there is. But for the present there is no gainsaying the second possibility, nor does there appear at the moment any reason why it should not continue. Therefore there remains the architectural function even though the exercise thereof may very easily and successfully be usurped by the engineer as it has been already to some extent.

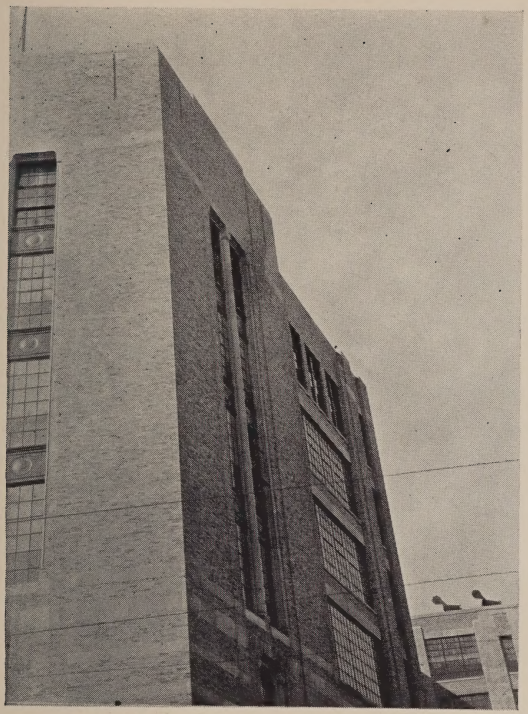
If we may now for a moment turn from the problem of architecture to that of the architect, we may consider him as the center of the building organization, at once coördinat-

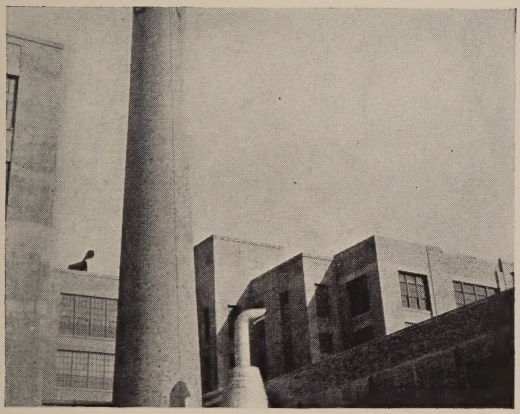
ing the work of the engineers who provide the solutions of the various problems of detail involved, and making in so far as he is not merely a contractor, on ordered aesthetic grounds and not on accidental economic grounds, those free choices which are the elements of the architectural problem.

Thus, unless the advantage of intelligent over unconscious — or economic — use of the free choices provided within the limits of technical perfection be denied (which would entail a complete denial of the advantages of all those qualities which we have believed distinguished us as human beings from ants, whose technics and economics are apparently of a higher order than our own, and a complete cessation of all the elements that appear valuable not only in our civilization but in any civilization) we must believe that there remains a way on, even if it be most probably from the standpoint of the architectures of our past rather definitely a way down.

HENRY RUSSELL HITCHCOCK, JR.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS which follow have been reproduced from photographs of the Necco Factory in Cambridge, a noteworthy example of what Mr. Hitchcock calls "The finest fragments of contemporary building." The photographs were taken by Mr. Jere Abbott of the Department of Fine Arts, and are here reproduced through the courtesy of The New England Confectionery Company.





NOTES ON PRINTING

Bruce Rogers

TASTE, Art, Genius being what they are, each indefinable, yet essential words in any attempt to write about the work of Bruce Rogers, the critic who undertakes to appraise briefly his recent output has an impossible task. He must first explain what he means by these terms, which carry so many different connotations, and then illustrate concretely by examples, the excellence of which depends upon the concealment of all the devices whereby perfection is attained. The printer, like the tailor, shows his highest skill when nobody notices his handiwork — no one, that is, who is accustomed to seeing well-dressed people or well-printed books.

There are exceptions, and no one understands with a surer instinct than Mr. Rogers just how far it is safe or fitting to go, in breaking away from the severe canons of sound book making. It is a frequent complaint that he never prints books that one wants to read. The explanation is simple. He has been for some years his own master, with more commissions than he could find time and inclination to fulfill, and therefore free, or forced, to pick those that attracted him. He has chosen, naturally, those that gave his imagination and his originality a chance to play, and which do not demand an undue amount of time for the tedious drudgery of his calling.

Seeing a book through the press is a painstaking process, and when the B. R. thistle appears on the last page, it means that every least detail has had his personal oversight. He likes to use italic type for certain purposes, even though the

up. There were no precedents to which it might be expected to conform, so there were no reasons why the shape should not be a bit out of the ordinary, likewise the paper. The paper is the light green used with amazing success in Tinker's "Wedgwood Medallion of Samuel Johnson," printed at the Harvard Press a year ago.[4] One guesses that there may have been some of the paper left over, whereby the cost of the book was kept down, for one of Rogers's characteristic traits has always been a knack of utilizing the most economical means at hand, to produce unexpectedly brilliant results. It is certainly so in this case, if the guess is a good one. There are certain lights in which the green is not pleasant, almost as unpleasant as most white paper in the same light. At other times, particularly by artificial light, it makes one wonder why sheer white has been tolerated through the years of long suffering eye strain.

The Odd Volumes book is distinctly late eighteenth century, but with a feeling for proportion and balance in the imitative arrangement of lines and of type, on the title page, which helps to explain why the English printing of a century and a half ago is so hopelessly uninteresting. This book contains two short narratives written by participants in the affair of Lexington and Concord on April 19, 1775, with an introduction by Mr. Harold Murdock.

This book has its faults, which illustrate just what typographic excellence implies. For one thing, the parentheses enclosing the page numbers seem a trifle wide, or the trouble may be that something other than parentheses might better have been used at this distance from the numerals. A more

[4] THE WEDGWOOD MEDALLION OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. A Study in Iconography. *By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Cambridge. Harvard University Press.* 1926.

serious objection is that each section of the text manages to end with only four lines at the top of the page, leaving a very disagreeable emptiness below. In the John Barnard book this would not have been serious, because ornamental tail pieces are inserted, nicely chosen of just the right size and weight to occupy inconspicuously the amount of space left unfilled. One really wishes there had been a bad page, with just a line or two at the top, so that Mr. Rogers could have shown how to manage such a problem. In the Odd Volumes book, the solution with the Introduction should have been easy, inasmuch as the editor is also the Director of the Press, so he should have been told to excise half a dozen lines, or if he preferred, supply another half page of text. Excision would have been the better, typographically, much as one regrets the thought of losing even a single neatly polished sentence. In the other cases, the problem was more difficult, the authors being dead a century or more. But there are footnotes which could have been turned into postscripts, in order to help appearances. For, while it is undoubtedly the business of the printer to make a book out of the material submitted to him, it is the good printer's task likewise to keep authors from becoming hide-bound in their ideas of the sanctity of their productions.

G. P. W.

BOOK REVIEWS

HUBRIS

THE LION AND THE FOX. The Rôle of the Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare. *By Wyndham Lewis. New York and London. Harper & Brothers.* 1927. $4.00.

I HAVE not been able to determine the exact subject of this book; and doubtless it has none, it being rather a discourse around a set of unusual insights which are made into something approaching a satisfactory concept of Shakespeare.

"The form this essay has been given," says Mr. Lewis, "has been that of a hunt in the mind of Shakespeare, as exhibited in his plays, for the two symbolical animals, the lion and the fox, used by Machiavelli in the composition of his perfect human being."

"Shakespeare entered furiously into the contest of the two halves of which he was composed. He was alternately as black as night and as white as snow, or both at the same time. . . . The perfection and equilibrium of his mind is the proof of the beautiful matching of the opposing forces."

The first of these quotations explains the title in brief; the explanation in the book occupies a dozen chapters and includes an examination of Italian renaissance culture, Cesare Borgia, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Georges Sorel, Nietzsche, Stendhal, and Machiavelli himself. The Italian material one has always understood as pertinent, and Mr.

Lewis' historical sense is excellent; but the rest has naturally no direct bearing on Shaksepeare. Mr. Lewis is a random writer, a disorderly, almost at times a dishevelled writer. There are two or three or many orders of thinking attempting simultaneous expression; and each "order" subdivides itself many times. The issue is scandalous; ideas seize Lewis, and his reader, by the throat; one feels physically enlightened, and sometimes muscularly damaged. Mr. Lewis' essays are violent notebooks for masterpieces.

The general conception around which all issues hover, and against which every idea is made to adhere, is, for me, the conception of "hubris," which is the *quality* of the hero, the king, the great; which is that insolence of spirit against the world in these beings which originates the pathos of their fall. Hubris is the pride that goes before a fall; before ruin, death, before *tragedy*. Hubris belongs to those rare men of the world who are not "worldly." Hubris is in the end in the *individual*, that rarest intellectual thing. Hubris is a happy quality for the gods, but for men fatal; yet man goes but a little way in the ideal world before being possessed by it — and in the end overwhelmed by it, or on account of it; for it is one of the characters of such greatness — of all greatness may be — that it is the most easily destroyed.

The aptness of such a conception is most easily shown in the case of *Othello* — where the simple almost obvious shrewdness of Iago brings Othello toppling pell mell down; that is the pity of it, upon which Othello exclaims. It is the pin-prick in the bladder of greatness; or in another way it is the small against the great, the fox against the lion, the many against the one, the impoverished world against the

individual upon his lonely, kinglike, "divine" eminence. Mr. Lewis quotes, relative to this penalty of greatness, "the penalty peculiar to the Lion for being a Lion," these lines from Chapman's *Bussy:*

"So this whole man . . .
(That will not wind with every crooked way,
Trod by the servile world), shall reel and fall
Before the frantic puffs of blind-born chance,
That pipes through empty men and makes them dance."

Shakespeare then is the executioner of kings, of heroes, always with an understanding of their pathos, of the sacrificial nature of kingship, of greatness, always with the glorious sympathy of his blank-verse form, and always with an ineradicable, deep-seated, lurking honesty. With the result that "This incomparable observer of the life around him 'had his opinions' of what he saw, although he had no gesture of rebellion against the individual phases of it, but innumerable gestures against life itself. And, if against life itself, then against action itself. It was the *universality* or impersonal all-inclusiveness of this rebellion that makes him a 'universal' artist, as he is often called." — "He was, if anything, the adversary of life itself . . . and his works a beautifully impersonal outpouring of fury, bitter reflection, invective and complaint. In the tragic experiences of all his characters he tragically participated: and they were much more mirrors held up to his tired and baffled mind than they were the mirrors of any nature he objectively could know. *Tired with all these,* we find him, but there was something that attached him to them." As to Shakespeare's method of expressing *himself* Lewis says, "This is evidently a sort of

parabasis of the author, taking his place within the dramatic skill of the protagonist at the moment where the loftiest truth can naturally live, in an atmosphere at length abnormally heated or depressed to the required temperature for such an apparition through these Acts of gathering tragedy."

So much for Shakespeare on the side of the kings; but his equanimity, his equilibrium, made it necessary for him to present in equal force the side of the fox, and also such off-side figures as Thersites. Shakespeare was, according to Lewis, a nihilist in the terms of art; he was himself on no side, and at the most one feels he had a flare for greatness, for hubris. "He was neither religious nor democratic, in any dogmatic sense, but philosophic." Nor was he "gentle" nor "sweet," except perhaps personally.

As the lion is most obvious as Othello, so we can choose no better fox than Iago; and I believe that what Mr. Lewis says about that honest gentleman is of major importance in the effort to understand Shakespeare. "Iago is very near to the man of the world, but he is far to 'honest.' He is a quite normal and common-place, worldly person complicated by an honesty *à la* Machiavel. He is not the unusual villain he is often made out to be. With a little more intensity and resolution, most of the individuals composing any contemporary european 'educated' society would be very much like Iago. . . . The making of this villain Everyman is a supreme invention of genius. He is just the ordinary bluff, 'honest' man in the street, proud of his strategy, and the power it gives him. . . . So Iago is the *small* destroyer, the eternal Charlie Chaplin figure of human myth, the gods on his side, their instrument in their struggle with the hero.

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. . . He is the ideal *little man* with the sling and the stone. Othello is the ideal human galleon, twenty storeys high, with his head in the clouds, that the little can vanquish."

This gives the whole show away. Much more could be quoted to expand the effect the above remarks suggest; but a review is less an encyclopedia than a cicerone. Simply, I believe that a very respectable theory of tragedy lies fallow in these pages; not only tragedy in literature but also tragedy in individual existence. I mean that tragedy rises in the realization of individuals, their identification in any true ideal world; the conditions of ordinary life sooner or later strike them down — nothing more than that — the mere long fluctuating perspective of time. This is because to be individual is to be alone, and in a measure a colossus; which is to be the mortal enemy — though all unwilling and all unnecessarily — of society, the sum of the small. Shakespeare chose kings and princes and warriors because their greatness, their ideal nature in religion, politics and war, set them apart ready to use in the common mind. They so well existed, so naturally satisfied the conditions of tragedy that he had to look no further. Kings are gone now, or in low repute, and great warriors are beginning too much to be bad jokes; but I can see no reason why any individual, considered *as an individual*, cannot be turned into an eminent tragedy — provided only the poetry be not lacking. The implications of such an attitude are obvious.

As to the means of destroying the hero, Mr. Lewis' comments apply to any possible tragedy as well as to Shakespeare's. "They are struck down always by the puniest weapons; always by deceit, but quite ordinary deceit. The

weapon has to be weak: for in the pessimism of tragedy not only have the great always to be vanquished; but they have always to be overcome by trivial opponents who substitute a poor and vulgar thing for the whole thing they have destroyed. The point of tragedy, like the ideal basis of christianity, is the 'strength of weakness' and the corresponding 'weakness of strength.' But it is of course the exact opposite of christianity, inasmuch as the *pathos* of the Great is what fills it, in place of, as in christianity, the *pathos* of the *Little*."

I hope by these several quotations, and by the trifling comment I have risked, to have indicated the type of thinking about Shakespeare which makes this book so interesting. Lewis is a man with many insights and much daring — wide rather than accurate knowledge — penetrating rather than complete thought; — and with a genius for discourse: he demands an excited attention. But to judge finally of any phase of his thought, or of the whole of it, it is impossible; it is thought on the wing: brought to ground it is dead. What is valuable is the freshness of the attitude and the practical savageness of the contacts made between things and ideas. Mr. Lewis is very much of a realist in the simplest sense of that word; he acts, mentally, through a highly instructed common-sense. His real world is not disparaged by the ideals he is able to envisage, but is heightened by them — "realized."

R. P. Blackmur

RITUAL

HIPPOLYTUS TEMPORIZES. A Play in Three Acts. *By H. D. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1927. $5.00.

THERE is a superstition, prevalent enough and near enough to the sentimental heart, that the poet in a man dies young, that work done after twenty-five is a repetition of earlier triumphs; considering which it is always a pleasant thing to record that a poet has gone on living and growing. And the record of H. D. is in this matter especially pleasant. Till lately, her books came years apart and were but two or three, excluding translations; and the content and manner, the glittering substance and frozen style, were much the same. *Heliodora* was another matter altogether; *Palimpsest* and the present volume complete the transformation. Transformation is perhaps not the word; but besides a greater command over material and the addition of new material — besides more wing-spread, there is an intellectual conception and coherence behind the recent volumes which had been almost entirely lacking in the earlier. It may be still the same soul, but the soul more wakened and the mind more conscious. Time has not waned, but waxed.

One evidence of the change is in the vocabulary; there is an increasing presence of such words as "negates" and "equable" felt as poetry.

Another change, possibly not an improvement, is the introduction of excessive repetition of single words as well as phrases; a repetition which extends beyond the possible scope of rhetorical effect and seems to me only to result in little

intermittent irritating dead places in a medium otherwise so fluid and flexible. So foreign a spirit as Gertrude Stein enters and has influence.

A third change somehow advantageous is the general use of occasionally rhymed blank-verse shaped to approximate the five-foot norm; another suggestion of the unlimited uses to which blank-verse can be put. In this case some may quarrel with the broken typography, the extremely short, terse lines; but if the verse is read aloud I think it may be found to be only a peculiarity of the poet that she gains a certain punctuation for her cadence in the broken line: with the result that the line is not the unit of rhythm.

But I have not touched the nub of the matter; which is that this play is a ritual, and must be so considered to have any significance, any being, at all; for it is as far as may be from social drama or even from stock "poetic" drama: it is a rehearsal (in an antiphonal rather than a dramatic form) of an aspect of experience as symbol, and under the light, or I should say under the directing bias, of certain general concepts. The conditions of the soul are separated, by an act of mystical piety in the neo-platonic order, from the conditions of life; and an ideal form of experience issues, having only an adverse connection with the concrete or originating form. The wisdom, the depth of insight, in such a separation is questionable; but questionable like the soul itself — not at all in the truth of its existence, which is implacable, but in the truth of its meaning, its consequence. Hence the tragedy.

Now it would be very difficult to describe here the capacity or the aptitudes of ritual on the field of poetry; the problem is only lately re-awakened. But it might be said — merely

to adumbrate a standard — that in poetry a ritual should *drain* all the feelings, emotions, and aspirations which cling round the concrete experience into an ideal form; but that in so doing there should be no lessening but rather an increasing contact with the original experience; so that it will be the meaning *of* something and not just meaning — vague clouds of sound. Eliot's *Waste Land* and *Hollow Men* are fairly successful examples; Yeats' play *Calvary* is another, and perhaps somewhat differently Valéry's *Le Serpent* still another. In these works contact with the experience is heightened by the construction of the ideal or ritual form; the senses are everywhere laid hold of, captured in an intellectual act which does nothing but strengthen the mind's abstract hold on the object. H. D. is moving partly in this direction, and partly, due to a frequent lapse in the talent of detached apprehension, in another — the direction of being "carried away." She would lose the object in the emotion, in the ecstasy; whereas it should seem certain that in art ecstasy ought to be the most controlled, the least personal, of effects. Thus there are parts of the play which seem mere motion without consequence, when the words, while "thrilling," are bastard and have no posterity in the mind.

Leaving such considerations aside, the beauty of the poem and the pleasure in reading it are to be insisted on. The story is taken from that part of the Greek myth of Theseus which deals with the love of his son Hippolytus for the goddess Artemis and its tragic end through the fleshly deceit of Phaedra. This lady, the young step-mother of Hippolytus, seduces him to her bed under the pretence that she is Artemis; after which Phaedra, having been glorified in the flesh

and having thus accomplished her end, dies contented.

Hippolytus is the god-intoxicated youth, mad with platonic love. Artemis has as a goddess attempted to escape from him her worshipper when his frenzy fills him with a personal, non-platonic, fleshly longing. She announces her theme:

> I heard the intolerable rhythm
> and sound of prayer,
> so I have hidden
> where no mortals are,
> no sychophant of priest
> to mar my ease,
> climbing impassible stairs
> of rock
> and forest shale
> and barriers of trees.

She proclaims and insists on her inaccessibility, that the heart of a god must be cold to mortals. Hippolytus insists on the opposite; he wishes to make the goddess real. By her seduction of him Phaedra "realizes" the goddess in the only possible way, and the flesh kills both him and her. The god Helios raises Hippolytus back to life after a long argument with Artemis over his dying and dead body. Hippolytus is filled with such an ecstasy that Artemis, who now loves him (becoming human), is no longer Artemis; she is no longer the unattainable, that is, and yet she is what he loves. He goes back from this confusion to death with the kiss of Artemis on his mouth. Helios, or Paeon, the sun-life, or life in the flesh, has failed. Artemis, forever on the edge of life, forever on the verge of men's hearts, is forever in re-

treat. She reconsiders her position and finds it precisely as it was in the beginning; she, the unattainable, has "heard the intolerable rhythm and sound of prayer." Explicit.

The "temporizing" of Hippolytus is presumably his insistence that he has not been deceived, that the glory of Phaedra was the body of Artemis.

It seems to me that this play is a statement of the mortal folly and the immortal glory (which is the tragedy) of platonic love. I know that the author herself speaks in her "Argument" of the legend she employs as "the prototype of unrequited passion for many centuries." And so the original legend may be, but the consequences of neo-platonic Christianity have a little overwhelmed the Greek; and I cannot but think that Phaedra's speech against Greece is far more truly Greek than Hippolytus or Artemis.

O how I hate
this world, this west, this power
that strives to reach
through river, town or flower,
the god or spirit that inhabits it;
O, is it not enough to greet
the red-rose
for the red, red sweet of it?
why must we pause and bear
not only beauty
of each beautiful thing,
but suffer more, more, more
the associated spirit with its power?
this tyranny of spirit
that is Greece: *etc.*

I refer the reader to Santayana's *Platonism and the Spiritual Life* for many pertinent chapters on this matter.

But I have said nothing of the poem's beauty and have only suggested how the varying faces of the gods of the heart are displayed, and their voices heard. It is the embarrassment of choice which has prevented me.

R. P. Blackmur

THE WORLD OF MAURICE BARING

DAPHNE ADEANE. *By Maurice Baring. New York and London. Harper & Brothers.* 1927. $2.50.

FROM the sum of his own experience and the particular quality of his imagination Maurice Baring has created a world of his own which, though it has little in common with the world we live in, is, nevertheless, a living, breathing place. While reading successions of sequential novels we may easily identify the experiences and situations of the characters in those books with the memory of our own past. It is surely pleasant and not difficult to imagine ourselves walking down Bond Street to meet Soames Forsyte coming from his tailor, or James Maradick going to buy a good Meryon or looking through the florist's window to watch Mrs. Dalloway choosing the flowers herself. We might even have a card for the private show at Jessal's, and by far the most interesting canvas there would be Henriquez' portrait of Daphne Adeane — Daphne Adeane, the beautiful ghost whose essence so influences the people in her book.

In this story of a well-dressed and well-bred England we are again reminded of that pleasant society which once knew Caryl Bramsly and Blanche Clifford; we recall that faintly tedious London of intimate musicales where the assemblage resolved itself into a du Maurier, that strained London of distrait ladies so likely to enter the Church, that legendary London of great beauties and distinguished gentlemen, whose brothers were always being sent (vaguely against their wills) to the legations at Rome or Copenhagen, and whose nephews were ever in peril of marrying Chicago millionairesses. And

though *Daphne Adeane* happens in our immediate present, its atmosphere is much the same as that which existed in *C* during the Boer War, and in *Cat's Cradle* just before the Great War, for in Maurice Baring we are unaware of the passing of chronological events. Situations appear and disappear without affecting us much as to their progressive relationship. His world seems covered by a bell-glass of detachment through which the reflections of a vivid outside dimly subdue or intensify this world within.

Is it not refreshing to follow his chronicles of romance in country houses, in town corridors and ball rooms, in the halls where an older Paris hears Bernhardt and Rejane, aureoled, recite Racine and Sully-Prudhomme? In this time when introspective fiction is often effective only as a newspaper report, and whimsical fiction is mannered and heartless, and historical fiction is detailed and lifeless, Maurice Baring affords us new and ever-welcome experiences among people apart, in an unsuspected aristocracy of language and manners.

His style is detached, impersonally narrative and admirably suited to the expositions of many arrangements based upon personal relations. If we do not long remember the often involved plots of frustration and love, we shall not soon forget his essential and especial atmosphere. A Maurice Baring hero is likely to go to Eton and (in refreshing contrast to most of our more or less autobiographical novelists) to enjoy it intensely. He may fall in love with a girl whom it is impossible to marry, or with two women at once, or may marry—but never really to know or love his wife. His character may be intangibly charming yet his material accomplishment will ever be slight through lack of personal

force. A Maurice Baring heroine may have a well-born (but slightly illiterate) sweetheart who is a poor soldier in India, and be caused to marry an Italian prince whose insidious malady and scheming mother bind man and wife to the high, darkened rooms of the Palazzo. She may be very beautiful but "overlooked" (for the graces that preside at the birth of a Maurice Baring character often forget to endow his children with that something which renders them able to live happily in worlds of harshness and reality). There will be a few times, however, when a flare is lit within her, and through her eyes will shine a lovely and lively fire, to die again in a little while.

We may object that nothing ever "happens" in a Maurice Baring novel, or, to be more exact, that no violent action accelerates our interest or causes us to skip to the back of the book, but we have only to recall that excitement is not necessarily founded on sudden death or the race for a prize or on satisfying achievement. How often our hearts beat faster for the tragedy of useless, though quietly inevitable frustration, or for a passing glance. "I did but see her passing by, and yet I love her till I die," and so, when we have finished *C* and *Cat's Cradle* and *The Puppet Show of Memory*, and now *Daphne Adeane*, more will be left us than very real and living memories of *une vie aristocrate* in the great houses of great capitals. We shall have the thought of a refused lover walking slowly across Kensington Gardens, with the red tunicked soldiers twirling their swagger sticks; of the strains of Strauss or Waldteufel (*O Schöner Mai*) on a dark lawn among windy lanterns; of the appearance of beauty at the ball, russet and silver; of the midday sun and shade of a

Spanish town, and a tinkling outside as the Host is brought to a dying Englishman; of a sealed and untouched room filled with the air of a quivering spinet wire that has long been plucked, and of memories that swarm to choke a lonely boy, standing among the ruins of a kitchen garden.

KALENDS

MEANWHILE

MEANWHILE. The Picture of a Lady. *By H. G. Wells. New York. George H. Doran Company.* 1927. $2.50.

THE very charming description that opens Mr. H. G. Wells' new novel is reminiscent of one of Sir John Lavery's stylish interiors. There is the shine on the bees-waxed floors and on the brasses and there is the lady and gentleman in the dimness of the background. One is always aware of personages, dimly lounging on great sofas at the back of a Lavery room, even if it is necessary to look closely at the title plate to make sure they really are (for example) Lady Colfax or Mr. George Moore; and, in a like manner, in Mr. Wells' interior we find the picture (one feels the careful choice of that word) of a lady, of Cynthia Rylands, and *Meanwhile* purports to tell her story.

It is the story of a "little lady" who keeps writing notes in a "nice little green leather notebook," and of her brilliant, post-adolescent husband Philip, whom she surprises — just from bathing with a lady called Miss Puppy Clarges. Miss Puppy Clarges has torn her bathing suit, and consequently Philip feels obliged to return to England — to "find himself" — just in time for the great General Strike. He writes to Cynthia long letters about the process. Cynthia, in the meanwhile, rescues an Italian senator from the local Facisti, and finally presents her husband with an heir. A Mr. Sempack, the Wellsian philosopher of *Meanwhile*, helps her bear the incident of the bathing suit with a minimum of

priggishness, and contributes a great many pages of Utopian conversation.

The collected works of Mr. Wells present a formidable array, and he has written more than enough to insure his present ability in maintaining a fluidity of idea and expression. No doubt the people who like this kind of book will like it very much, but for those who have so often waded through the gropings-to-the-light of past Wellsian Brain-children, there will be no element of surprise and little of satisfaction. We have no "picture of a Lady," as the title promised. To be sure, what story there is and the preponderance of the ideas in the book circulate about her, but she is never realized — she never really comes to life. Mr. Wells is at his worst when he attempts to describe personal relationships, and therefore his present work is weakest where it might have been most interesting. As the case in point there is the bathing-suit-infidelity incident — where lies a very neat and potentially subtle conflict of four minds. The author of the "Portrait of a Lady" might have constructed a fascinating web of analysis and explanation — but Mr. Wells smoothes the whole thing over with a dull and heavy hand.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a real novel from Mr. Wells, knowing as one must that he is first of all an idealistic journalist, with little detachment, a superficial interest in the working of people's minds and a very literal imagination. In his own words, his characters are ever "thinking about the universe, and what they are going to do about it," instead of attempting to consider their personal salvation in relation to themselves and to each other. Yet one remembers with

great pleasure "Kipps" and "Bealby" and even "The War of the Worlds."

One might think Mr. Wells had written his fill concerning Utopias, but the springboard that the background of the General Strike offered was too tempting a one from which to step aside. Yet, even as a piece of documentary historical evidence, *Meanwhile* can scarcely survive. The sensitive reactions of an intelligent coal owner to the great events about him are logical enough, but they do not conclusively expose Philip Ryland's recently come-of-age character — a symbol of part of the British consciousness, as Mr. Wells seems to have intended. There are many harsh words for Winston Churchill and Mussolini, but they are stated in such in irritatingly monotonous voice, that one feels one has heard it all before in the columns of *The New Masses.*

Meanwhile, as a novel, has little pattern or penetration, and as an explanation of a personal philosophy neither originality nor interest, and as a chapter in the history of the General Strike only the value of a summation of the point of view of a facet of one side of the great argument. Yet it will undoubtedly be widely read, and will afford much future desultory conversation, and most of our friends and relations will be — in the words of its author — "Meanwhiling" the time away until the next book appears from Mr. Wells' all too prolific pen.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

SHORTER NOTICES

POMES PENNYEACH. *By James Joyce. Paris. Shakespeare and Company.* 1927. 1 *s.*

Mr. Joyce's latest book is a little collection of thirteen poems, written between 1904 and 1924. It would be ungrateful to question the necessity of publishing these "Pomes," because everything connected with his name is usually of the first interest. However, the present selection, pleasant enough to be sure, is scarcely worth the shilling — except as a bibliographical curiosity. While

> "The sly reeds whisper to the night
> A name — her name —
> And all my soul is a delight
> A swoon of shame — "

is hardly a fair quotation, none of the verse approaches the modest heights of Chamber Music.

MORNINGS IN MEXICO. *By D. H. Lawrence. New York. Alfred A. Knopf.* 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Lawrence would compel us, by intense acts of the imagination, to know, to *believe* his Mexico; not any Mexico, or the "real" Mexico, but *his* Mexico — which is not any nation alive, but another exhibition of the records made by his amazingly apt, so strangely distorted, nerves. Wherefore there is a kind of terrified grovelling before images — not of gods but of general experience. Abstraction of the order in which Mr. Lawrence delights is an orgy: his own words; and he is lost in that orgy, often, so far that it becomes sensible. His abstractions impinge on the nerves; there grow to be conventions and rules for this thinking with the nerves, and a new experience, a new thrill, is provided; so there is almost a system, almost an intelligence. But an intelligence which is a sentimental mysticism lit by occasional furious repulsions from the experience it grasps, by a morbid, but great, poetry. And sometimes the poetry of insight, of comprehension, as in the two chapters on the Corn Dance and the Snake Dance; which, when they are not marred by the author's peculiar religious predilections, are the best in the book.

NEW YORK IS NOT AMERICA. *By Ford Madox Ford. London. Duckworth.* 1927. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Those of us at Harvard who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Ford Madox Ford (Ford Madox Hueffer) tell us last year of his great friendship with Henry James and of his literary partnership with Joseph Conrad will be pleased to have this new travel-autobiography of "his Gotham." It is told in much the same style as that lecture. Mr. Ford writes about "Regions Caesar never knew" in a pleasantly proprietary manner and tries as hard as possible to avoid the annoying attitude of the patronizing Britisher. Indeed it is difficult to analyze the exact species of Mr. Ford's snobbisms. They are apparently personal statements made in a matter of fact manner, but they are never wholly rid of the de-haut-en-bas, of an intimate selfsatisfaction that prejudices one from the first pages. He says that, loving New York as he does (next to Provence), he will let himself go and write of her as he would talk to his mother or his mistress, being very fond of them. Those "gentle creatures" must be long-suffering indeed, to learn with equanimity, after many pages of culinary exposition, that American cooking troubled Mr. Ford — from the moral side.

Mr. Ford has a talent for collecting extraneous detail to suggest the spirit of the place. He records that because of the "Myrmidons of Monsignor O'Connell the beauties of Boston assume the feet of cows" in horrid weather, and that "It is monstrous to eat blanched celery with olives as an hors d'oeuvre." In spite of the nearly complete triviality of the book, it is entertaining, if for no other reason than because of the picture it gives us of Mr. Ford passing "from 14th to 16th Street with almost dancing feet," and of Mr. Ford bitterly and a little piteously asking if he really must eat a salad of alligator pear, shrimps and Thousand Island dressing, which had been especially conceived for him. Yet Mr. Ford seems to have a very real feeling for America, a part of which at least he conveys to his readers, in passages that are all too few and far between. That he loves New York has been more than proved by his beautiful love poem about Fifth Avenue and the "dawn awaiting cops."

For the American, the book may possibly be a stimulating irritant, and for the prospective British visitor "a mine of information." The picture that Mr. Ford presents of America for the delectation of his fellow countrymen is not a very clear one, for

all of his selection of glamorous, curious detail. Most of his descriptions are clouded with a memory of another place, usually the Midi, and of the Midi Avignon. Mr. Ford could never become the good New Yorker, even if he wanted to, for he has not enough abandon to sink himself wholeheartedly into the present. He is always fortifying himself with souvenirs of the past and speculating on the difference: then and now; how curious and strange and how shall I say it — so wholly un-American — but nevertheless so wholly American — it all is.

SOME PEOPLE. *By Harold Nicolson. London. Constable and Company, Ltd.* 1927. *7s. 6d.*

"Miss Plimsoll wore dog-skin gloves which smelt faintly of ammonia. It was these gloves which she clapped across my face when the Greek lady committed suicide on the Acropolis." — Mr. Nicolson has been very fortunate in the people he has known — from the lady mentioned above, his governess, Miss Plimsoll, to figures of such notorious size as, say, Marcel Proust, who hovers across a later, Parisian, drawing room; but his good fortune has been greater still in that his donée has been to seize them preciously to him. He has had that sensibility which snatches at a fancy or a phantom and calls it, all suavely, all convincingly, character; what one might call "parlour" character, a parlour-trick of character, but still significant, still widely consequent. Merely that is part of his angle.

This about Proust, for instance, points what I have been saying. "He said he would like to introduce me to the Marquis de Chaumont. I said that this was unnecessary since I had known de Chaumont for many years. He begged me not to be so unintelligent and so gross. Surely I must realise the pleasure it gave him to take an Englishman by the arm, to propel him across the room, to say, 'Mon cher Jacques, permettez . . .'" And again, Lord Curzon: "'You are observing,' he said, 'the simple squalor of my bedroom. I can assure you, however, that my wife's apartments are of the most unexampled magnificence.'" It should be further explained that Mr. Nicolson conversed with Proust in the chambers of the Peace Conference at Paris, with Curzon at Carlton House Terrace; and that these memoirs begin in H. M. Embassies along the Mediterranean. Mr. Nicolson is of a diplomatic family, so he has inherited an aptitude for contact of the kind to fertilise memoirs. He is, as it were, always in a family way over such trifles, but rather gracefully, with the greatest urbanity, in the best English tradition, which has the merit of being a little French.

It is hard to say what connection such a book has to literature or to morals. It is neither imaginative nor philosophic; yet it has both connections. Malice, wit and an easy style furnish the one; the indications of as many milieus as sketches centering upon an attitude, the other. But there is this much to add, that it is more than possible that Mr. Nicolson did not enjoy his experiences themselves nearly as much as he enjoyed writing about them; and that the reader is in an even more advantageous position.

WHY DO THEY LIKE IT? *By E. L. Black. With a foreword by Dorothy Richardson. Territet, Switzerland. Pool.* 1927. 6*s*.

Why Do They Like It is a novel of English public school life, written by a boy of fifteen, and although it is published as an educational document, its strength lies, as Miss Richardson says, in its claims as a piece of writing. Black is not the first one of us who, bored and enraged by life at school, has been at the time moved to write "a completely crushing indictment of the whole system" and of its unpleasant ramifications into one's Family Life, but he is perhaps the first to carry the inspiration into actual fulfillment. Somehow, after leaving school and there is time to write such a book, past events lose their harshness, and irritation at a dead life changes to sullen indifference. Besides there are many schools both in America and England that have nothing in common with Black's "Nelson." But there are almost as many that are similar, or worse; and the book is most important as a record of evil and as a suggestion for reform.

Black describes his life at Nelson with a maximum of exasperated irony and a minimum of humor. But humor and detachment are the last things one can expect from an impressionable boy who has long been subjugated to the stupidity and injustice of his school and family. In America there are few schools left which still insist on unreasonable lordship from upper classmen, but Black tells his story with such authentic conviction that we are forced to sympathize whole heartedly with him as representative of modern inheritors of mediaevalism, nor does he whine or feel sorry for himself. He is merely righteously bitter and aggressive. *Why Do They Like It* would be an excellent gift to a headmaster from an old boy who had been told at school that he was an "unhealthy" or an "unwholesome" influence.

And yet the quality of the book as a social study is secondary to its quality as Literature. Black varies his long recital of annoyance

and injustice by clever descriptions of personal conflict and the various stresses and strains in emotional friendship. He seems always conscious of the form of his book, and the "plot" is developed with an economy of words and a masterly selection of situation that is worthy of a far older and experienced hand. Unfortunately the honesty and straightforwardness of the last part of the novel will preclude the chances of a wide sale in America, but the book is undoubtedly one of the most *moral* that has appeared in years.

PERIODICAL REVIEWS

Close Up. *Edited by Kenneth Macpherson. Number* 1. *July,* 1927.

Close Up is a magazine of the Movies, published by Pool at Territet, Switzerland. It is perhaps the only magazine which is wholly devoted to criticism of the screen as a potentially artistic medium. The editor, Kenneth Macpherson, writes a summary of the first fifty years of the industry, and commences as follows: "Fifty odd years hasn't done so badly in getting an art into the world that fifty more will probably turn into THE art. . . ." In spite of his slightly irritating pontificalities, his views are generally sound and stimulating.

There is a good analysis of the "War from Three Angles," which discusses "The Big Parade" (America); "Mons" (England); and "The Emden" (Germany). Laurels are given to "The Big Parade"; and in the discussion of the British film is summed up the real reason for the failure of so many foreign pictures.

H. D. in "The Cinema and the Classics" discusses Beauty, and in particular the beauty of Greta Garbo. Her rhapsody, although in a manner not unlike H. T. P. of the *Transcript's,* goes his "questing lambent flame" one better. "Helen who ruined Troy seems to have taken shape, but this time it is Troy by some fantastic readjustment who is about to ruin Helen."

There is quite a funny picture of H. D. in "Wing Beat," a Pool "film of telepathy" shortly to be released.

E. L. Black contributes a very suggestive article concerning the potentialities of animals in the movies, and Jean Prevost reviews the Gide Congo film, and satisfactorily comments on the admirable sub-titling.

The following notice by the editor is illuminating:

"The first two numbers of 'Close Up' will deal with the film problem as a whole. After that we propose in each issue to deal with special conditions in Europe and the States with numbers on the Negro attitude and on the Far East in their relation to the Cinema."

Future contributions will be from Osbert Sitwell, André Gide, Havelock Ellis and Dorothy Richardson.

THE ENEMY. A Review of Art and Literature. *Edited by Wyndham Lewis. Number* 1. *January,* 1927.

The chief contribution to this number is *The Revolutionary Simpleton,* by Wyndham Lewis. It runs to 170 pages including an index of names, and contains an amazing fund of critical notation of some dozen contemporary writers. Mr. Lewis with his now to be expected versatile daring has attempted a triple criticism of literature — metaphysical and social, as well as, in the ordinary sense, literary. He has three or four ideas, or I should say concepts, or perhaps convergent attitudes, which he employs as sharp instruments to flay the living pelts of such people as James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Gertrude Stein, and Ezra Pound. Mr. Lewis is the "Enemy," and his ideas, concepts, or attitudes appear largely in a negative sense — as the nature and principle of his objections. His business is the displaying of true conditions under the light of experience generalized by the dicta of his own individual self or person; he admits his prejudice, and swears by it. By an insistence on reasonably plain facts he compels other facts to make themselves terrifyingly plain. For instance, he demonstrates, and incontrovertibly while you are in possession of his thought, and utterly sedulous conventionality in the worst sense of the *feelings,* the intuitions, of James Joyce. Had Mr. Lewis only a little more gift for order and could he divest himself a little of his prolixity, his exposition would be the more often final, because free of gross exaggeration.

Mr. Lewis finds a time-cult and a child-cult in contemporary thought — or in as much of it as he is concerned to attack — both cults being extremely prevalent and stultifying. "The main characteristic of the time-mind," he says, "has been a hostility to what it calls the 'spatialising' process of a mind *not* a time-mind. It is this 'spatialising' capacity and instinct that it everywhere assails. In its place it would put the time-view, the flux. It asks us to see everything *sub specie temporis.* It is the criticism of this view, the time-view, from the position of the plastic or the visual intelligence, that I am submitting to the Public in this book."

In popularising Einstein and Bergson timelessness and the time flux have been romanticised; and a mechanical mode of feeling has appeared more mechanical than the physics which suggested it. To a considerable extent the problem in which Mr. Lewis is interested is only another and the newest face of the familiar problem of Classicism and Romanticism, which, we say, must have a new name

before we can handle it. To use Herbert Read's distinction, Mr. Lewis would oppose the whole to the fragmentary mind. But I should add that Mr. Lewis especially attacks a specific deadness, an essential sterility, an unnourished conventionality — which characters subsist everywhere about us under the forms of realism, craftsmanship, and the assertion of technical liberty.

Mr. Lewis discovers a thousand confusions and states a hundred problems; nothing but what bears on everything else — for instance, romanticism and advertising; Anita Loos and Gertrude Stein; Stephenson and Joyce and Pope; figures such as Spengler, Whitehead, Alexander, Paul Valéry, and Mussolini.

Mr. Lewis is, besides an acute and savage thinker, an engaging expert at calling names and at making grimaces and malicious epithets. In the ridicule of High-Bohemia he is the Royal Nonesuch. He probably gives the willies to more writers (if they read him) than any critic alive. He produces a pleasant image of James Joyce romping "along at the head of the fashionably literary world, hand in hand with Gertrude Stein, both outdoing all children in jolly quaintness"; and he makes the picture apposite. There are some six pages devoted to a deliciously ferocious attack on a recent number of *This Quarter*. Again, "Gertrude Stein's prose-song is a cold, black, suet pudding." Also sausage, by the yard. Mr. Lewis' enthusiasms are many but always against.

Of literary gymnastics Mr. Lewis' finest are the analyses of Stein, Joyce, and Pound; making Miss Stein a demolished but still chattering idiot; Mr. Joyce a magnificent craftsman with not an idea in his head, not a character seen for itself as real in his books; and Mr. Pound when he leaves the past he knows and loves and has written up so beautifully, a plain type of the Revolutionary Simpleton.

And there is much much more in all kinds.

THE EXILE. *Edited by Ezra Pound. Number* 1. *Spring*, 1927.

This magazine issues circulars about the promotion of new talent and the publication of new and unusual works. It is Mr. Pound with his old tricks in a new bag. It is one form of seriousness in letters, the public form. It begins its career with material by Ezra Pound, Guy Hickok, John Rodker, Ernest Hemingway, and Richard Aldington. Mr. Pound's fragmentary Canto and Mr. Aldington's adroit ballad are readable, and the latter apt. Mr. Rodker's contribution has much of the peculiar character attaching to the

Unpublished Work of this time (our substitute for the outmoded serial). I mean its staring multitude of faults, its fertile inconsistency, its air of intensely muddled inconsequence, and its general lack of form and intelligibility may not harshly be judged: we do not know and may never know that the whole is or is not greater than its parts; we may satisfy, or glut, our appetite for bewilderment. The attitude of the magazine, assuming it has anything so composed, is, properly, a sickening apotheosis of its title. If one objects one is doubtless provincial: one submits even so. If Exile from These States exercises such sentiments as those guaranteed by the editor and Mr. Hickok, surely Americans had better hasten ship-haste home before they completely pollute Parisian sewers. We go abroad for whatever reasons; to find according to these gentlemen all that America is not, to learn evidently, among good things, a not even amusing form of bad taste: a garbled and irrelevant disgust at their origins. Exile must be a dreary heaven indeed. Consider the flaccid fervour of this company as over against the exiles of the last generation — as Santayana or Henry James. Exile, which had such possibilities as a profession, has surely gone down: a thing fit for tradesmen, a mere white-collar job. Pity their smug souls.

THE MONTHLY CRITERION. *Edited by T. S. Eliot. Volume VI, Numbers I-III. July, August, September,* 1927.

It is very pleasant to see the *Criterion* twelve times instead of four times a year, but in the change from quarterly to monthly it seems to have lost some of its freshness, and to have taken on an atmosphere of officialdom and heaviness. Its scope has, of course, been widened, and the quarterly reviews are promised as before, so that there is every reason to hope it will assume its former position as the most refreshing and at the same time the soundest review published in English. One looks in vain for a continuation of Mr. Eliot's fascinating *Fragment of an Agon,* which was surely the most important contribution to English Poetry since his *Hollow Men.*

In the July number there is an article on *The Values of the Doctrine Behind "Subjective" Art,* by Wyndham Lewis, the object of which "is to set in relief the automatic processes by which the artist or the writer (a novelist or poet) obtains his formularies . . ."

There is a pleasantly dry poem by Archibald Macleish called *Land's End,* and a slightly pedantic discussion of *Chaucer and the great Italian writers of the Trecento. The Raid,* by Herbert Read, is a very good exposition of cowardice.

Roger Hinks, in the *Art Chronicle,* has the following excellent judgment on the surrealists: "The mistake of the *surréalistes* is not to trust to the subconscious, which is what every artist has done since the beginning of time, but to trust to it exclusively, deliberately disregarding those conventions of the conscious mind which we have gradually evolved in order to be able to communicate our sensations to each other."

Following this is a survey of contemporary Dutch Literature. For this and like discussions one is always grateful to the *Criterion.*

In the August number there is an essay by Wilhelm Worringer on *Art Questions of the Day,* from which comes the following suggestive idea: "Plastic art is today no longer inevitable. It is still with us, but socially it has no existence; socially speaking, it is rather a foreign body, which from habit, for reasons of tradition and convention, we tow along with us. . . ."

John Gould Fletcher contributes a poem called *Transatlantic* which hardly does justice to a superb theme. *Transatlantic* is not aided by such lines as

"Between the yawning chasm of Broadway's jutting jaws,
Gleaming with grinning teeth up to the sky,
And Piccadilly's dense dark gullet of flesh . . ."

There is an interesting letter from T. Sturge Moore on Shakespearean Imagery and an excellent review of Bertrand Russell's *Why I Am Not a Christian,* by T. S. Eliot. Of local interest are the sentences "For one only ceases to be a Christian by being something else definite — A Buddhist, a Mohammedan, a Brahmin. The only genuine exception is Mr. Irving Babbitt, who, being a real Atheist, is at the same time essentially a most orthodox Christian."

Mr. Frederic Manning begins the September number with a scholarly defense of the method of Sir James Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough* and of many other valuable anthropological works. The article, though brief, makes clear the distinction between the legitimate field of the historical school and that of the "psychological and evolutionary" school of Sir James. It is to a failure to recognize this distinction, Mr. Manning argues, that the recent criticism by Professor Elliot Smith and others is due.

There is a very powerful sketch, called *Locust Street,* by Frances Gregg, and a stimulating defense of the Thomistic Synthesis by the Reverend M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.

Charles Mauron contributes an article, *Concerning "Intuition,"* which, like father D'Arcy's, is a reply to Mr. J. Middleton Murry's

Towards a Synthesis in the June issue. M. Mauron's criticism of Mr. Murry's "intuition" is gratifyingly convincing.

Of special interest in an article called *The Contemporary French Theatre* is the following comment of Mr. Walter Hanks Shaw on the *Orphée* of Jean Cocteau:

"*Orphée* is a mystery play written with a high-powered spotlight thrown upon the text. *Orphée* is a chef d'oeuvre chiselled out of glass by a hand so sure that it could use a cleaver."

THIS QUARTER. *Edited by Ethel Moorhead. Volume I, Number 3. Spring,* 1927.

On the not wholly effective cover of the third number of *This Quarter* is inscribed the name of Ernest Walsh, and whatever there is in it of interest is connected with his tragic figure. Injured by the fall of a war plane, he bravely fought an ensuing consumption for five years and died in the fall of 1926. The disease whipped a naturally aggressive spirit into a frenzy of emotionally intellectual energy. His criticism, as such, is worthless, but appealing as a typical manifestation of a limited mind, of an inquisitive imagination which was in constant rebellion against an even momentarily existing artistic order. The tiresome affectation of his poetical spelling should not deter one from some interesting verse.

The literary discoveries, as vaunted by the editors of *This Quarter* throughout its three extant issues, may be resolved into the questionably permanent contributions of Mr. Carnevali, Mr. McAlmon and Mr. Hemingway. For both Mr. Walsh and his co-editor seem to carry the philosophy of "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like" to its logical conclusion. His own and now his co-editor's indulgence in personalities is (as they admit no standards of taste) repellant.

That part of *This Quarter* which has no connection with Ernest Walsh is not particularly amusing. The reproductions of recent paintings by Francis Picabia, unlike past reproductions of the work of Brancusi, have little or no value. Picabia has taken a single trick from Picasso's exhibition of the past year and developed it beyond the point of legitimate influence.

One should not be unaware of the personality of Ernest Walsh, and of the principles, however ephemeral, for which he lived. *This Quarter,* if for no other reason, is interesting for the glimpse it affords us of Walsh, that "generous, happy, strong man" who brought a friend a wagon load of cigarettes and wetted his forehead with eau de cologne.

TRANSITION. *Edited by Eugene Jolas and Elliot Paul. Numbers 3-5. June, July, August,* 1927.

transition is a monthly magazine which issued its initial number in April. Of all the new developments in periodicals it seems worthy of most attention. It is published in Paris, and much of the material comes from a Parisian-International group of writers. James Joyce has contributed monthly sections of his *Work in Progress.* One is prepared to believe that this is potentially of the first importance, coming as it does from the author of *Ulysses,* but up to the present it is of such an uncompromising unintelligibility that it is somewhat of a disappointing mystery even to the most passionate of Mr. Joyce's admirers. When read out loud it seems to have claims as superb rhetoric: perhaps the light shall be given us later. *transition* publishes very interesting work from younger authors in Russia, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and England.

In the June number there was a very provocative critical article by Laura Riding entitled *The New Barbarism and Gertrude Stein.* The following sentences are excellent subjects for discussion:

"Mr. Eliot does not approve of Gertrude Stein's work because he has not himself had the courage, although a sincere disciple of the New Barbarism, to assume a perfectly articulated given theme. . . . No one but she has been willing to be as ordinary, as simple, as primitive, as stupid, as barbaric, as successful barbarism demands."

Miss Stein herself contributes a characteristic bit *As a Wife Has a Cow A Love Story.*

There is a sea-poem by Hart Crane called *Cutty Sark* which shows he has made great developments in his very real abilities.

Karl Schwitters' lyric, *Ann Blossom Has Wheels,* is good enough reason to subscribe to *transition* indefinitely.

There is also an excellent short story by Morley Callahan called *Last Spring They Came Over,* which is typical of the terse, grim style adopted by many of *transition's* contributors.

In the July number there is an article by F. T. Marinetti on *Futurist Standards of Measurement.* Like most of his work, it is vieux-jeu.

There is also a notice by George Antheil of the French composer, Jacques Benoist-Méchin, author of the Equator Choruses. This is welcome and important as a notice, but worthless as critical analysis.

In the August number there is one of those stories by Hemingway in which the male character asks the female character several times if she won't have another drink. The latter usually accepts.

There is a very charming story by R. Ellsworth Larsson called *Horses in the Mist.* Larsson has also had some excellent verse in previous numbers of *transition.*

André Breton, the champion of surrealism, has an "introduction to the discourse on the dearth of reality." The following most perfect criticism of the Breton work appears over the signature of Elliot Paul elsewhere in the same number:

"Within these same covers André Breton refers to his thought as a 'sad and beautiful queen.' My reason seems to me more like an amiable old whore, beginning to think about the time to retire. She has been used in the interest of almost everybody except myself, and consequently has a sort of unprofessional fondness for me. She hopes to end her days in a little cottage and garden of her own. Still, if she should pass on, one of these orange afternoons, I should try to give her a decent burial and let it go at that."

transition is always entertaining and often instructive. It has a great deal of freshness and courage, and will undoubtedly make important contributions to the present transitional literature.

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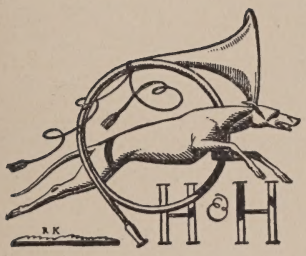

Vol. 1, No. 2 Dec. 1927

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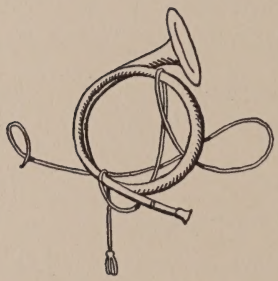


THE
HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY
Vol. 1, No. 2 Dec. 1927

COMMENT

SINCE the decision last spring of the Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences to provide before the mid-year and final examinations reading periods of from two to three weeks duration, much has been written and published both in defense of and in opposition to the plan. We should like to take the opportunity of calling to the attention of our readers outside of Cambridge the nature and purpose of these periods, and then to point out to all our readers, but particularly to those now resident at Harvard, one or two aspects of the actual functioning of the periods which, so far as we are aware, have not as yet been stressed.

THE READING PERIODS

Briefly, the Reading Periods are a further indication of Harvard's commendable effort to grant the undergraduate an increasing amount of independence. During these periods, lectures and tutorial conferences in the great majority of courses will be completely discontinued, in order that the student may be given "more freedom and a larger measure of individual responsibility . . . . . thus enlarging his oppor-

tunity to work by himself, free from routine supervision." Tasks will be set by his tutors and instructors at the beginning of the period, and the results of his efforts will be tested by examinations at the close. The value of the experiment will lie in its ability to strengthen the student's own resources and to advance him that much more rapidly to the status of a self-relying graduate scholar. Those undergraduates who are worthy of the trust thus placed upon them will be immensely benefitted by the periods; those who prove themselves unworthy will be the more readily eliminated. The whole system will be of immeasurable utility in hastening the maturity of the average college student, so conspicuously young when compared with his exact contemporaries in the Universities of England and the Continent.

For the general purpose of the plan, thus briefly defined, we have only the highest admiration. But in its actual application, as indicated by the statements of tutors and instructors, there are certain elements which seem to us to deserve discussion. If the experiment is to succeed, it must have, in our opinion, the whole-hearted and perhaps somewhat daring support of every member of the Faculty body. Students must be allowed to pursue their own fields of investigation with the same liberty as that enjoyed by their elder compatriots in graduate courses of research. The periods must not, as every one realizes, be allowed to degenerate into prolonged reviews; equally must they not become mere continuations, without professorial or tutorial assistance, of the work previously accomplished by daily assignments and weekly conferences. If the men in whose hands the ultimate prerogative rests are to content themselves with compiling detailed read-

ing lists and scheduled guides to study, the net result will be only to increase the burden on the student without allowing him any of the opportunities for development which the plan in its ideal manifestation would pre-ordain. The student will have to devote more time to accomplishing the same amount of work, he will be deprived of the manifold advantages of the aid and advice he has formerly received, and he will gain nothing but an increased distaste for study in the end. The whole thing will be a bungling of a good idea, and will inevitably result in failure.

As a specific example, we may be permitted to cite the problem presented by language courses. If the students can be given subjects for investigation, say the sources of the *Chanson de Roland* or the influence of the Roman comedians on the drama of the Restoration, they will find in their researches infinite occasions for enlarging their own horizons and for formulating and expressing their own opinions. If, on the other hand, they are assigned the reading of six plays of Molière or a book of Thucydides, Pulci's *Morgante* or half of Catullus, their work will reduce itself to the usual routine doubled and trebled in difficulty by the absence of instruction and the assistance of more experienced minds.

It is this aspect of the plan that we have desired to emphasize. We do not plead for less work; what we should like to see is freer work. Assignments have already been made, and many of them are specific and circumscribed. They do not augur well for the success of the Reading Periods or for the assurance of the advantages and opportunities which the students are expected to derive. It is only by a reversal of the timorous and slightly apprehensive attitude of many of

the instructors, it is only by their bold and whole-hearted acceptance of its potentialities and its possibilities that the Reading Period may develop into the great innovation whose seed it so surely inscribes.

* * *

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

The bust of Charles Eliot Norton in the Fogg Art Museum has been hung with bay and laurel. It is fitting that we should honour there on his centenary the man who did so much to establish the Department of Fine Arts at Harvard. A friend of Ruskin and of most of the scholar-critics of the Continent, Norton brought to his students in Cambridge something more than an interest in the "silly game of attribution." As Professor of Aesthetics he was also a professor of the art of living, and he gave to those who worked with him a genuine appreciation of a sense for Beauty. The Norton ménage is now one of the golden legends of Cambridge, the reality of which our instructors are very fond of recalling. Mr. James Loeb, who made the world feel at least a part of a friend's and teacher's influence, inscribed beneath Norton's bust "Chronicler and critic of letters and life; a master of friendship; an apostle of beauty he taught an unseeing eye to see."

In memory of Charles Eliot Norton, archaeologist, aesthetician and lover of the Classics, THE HOUND & HORN has given to Harvard College Library the *Ulysses* of James Joyce, the *Antigone* and the *Orphée* of Jean Cocteau, and the *Oedipus Rex* of Igor Strawinsky.

* * *

JOHN REED

It is ten years since the Red Guard burned the Winter palace, and almost ten since John Reed was buried under the walls of the Kremlin. It is worth remembering that a Harvard man is honored next to Lenin, in having given his life for the cause of Russian freedom. Jack Reed came from the Pacific coast, a cow-boy, lumberjack and poet, very much in love with the fact of existence. Some of his classmates patronized him for his universal exaggeration, for his oblivious all-inclusiveness, for what they considered an almost specious romanticizing. But perhaps they envied him his tremendous vitality, his great personal charm, his abilities as a raconteur and his unhesitating daring. After leaving Cambridge he became interested in the great "World Revolution," and helped to found the old *Masses*, a magazine which was distinguished by some valid color and a good deal of hope and indignation. At the beginning of the War he became one of the most successful war-correspondents in the country. Then as an active communist he bore witness in court and acknowledged himself a true revolutionist. Afterwards he went to Russia and wrote *Ten Days That Shook the World*, to this day the most valuable account of the birth of the Soviet. He immersed himself more passionately in the Red Revolution than ever he had in sailing, or writing, or Harvard, but he was something more than an impulsive Play Boy. As Michael Gold has said, "He believed in the Real Thing." His memory already holds in the history of the new Russia the place which the memory of Lafayette has come to hold in the early history of the United States, and whatever success the U. S. S. R. may have will be due at least in part to the efforts of this young American.

A memorial to Jack Reed is yet to be placed at Harvard, but he lacks none in Moscow, and his monument in the poetry of revolution is permanent.

"Now Love and all the warm
Pageant of livingness
Trouble my quiet like forgotten dreams
Of ancient thunder on the hills of storm.

"How loud, how terribly
Aflame are lights and sounds!
And yet beyond the fog I know there are
But lonely bells across grey wastes of sea!"

* * *

At frequent intervals THE HOUND & HORN will print critical analyses of Harvard graduates important as poets, critics, or philosophers. Each analysis will be accompanied by a collated bibliography. The first of the series will be a critique of the work of Thomas Stearns Eliot, by R. P. Blackmur. This will be published in the issue for March, 1928.

* * *

The Editors regret that because of pressure on their space several contributions accepted for publication in the present issue have had to be withheld until a later number.

YOUTH'S POSSIBILITIES FOR LITERATURE

I HAVE arrived at that age where I feel the impulse to explore the possibilities of youth for the complicated game of literature. It is the age where one feels for youth an affection the more vital because youth is stealing away and disappearing, where one begins to understand it because one ceases to live it, where one begins to enjoy it because it is no longer a torment, and where, in a word, one loves it since one both clings to it and is sorry for its passing. The question has a certain interest, for never does one bring to literature an ardor more restless and more awkward than in youth, never does literature allure, inspire, and fascinate as in those brief years when the will to create tortures all men, even the most sterile.

In France youth is sometimes a form of genius, and at other times a form of silliness. "Young" is a synonym for "foolish" or for "powerful" according as one speaks of "a man who is a trifle young," or of "a young author." Throughout France there is a certain hostility to youth, for in France those men are respected who know, and youth knows nothing; but certain young men are adored because their youth is a tempest, and the French love storms. Youth in France is a period of physiological transition, of intellectual adaptation, a time when the young man is forever opening new doors at top speed, where the whole being is drawn hither and yon by innumerable desires and instincts;

it is a formidable crisis which either deadens you or rouses you to frenzy. The Frenchman during his youth is expected to take his own measure. Examinations, coöperation, tests of all sorts pile up around him to oblige him to show what he is worth. After the age of twenty-six it is generally too late. He is judged. Youth in France is the making public of trials. It is easy to reap advantage for literature from this fact in a country where all the prestige goes to works which are burning, concentrated and clear. The young Frenchman who can fan the flames of his youth, force it to undergo an unsparing analysis, and infuse it with general ideas is then sure of creating a book which will succeed with the great public. (For instance, Musset: *Confession d'un Enfant de Siècle;* Radiguet: *Le Diable au Corps*). Others, under the sway of this crisis, have genius pure and simple, as the young Racine and the young Rimbaud showed it.

In America youth has seemed to me very different. It is a flowering out rather than a crisis or a transition. A people which respects physical existence and loves happiness finds in youth a sort of apotheosis which it admires spontaneously, wishes to protect and encourage. In America people are rewarded for being young, aside from anything which they themselves can do or create, just as in France they are punished for it. In America youth does not need to search itself for excuses, reasons, or even for goals. Certainly for a good many young men, taken as individuals, youth is a crisis in America as well as in Europe, but for the many it is an apotheosis, the best moment in life, that which is so fleeting and so precious that the young man is made much of because he is alive, and praised because he is himself. The

period which follows (twenty-four to thirty) is hard, doubtless as difficult as in Europe, for it implies adaptation to business and to marriage, the first stages of a career which must generally start on the lowest rung, while the young Frenchman of twenty-five, if he has passed his tests with credit, avoids this tiresome apprenticeship. One might say that the American pays after twenty-five years for all the joys he has tasted in advance, and that fact explains why so many American authors, just at this moment in their life and development, emigrate to Europe, feel themselves at home there, and find themselves sympathetic to the brutal, sharp, self-conscious, analytical and cynical art of the youth of France.

This is normal. And thanks to this stimulus they often create very beautiful works of art. But it is to be wished that the other stage of American youth, that which precedes the struggle, which is typical of the civilization of the United States and which at this time represents a degree of happiness unequalled anywhere on earth, should not be completely blotted out, or absorbed, or disguised by the group of rebels, the cynics, the innovating philosophers or politicians who are all more or less impregnated with a European pessimism which is on the whole pretty banal. American youth under twenty-five seems to me to contain a sort of complete happiness, vague and potent, capable of flowering out in original works of art if it could find a suitable method of expression. Unfortunately bad luck, difficulty and complication are in style, and all such things are apparently just the opposite from this youth which is characterized by its spontaneity, its expansiveness and its unity. The analysis which

separates the elements and splits them up will never be able to represent it or to give a true picture of it; general ideas, which crystallize and make it abstract, deform without expressing it; the classic arts are too rigid and conscious, the romantic arts too dishevelled and given over to the voluptuousness of sorrow, the arts of cubism and futurism et cetera are too concentrated and tense to correspond to these states of consciousness, which are above all relaxed and direct. Something else is needed. It has seemed to me as a foreigner that some pages of Walt Whitman and some lines of Sherwood Anderson expressed almost what I believed was the essential being of this youth. But I could not help hoping for something better still: a being entirely new, in his full lack of self-consciousness, in his untouched joy, in his true purity of youth, endowed rather than taught, fine rather than refined, delicate but not sharp, intelligent but not intellectual, still devoted to no single path in life but already feeling the call of the whole, free but not a rebel, in harmony but not yielding, independent but not isolated. Such a being, if he could simply lose himself in the rhythm of that youth and transcribe it almost without knowing, would create the most beautiful work of art America could produce, and the most useful, for in it the national consciousness would come to light better than anywhere else, and there would be set free a thousand longings for happiness which America holds chained and imprisoned in herself.

I have dreamed that such would be the right part for youth to play in American literature, and that there would be created thus a poetry different from everything we have; a poetry which we should value above all else.

But is, perhaps, the speaking of it enough to make it impossible, since such creation must have perfect spontaneity? And I hope that the man of genius, who is to write that which I am waiting for, will not read these lines. They are for his future readers only, and will help them to recognize him.

Or is all this nothing but a chimera?

I should like to know.

BERNARD FAŸ

Translated from the French by M. M. KELLEY

GREETING TO A STRANGER

OH, it is easy to say now
"How glad I am to meet you!"
But as I shake your hand, and bow,
Politely, yes, — and how else would I greet you — ?
Secretly I wonder thus and so: —
There is, deep hidden in that hypothesis, your mind,
Behind the moving masks which are your eyes,
That which I should like, inestimably, to find,
To question, and to know.
For it is that, — the hidden thing,
Distinguishing the esoteric You from Me,
To which, still hopefully,
I say, "How pleased I am to meet you!"
And then, subvocally, "though I shall never see
You face to face — !"
But someday, as wild birds wing and wing
Flying, touch in clean air,
I shall find somewhere
In all the world of men and women
One, whom truthfully I can greet
With "I am pleased to meet you,"
And "I have found it in you, — touched it, there! and there!"

PHILIP OWEN

THE NECKTIE

"OH, Henry darling! My smelling salts! Will you be so kind?"

There it was again — that eternal headache. How did she endure it? How did she ever endure it? Her life was one long martyrdom to headaches. Headaches and jealousy. Henry jumped up and took down the small handbag from the rack. The train swayed, and in taking an involuntary step to balance himself, he trod on Charlotte's foot. She gave a faint scream — a faint middle-aged scream.

"Oh!" she wailed. "Henry!"

"My poor little Charlotte! My poor Charlotte! Is it very bad? There it is. Now you shut your eyes and try to take a nice little nap until we get to Paris. There's a whole hour. Shut your eyes, dear! . . . That's right!"

Charlotte took a deep breath at the green bottle, and a look of ineffable relief came over her suffering face. She relaxed in her corner, gave a little comfortable wriggle, and then, with an adoring look at Henry, allowed her quivering eyelids to close. Poor Charlotte! Poor, poor Charlotte! It would be a good thing if she could have a little sleep — otherwise the first night in Paris was sure to be too much for her. Far too exciting. And especially as she had been looking forward to it for so long. She would be sure to go to bed right after dinner — or was this one of the nights when she would go before, and have a tray sent up? Very likely. *Wheeeeeee-wheeeeee* — said the train. Absurdly small voices, these European trains had — like children, compared with

American trains. American trains with their hoarse, coarse, lugubrious nocturnal moans. He tried to look out of the window, to see what they were passing, but it was too dark. A cluster of lights whisked by, very close, and a single light farther off, more slowly. Was it a tunnel they were coming to? No, a bridge. Rattle, rattle, tattle, a hollow nostalgic clatter, the voice of the void. A gully of some sort, or a small river. These European rivers were so absurdly small and neat. No — too dark to see a thing. All he could see was the reflection of his own face — his round spectacles, his round chin, his thin middle-aged hair parted in the middle. Funny ineffectual face he had, so young, too, for forty-five. Pity he kept so young-looking, while poor Charlotte was ageing so fast. Too bad, too bad. That was what made her so jealous, of course — that, and the fact that he was so — that he was so — very attractive to women. Why was it that women liked him? It was a mystery. He had never understood it. Of course, he always dressed well — always. The high collar — and stand-up collars were so rare nowadays that they gave one a distinguished look — the black cord running to his glasses, the rich tie, the well-cut suit. But it was more than that. Too bad, too bad. And here was Paris! Here they were, almost at Paris! He must, he positively must, have a party, a celebration of some kind. If Charlotte, poor little Charlotte, didn't feel up to it, why then he would go out alone. After dinner he would go out. Just for a prowl, a drink or two, and to see the gay crowds. Perhaps one of those sidewalk cafés he had heard so much about. Or even the Folies Bergère. How exciting, how delightful it would be! And what a good thing he had polished up his

French! It had certainly proved perfectly adequate at the *douane.* That official had been very polite to him — very polite. And all these signs in the train were so ridiculously easy to read. *Ne pas se pencher au dehors,* for instance. Even if it weren't also given in English that would be childishly simple. *Signale d'alarme,* too — really, all one needed was a little intelligence, so many of the French words were exactly like the English ones. And this, of course, was the season for bock. Was it *un* bock or *une* bock? Oh well, it didn't matter so long as one made oneself understood. And these Frenchmen did most of their talking with their hands anyway — conversation was a form of physical exercise. You said bock, and then drew one hand upward from the other, indicating in the air a nice tall cold glass with an amber fluid in it. The very smile with which you said it was probably enough to suggest what it was that you wanted. Said he with a bockish smile, or smiling bockily.

Wheeeee-wheeeeee — said the train again. More lights sliding past, whole thick constellations of them, triangles, oblongs, circles and squares, Cassiopeia, the Pleiades, and Charles' Wagon. They must be getting close to Paris — closer than they thought. Perhaps they were almost there. Perhaps he ought to wake up poor Charlotte. No, let the poor child sleep. How pathetic she looked, snuggled up there in the corner with the blue cape over her knees and the green bottle getting ready to slip from her pale little hand. Here she was, almost at Paris, and still suffering while he — while he — made his plans for a nice little party. Too bad, too bad. Was it Montmartre that one went to? Well, he would just go out and walk around, and if he got lost he

could always take one of those taxis you were always hearing about. *Hôtel Angleterre, s'il vous plaît.* Or was it *d' Angleterre?* No matter. *Avenue Victoria. Châtelet.* The train gave a jerk, a series of jerks, and began stopping. Henry sprang up, electrified. No, it was going on again. Suburban stations. He sat down, sighed, then reached across and gently, gently removed the green bottle from poor Charlotte's sleeping hand. Even in her sleep she seemed to be grateful to him. And what for? For his perpetual sympathy and kindness? But could he do less for one who suffered so, one whom he loved so? Too bad, too bad. . . . Nevertheless, it was a fact that she had aged very fast, while he — ah, it was most unfair, most unfair. Just a little prowl, a drink of bock, to see the foreign crowds and the Parisian lights. Just that, or perhaps — if poor Charlotte felt up to it, of course, they would go together and sit in a café and have a coffee. *Garçon! Deux cafés au lait, deux.* How was it possible to begrudge her that simple pleasure? He removed the stopper, the little green coronet, and sniffed, once, twice, three times; the green flame licked a corner at the very back of his brain. Whoof! . . . like a little snake. Strange, how the odour seemed to tickle the very *medulla oblongata* and to permeate one's whole consciousness. And think of having to do that all the time, day after day, year after year, till one was ——

They were in the station, they were really stopping. He must have fallen asleep himself.

"Charlotte! Charlotte!"

Charlotte opened bewildered and adoring eyes. Pandemonium. Cape, steamer-rug, umbrellas, and three bags.

He was holding up six fingers to the porter, who slung the bags one by one on his strap. Then they were in the taxi, a garishly lighted stone-paved square, they were passing sidewalk cafés, and green trees imprisoned in cages. He took Charlotte's hand in his and patted it.

"Darling! How do you feel?"

"Oh I'm so sorry, Henry dear, to spoil it all for you! . . . I'll have to go to bed. . . . Will you forgive me?"

"Of course I'll forgive you."

Oh! The hotel was too gorgeous, far too gorgeous. A brilliantly illuminated glass canopy, officials in green uniforms, more officials in dress suits, obsequious porters, and a haughty young woman at the desk who gave them their keys. Two adjoining rooms, but they regretted that there was no adjoining bath. If there had been more warning — Madame would like to see the menu? Certainly. The tray would be sent up at once. A little *vol-au-vent* and some coffee. For two? No, monsieur would come down to dinner. The dining room was just there, and he would find a table reserved. Oh damn — he would have to dress for it! Far too gorgeous, far, far too gorgeous.

However, the dinner passed off well enough. Eight-forty-five. It would now only take a jiffy to change back into ordinary clothes. Was poor Charlotte asleep? . . . He tiptoed to the door and opened it softly. Dark, and not a sound. The four-poster bed pale in the gloom, and slotted light coming through the French blinds, which swayed a little in the air that came from the Seine. Tap-tap went the blinds, and he closed the door again. Just as well he had changed in the dark — the light through the transom might

have waked her. Where had he put his hat? On the bed of course. An umbrella? No, the stars were out. A warm starlit evening in Paris, an evening in May. He began humming to himself:

"On a warm day in the spring
Auntie sent me marketing;
Birds were twittering, tra-la-la . . .
Gaily twittering."

So this was Paris! And all these crowds in the street were French, and all these lights were the lights of Paris. Too bad, poor Charlotte wasn't with him to share in the excitement. And there was the Châtelet Theatre, with a huge sign announcing the "Ballet Russe." Too bad, too bad. He turned away from the river, and came to a broad boulevard — what could it be? Ah — the *Rue de Rivoli.* He had heard of that often. A famous street, a street known all over the world. To walk along the *Rue de Rivoli* was almost *ipso facto* to become a distinguished person. Everybody looked well dressed, especially the women — French women certainly knew how to dress. Charming hats! Delicious shoes! And they seemed to walk with such gaiety and *joie de vivre!* He fancied that one or two of them just faintly smiled at him — just faintly, but flatteringly. He, too, was well dressed, a distinguished person — probably they recognised him to be a foreigner, an American, and very likely they were thinking him some very famous or wealthy man, or a diplomat. He straightened himself a little, and walked with a joyful *insouciance* — that was the word, *insouciance.* And here, just at the right moment, was a café.

He would have coffee.

"*Café noir,*" he said, holding up one finger. And then, when it had been brought:

"*Combien?*"

All very simple and nice, though he couldn't say very much for the coffee. But what next? A bus was stopping by the kerb and, without the slightest hesitation, he jumped on and went inside. He seated himself, and found that the bus would take him to the *Etoile.* Nothing could be better. The fare paid, he turned to look out at the crowded sidewalk, also regarding for a second his own reflection. Heavens! Good Lord! He had on no necktie! What could have — how could he — he remembered laying it out — it was changing in the dark that had done it! Was it possible? Yes — there was the stand-up collar, but no tie. A naked white expanse, which, even in the dim reflection afforded by the bus window, looked extremely silly. No — he mustn't put up his hand to feel it — that would draw attention to the disaster. How awful, how incredibly awful and humiliating! And what was he to do? Not even an overcoat he could put on! It was like one of those dreams in which you find yourself at a tea-party with no clothes on, and on the point of shaking hands with a duchess! All very well in a dream, but in real life not so funny. Shops? No. The shops were all closed at this hour. No wonder all those people had smiled at him. Flatteringly indeed! No such luck. And that girl across the aisle was looking at him now. Good Lord, how simply frightful! Impossible to stay here — he must get off, dive into a side street, preferably a dark and shabby one, and get time for reflection.

He did so, first turning up his coat lapels, and clutching them together against his throat. The conductor looked at him, astonished, frankly and physically astonished. These French had no reticences at all. Perhaps, if he kept his hand up like this, they would merely think that he had a sore throat. He walked toward the river again, along a street none too dark, and at the corner came to another café. A drink would do no harm. And there was a table behind a lattice, where he would be partially screened. Good idea. He sat down and lifted a finger toward the waiter.

"Whisky," he said.

"Large or small?" said the waiter.

"You speak English?" said Henry.

"*Un peu.*"

"A large, a very large one," said Henry.

Here was a ray of hope. Perhaps, if he explained his predicament the waiter would make some brilliant suggestion. But if not — then what on earth was he to do? Go back to the hotel? Heavens, no. Everyone would see it, and they would think — and the very first night he was there, too! Impossible to get in through that garish entrance, with all those uniformed Frenchmen standing about doing nothing, without being detected — clearly impossible. Something else would have to be improvised. One of them would probably have the cheek to come right up to him and speak about it. Pardon, he would say, but monsieur has neglected his necktie. Or something like that. And then a sly smirk. . . . Good Lord.

"Whisky," said the waiter.

This was the moment — but suddenly he felt shy about it.

Better wait till after the next drink. But no, the longer it was left, the more difficult it was to explain. He lifted his finger again at the retreating waiter. What a blessing that he spoke English.

"A moment, waiter," he said. "Perhaps you could be so kind as to tell me where I could get a necktie."

"Pardon!" said the waiter.

"I have forgotten a necktie," said Henry, feeling somewhat foolish.

"Monsieur has forgotten something? A coffee?"

"No, a necktie! Do you understand? A necktie!"

Henry turned down his coat lapels and revealed the shame. The waiter's hand at once made an intelligent gesture in the air.

"Ah!" he cried, delighted, "monsieur has lost his cravat! He left it behind him, perhaps — when?" He ogled Henry with an offensively knowing look. Exactly. Just what these Frenchmen *would* suppose. It became more and more obvious that it would be impossible to go back to the Angleterre until he had somehow possessed himself of a tie. He felt weary, and drank his whisky at one gulp.

(*to be concluded*)

CONRAD AIKEN

JOSEPH COLETTI

JOSEPH A. COLETTI is one of a rather large group of sculptors, including even Saint-Gaudens, who, although of foreign extraction, have won distinction in this country and have become so thoroughly identified with our traditions that America can rightfully claim them as its own. Born at San Donato in the province of Rome, Italy, on November 5, 1898, he was brought to Quincy, Massachusetts, as a young child in 1902 and obtained his general elementary education in the public schools of that town. Since he felt at an early age the summons of his vocation, he began his specialized training when he was only fourteen years old, picking up, in the face of great obstacles, what instruction in drawing and modelling he could find. In 1912 he studied in the Evening Art School at Quincy; during the summer of 1913 he apprenticed himself to the sculptor, John Evans; from 1913 to 1915 he worked nights in the Massachusetts Normal Art School. The year 1915 also brought him to one of the turning-points of his life. His realization of the sound principle that training as an artist must begin early and his hard struggle to exemplify this principle now justified themselves. The painter Sargent discovered his talent and asked him to assist in the modelling of the sculptured sections in the ceilings of the Boston Public Library and of the Rotunda in the Museum of Fine Arts. Coletti remained an assistant of Sargent until these two pieces of decoration were completed. Meanwhile he had had the good sense to continue his general education, studying from 1916 to 1918 in the Northeastern Preparatory

School. At the advice of Sargent and of Sargent's collaborator, the architect Thomas A. Fox, he determined to submit himself to the mental discipline of college, to sacrifice the temporary advantage of the uninterrupted pursuance of his beloved profession, and to acquire that higher education the lack of which has been the undoing of so many embryonic sculptors and painters. He entered Harvard as a special student in 1919 and was graduated in 1923 with the degree of A.A.

The wisdom of his choice manifested itself once more in concrete results. Not only was the Faculty of the Fine Arts Department, to whom he had recommended himself by his scholastic attainments as well as by his sculptural gifts, glad to assist him by Fellowships in rounding off his training with study abroad; but also he began at once to receive distinguished commissions. He was awarded a Travelling Fellowship for the summer of 1923, and the next year, for a longer tenure, the more significant honor of the Sachs Research Travelling Fellowship. He remained in Europe from 1924 to 1926, spending a part of his time at the American Academy in Rome. The most important opportunity for work that he has been assigned — enough to satisfy the ambition and to stimulate the creative effort of a master-craftsman of the Middle Ages or the early Renaissance — is the commission to execute all the sculpture of the new chapel of St. George's School at Newport, R. I. A large part of the undertaking, including capitals, decorative architectural carving, and statues of Saint George and Saint Christopher, he has already finished. Despite the exactions of this *magnum opus*, he has found time for other achievements, among which are

the Eugene Dodd Medal for the Harvard Architectural School, the Edward W. Bok Gold Medal for the Harvard Advertising Award, the portrait bust of John Nicholas Brown, a bust called "Virgo Purissima" in the possession of Professor Paul J. Sachs, and the tympanum of the chapel at Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania.

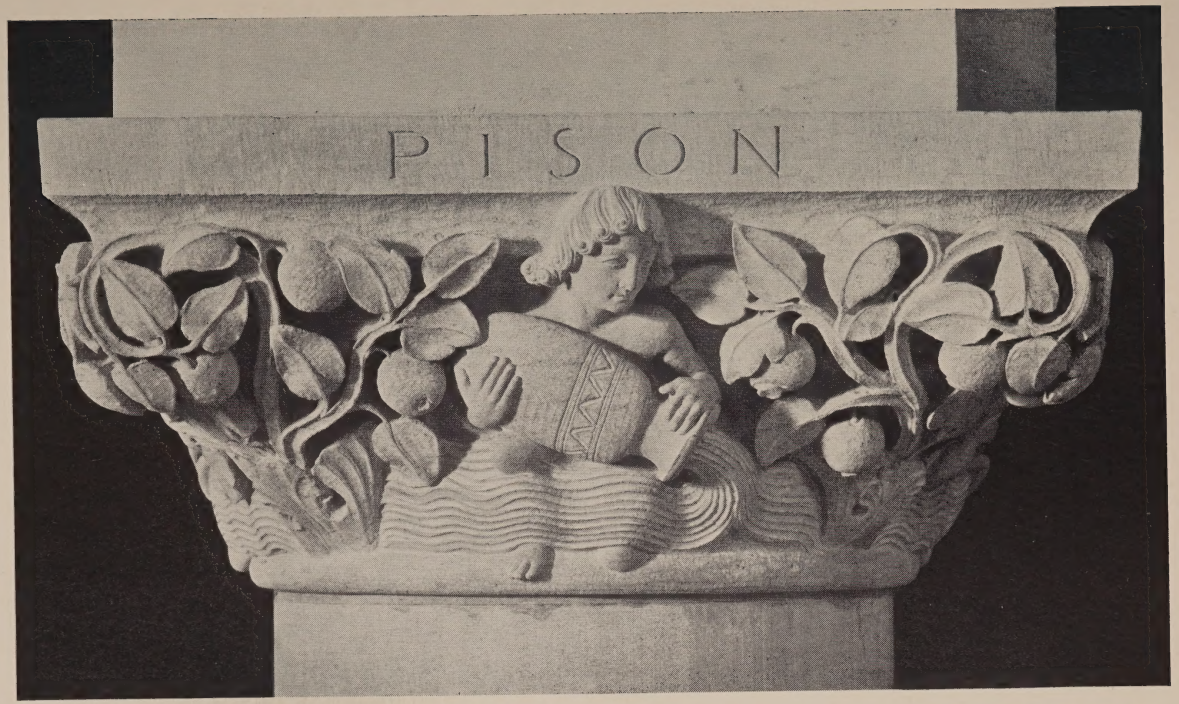
CHANDLER R. POST

The photograph on the opposite page shows a polychrome boss for the vault in the Chapel of St. George's School. In the original St. George is clad in silver armor and a red cloak; his horse is left stone color with metal harness; the dragon is green and the surrounding putti are alternately pale red and pale blue; the background is deep blue.

Boss of Vault — St. George's Chapel

St. George and the Dragon — Joseph Coletti

Corbel: Dolphins: St. George's Chapel Joseph Coletti



Capital: The River Piso: St. George's Chapel

Joseph Coletti

RETURN TICKET PAID

Wanna go home, Baby?

I

FOR should I fall, what could I miss but this?
No fretting for traitor memory with his catalogue;
Prepared, I thought, for all — yet not for this.
This I had not foreseen . . . That would I regret,
Here, waiting under those sudden aeroplanes,
Banging, old thunder birds about my ears.
So to vanish when turns a moving banister
And stairs flatten. No courage nor fear
In the exit. Only irk at negation.
But lamplike at an uncertain hour —
We'll put it out, leaving sundown half an hour?
Or suffer it, to save our eyes, being almost dark?
Nor think I would elect high ports of ivory or pearl,
Other limbo, or even a gas flame. No.
Fumbling the sign of minus as my key, I'd drop
And suck the bland void's anaesthesia . . .

Le Bourget

II

Jolting book from my hands, losing my place,
Then stopped, and they rushed to the windows.
So I thought of train wrecks, ship wrecks,
And whether we'd finally get there.
Wheels, tickets; locomotion the mystery:

Changing axis of vineyards, self as a flying center,
With whatever tune in my brain, fusing —
Locked corrugation to whatever the swing of the rails.
Her husband returned. I heard
Decapité; then she took out her hankie.
And he; For-mi-dable; we'll never make it up;
A crowd gathering up by the engine. I felt sick
As if I'd shortly be bullied; and lacking bravado.
But (pitiful) this is nothing to me.
No one I knew; again — we must all — (sometime)
So they threw burlap over it and a minute later,
Brother, by thy sad railside were we come and gone.
"Don't look." . . . Distance, middle
Distance, foreground, telegraph poles ticked by,
Slow cat's-cradles twisting in the wires.
Maze with two alleys. Thus; a coming landscape
And . . . *'Violence of shock; hurled at the mechanician's feet,'*
The mirrored landscape, meeting, collapsed.
'Profoundly moved abandoned he the train.'
Sense of direction failed; nor fore, back or —
Rememb'ring kinetic formulae, static at all;
Yet it was true I'd left behind unbearable waits,
Dust, and stiff limbs. At least I've got as far
As where, — this time yesterday I'd hoped to be.

Rapide: Barcelona-Paris

III

I shall make complete declaration to the douane,
No contraband over the borders.
But slung on my inside trouser legs,
A silver dagger and jingling orders
Of the Gates of Hercules, and
Knight of the Golden Fleece.

Children's voices change here early
Singing throaty into the dark, on a hill
In the environs of Valdemoro.
And barber shops at sundown
Smell into streets flushed of hoses.
In the north they scrub their bulls with soft stones.
And in the south: thunder; triple-echoed olé
Olé olé, guts of blind nags

Unfolding slowly, submarine vegetation.
In all the palaces I've ever been are
Only draughts down the halls
Locks beyond marble stairs
And gardens through grills,
Tended by rakers — masked.
No concierge, locksmith or power
Or hinges grating on the hour
Or any help or use, better go home —

Escorial

IV

So new music shall never bend my ear,
Always embroidered, old sounds I'll hear —
Noise through the sea; kites with tails far behind
Above the Marble Arch to echo in the wind.
The guiding hand pays out a guiding strand
Beyond the sea in my father's land.
Here against lamps; by circling feet walled round;
My echo holding to the city's sound, —
Are roll-call and hymn, reflections to the night,
Last gracious offices before a final flight.
For this is difference: quick must I pick my way
Past daybreak through the deviation into day.
No seconds' snap to fusion can forget their past
Or balance ebbing future with a pace as fast.
And strain of travel done clears mirrors at the end —
So cloth to the swelling breeze, before I take my bend.
Though why selection forced? Why plan retreat?
Is not acceptance kind? Include, divide, repeat.
Ah! but those jealous fowl, attendants of the spot,
With pursuant nails, will brook partition not.
Barriers of wing and beak shall shove these bones
Towards conspiring bonds of folded stones.
Not of this place: enough: an end: no more —
Back to those cloudy steps; the young pendant roar.
Yet through my liberated core will stream
Accruent liquor of recurrent dream.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Southampton Water

HE DIED TO SAVE OUR SOULS

A TIMID knock at the door.

"Who's there?"

"It is I, Peter, whom one Paul has summoned to meet him here."

"Enter, Peter, whom I have summoned."

The door opened cautiously. Heavily bearded, nervous eyed, Peter crept into the room. Upon catching sight of the owner of that resonant voice, he gave a start.

"Saul of Tarsus!" he exclaimed.

Through this man's relentless inquisition Stephen was stoned.

"Saul of Tarsus no more," he replied gently, "but simply Paul — Paul, follower of Jesus."

His stern face was softened. On his lips flickered a friendly smile. His eyes met the careful scrutiny of the trembling disciple without a waver.

Peter hesitated to accept the hand that was extended toward him. Was this a trap, he thought, to catch him unawares. And if not, could he ignore the past of such a sinner? What would the gentle master have done under the circumstances? Undoubtedly he would have forgiven Paul and rejoiced at his conversion. Yet . . .

"Well?"

Peter drew a deep breath.

"Welcome to our flock, Paul, follower of Jesus," he said,

and shook the grateful hand.

"Sit down," Paul directed. "I want to tell you my story."

The telling took half an hour. If it occurred to Peter that this man, big enough to be a leader on his own account, need not follow anybody, he didn't say so. Fortunate for Jesus!

"I was born at Tarsus," Paul began, "and was educated in the Rabbinic schools of Jerusalem. The great Gamaliel taught me the sacred law. I swallowed it eagerly, accepting it as unalterable and final; and when I found that the teachings of Jesus did not depend on any known laws I became furious at the liberty."

By persecution he had hoped to counteract the work of the disciples. When on the long journey to Damascus he had taken the time to think, it suddenly struck him that others might not be necessarily wrong just because they did not agree with what he had happened to be taught; and he had consequently acted contrary to all expectations and defended instead of persecuting the followers of Jesus in Damascus. For three years in the quiet solitude of the Arabian desert he had fought the thing out in his mind and taken the easy step from toleration to total conversion; and he had been alarmed upon his return to Jerusalem to find that Jesus' doctrines seemed doomed to be forgotten.

"And that," Paul concluded, "is why I have summoned you. When Jesus was alive you got along very well. But your attempts after his death to teach in his manner have been a dismal failure. There is no need to mince words. You have accomplished pitiful results; you have merely repeated Jesus' phrases — as well as you can remember

them — without having his power to hold the attention of his listeners. Your scanty following is more and more rapidly dwindling away. Confess it: aren't you about ready to give it up and return to your nets?"

"I'm . . . afraid . . . . It seems hard . . . " There was a catch in Peter's voice.

"It isn't hard at all. It's inevitable. You lack a man powerful enough to carry on the work where Jesus left off."

"And you . . . ?"

"At least I have the courage to fight for my convictions."

"You think you can help us?"

Paul waved a bony hand.

"Wait till you've heard what I have to offer and see if I haven't a right to think so."

"Just now you are not very popular with that crowd out there, are you?"

Paul pointed out the window to the seething mass of people in the dirty market place of Akra.

"It ever must be," he continued. "The trouble lies in our inherent stubbornness. I have it — you have it — we all have it. It's going to be our ruination some day. You and I can see that and try to overcome it. But they can't. They love their purse and family too much to cast them away for a beggar's raving."

Peter looked surprised, but said nothing.

"How can they see in that ragamuffin the king that David sang about? How can they bow down to rags worn by a carpenter, admittedly born in a stable and publicly executed for being a dangerous agitator without lifting a hand to save himself? You expect too much."

"Jesus didn't expect to be a king. He only wanted to be believed."

"Yes. That was where he was nearsighted. The people will welcome a Messiah, even a spiritual one, to whom they can bow down."

"Well, who is more worthy than Jesus of a Messiahship?"

"John the Baptist, for instance, might seem greater to those who never saw Jesus."

"*You* never saw Jesus."

"No, but I've seen John the Baptist."

There was a pause.

"What are we to do?" cried Peter at length. "You say you have some hope to offer. What is it?"

"My point is that you'll never be able to do much among the Jews. Carry his message elsewhere: to the people of Antioch, of Arabia, of Greece, of Rome. They'll welcome a Messiah, too."

Peter sprang to his feet in horror.

"Allow Jesus' name to be polluted by the lips of the uncircumcised heathen! Never!"

"Come, come," said Paul easily, "don't be Jewish. If Jesus' doctrine is worth what I believe it is, it deserves spreading over the world."

"Even if the Greeks and Romans would give heed to our preaching," Peter said, shaking his head, "they would never consent to circumcision."

"What of it?"

"What of it!"

"Yes. Faith is all that's necessary."

"But Jesus said not to—"

"Perhaps he did. That doesn't matter much. He was Jewish, too. He had a good idea, but he wasn't very practical: his limitations were very natural. We'll have to mould his theories and expand them, or else we'll accomplish no more than he did."

"I won't listen to you," cried Peter.

"Don't be a fool!" Paul said, for the first time raising his voice. "You are failing. After all, won't it be better to have Jesus my way than not to have him at all?"

Peter said nothing.

"Jesus is dead, killed by his own narrowness. No matter what we may do for his doctrine, he will be remembered for his death. I may be executed sometime, too; but I want to be remembered for my life."

Peter bit his lip and remained silent.

"I have been thinking this over and have found a few changes we'll have to make in his doctrine. The changes will enable us to work with it better, but won't alter its essential nature."

Peter sat down slowly.

"Go on," he said despairingly.

"Well, first there's this matter of the Messiah, or Christ, as we say in Greek. We've got to fit Jesus into a Messiah's boots. Why not say he was born in a stable to symbolize that any man, however humble, can see 'truth'?"

Peter became more interested.

"Jesus himself might have said that," he murmured.

"Exactly. It's too bad that he wouldn't say he was the son of God, but — wait! *We* can say he was! We can invent miracles about his birth to prove it. We can even say his

mother was a virgin. Remember Isis' and Mithra's mother? That always appeals. Then, after we get the people aroused, we'll have to make them meet regularly, to hear about this divine Christ and pray to him."

"Perhaps you aren't aware," Peter said, "that Jesus told us never to pray in public nor to let any church get between ourselves and God."

"Yes, I could have guessed as much. That's another of his good ideas which he should have kept to himself. We can't expect the mob, which has been decently brought up to worship in the temples and bow to images and light candles for the dead and drink the sacrificial wine or blood and so on, to abandon it all for a private devotion, meaningless to it. To make the people adopt Jesus' theories we'll have to give them under a cloak of religious ceremony. They'll want a visible church, with statues, altars, and idols inside, and a holy book of instructions from the Messiah."

"I don't think —" Peter began, still somewhat irritated.

"Can't you get it into your head that we simply *have* to make Jesus holy? Jesus the man has failed ignobly; it's up to us to make Jesus the god a howling success."

"Ah," Peter cried triumphantly, "if you propose to do all that, how are you to account for his execution?"

"That certainly *is* a problem. 'If he was so divine,' they'll say, 'why didn't he save himself from the cross?'"

Paul strode about the room.

"What can you suggest?" he asked suddenly.

"Jesus was heartbroken that the people wouldn't heed him. He willingly gave himself up."

"That's absurd. To say that would be courting failure."

He took several more turns about the room.

"I have it! 'He died to save our souls.' There you have something that appeals to the heart."

"Yes, but what does it mean?"

"Anything. . . . 'He sacrificed himself so that the sin of Adam could be washed away from man.' But only those who recognize Jesus as the Messiah can be so purged! Don't you see?"

Peter thought he saw. It seemed sad thus to sloganize the death of his friend; but he thought it would work for the best interests of Jesus.

"Even at that, we can't have him die," Paul mused. "They won't worship a dead body — they'll want a living spirit. You are sure somebody dragged off his body from the tomb?"

Peter nodded silently.

"Probably some fanatic who could not bear to see a sepulchre profaned by the remains of a heretic. However, that doesn't matter, for he has done us a great favor. Whoever it was, he won't be likely to say anything. If he does, we'll find means to silence him."

"What are you driving at?"

"Everything fits together so nicely. You went to the tomb and found nobody there. Later, Jesus appeared to you, *alive*, and said he was not dead because he was immortal. He has gone on to heaven where he will wait for the day — for the day when he will judge men's souls. I can second that by saying I had a heavenly vision on the road to Damascus in which I saw that Jesus was the Messiah, the Christ, the Son of God."

"It seems so complicated."

"All the better. 'The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable.'"

Peter had to agree. He rose to his feet and stretched out his hand.

"I wish you had known Jesus," he said simply.

"I wish I had," Paul answered. "As it is, I am looking for you, who did know him, to supply the basic principles of his doctrine. Meet me here at the same time tomorrow and bring some of your fellows, if you like. We'll try then to clear up the details and plan our campaign. And don't forget: 'He died to save our souls.'"

"'He died to save our souls,'" Peter echoed vaguely and departed.

Paul stroked his chin.

"That certainly appeals," he mused.

WILL T. BRADLEY

SONNET

NO, not a singer of the silent wood,
The cricket funneled at the wheel of night,
The drowsy thrush, the heron in his flight
Up the dark river, none have understood.
But in the quiet drawing of the hood,
In water burned of all its western dye,
A world no bigger than a falcon's eye
Hears the soft inward beating of the blood.
And of the day that hurried like a cloud,
Carven and cumulus before the sun,
The words have died on lips that half aloud
Said them and in the saying were undone:
And nothing matters more than the dropping cones,
Or water flowing over the green stones.

DAVID MCCORD

RIMBAUD AND AFTER

I

AT nineteen Arthur Rimbaud, already famous in literature, burnt his manuscripts and quitted France. The boy who began as a vagabond poet, a verbal magician, and a mystic matured into an exporter of ivory and precious stones out of Africa. He who had cried "Jamais je ne travaillerai" was to kill himself through overwork in the deserts of Aden.

This complete redirection of energies followed three precipitous years in which he wrote all of his poetry. He was born at Charleville in 1854, and there, at the age of fifteen, began to write. At first he accepted easily his role as a poet:

"Par les soirs bleus d'été j'irai dans les sentiers,
Picoté par les blés, fouler l'herbe menue:
Rêveur, j'en sentirai la fraîcheur à mes pieds,
Je laisserai le vent baigné ma tête nue!"

For a year he was content to remain at home, translating into his early verse with amazing accuracy what he saw in the life of the town and in the recesses of the Ardennes. Then he tired of Charleville: he must see for himself the marvels of Paris. Selling his books for the price of a railroad ticket, he made his first premature attempt to escape to the city.

The failure of that first attempt and its subsequent repetitions hardens Rimbaud's poetry to a more critical and self-conscious expression. The denunciatory "Paris se Repeuple" rises out of the cries and confusion of the Paris streets during his participation in the Communal uprising of 1871. A passing love affair is magnified into the agony of —

"Mais, ô Femme, monceau d'entrailles, pitié douce,
Tu n'es jamais la Soeur de charité, jamais!"

The caustic "Les Pauvres à L'Eglise" reflects his growing indifference to formal religion as well as to society. Truly, as he cries in "Le Bateau Ivre," the guide ropes that have taken him thus far are slackening. He swings away from concrete reality down "des Fleuves impassibles" of Self. And after that first voyage over incredible seas, under the rainbows of hallucination, how return? —

"Je ne puis plus, baigné de vos langueurs, ô lames,
Enlever leur sillage aux porteurs de cotons,
Ni traverser l'orgueil des drapeaux et des flammes
Ni nager sous les yeux horribles des pontons!"

He was certainly not returning to a more stable world by going up to Paris at the enthusiastic invitation of Paul Verlaine. Verlaine greeted Rimbaud as a welcome release from his family difficulties and proceeded to show the seventeen-year-old poet the sights and drinks of the city. But drink, for Verlaine a means of escape, only intensified Rimbaud's self-consciousness. "La terre fond," he cries in "Vertige," — written at a café table under the spell of hashish — the earth melts, and grasping for reality he concludes:

"Ce n'est rien; j'y suis; j'y suis toujours."

Nor does he find release from himself through the company of others. Quickly tiring of Verlaine's household, he leaves without notice, wanders the streets, is found one morning in the gutter, famished and homeless. He is taken to the house of Banville, tries to live with Cros, finally lodges alone. Here sleeping by day and working at night he becomes a kind

of Leonardo of poetry investigating the secrets of his art and transfusing his aesthetics into the sonnet "Voyelles." He tosses this, as a revolutionary bomb, at the edifice of conventionalities the Parnassians have built around poetry. They in turn express their envy of his genius and their hatred of his savagery by formulating against him the charge of homosexual relations with Verlaine. Six months after his arrival in the city, lonelier than when he came there, Rimbaud returns once more to his home.

There he applies his new "alchimie du verbe" to express the spiritual aftermath of his Parisian life. His thought swings between nihilism and a soaring mystic exaltation that requires the subtlest verbal technique to catch. The antiphonal question and answer of "La Comédie de la Soif" — where the brusque negations of the poet beat against the advice of parents, friends, Catholicism and romantic hopes — dramatize, as no conventional stanza form could, the poet's loss and search for permanent values. The thin line of:

"Elle est retrouvée.
Quoi? L'Eternité.
C'est la mer allée
Avec le soleil."

carries as by a thread the evanescent assurance of "Eternité," —and the equally evanescent despair of:

"Oisive jeunesse
A tout asservie
Par délicatesse
J'ai perdu ma vie."

The increasing use of repetition of phrase such as the "O Saison, o Chateaux" of "Bonheur"

gives a precise return to a poetry that moves by no syntax of thought, but springs directly from the subconscious. In allowing his technique to become as fluid as his material, Rimbaud gives a formal rendering of that mysticism that Fénéon has called beyond art.

Possibly it was because Rimbaud's vision pierced to a realm of abstraction beyond the limits of poetry that he invented in the second half of the "Illuminations" the art of poetic prose. In his prose poems he renders his emotional reactions in almost mathematical terms. The poem "Départ" for instance moves as by propositions:

> "Assez vu. La vision s'est rencontrée à tous les airs.
> Assez eu. Rumeurs des villes, le soir, et au soleil et toujours.
> Assez connu. Les arrêts de la vie. — O Rumeurs et Visions!
> Départ dans l'affection et le bruit neufs."

Therein Rimbaud is speaking with the direction of the man of action as well as of the mathematician. In adopting a prose medium he is unconsciously preparing for his final renunciation not only of the language but also of the rôle of poet.

That was to come after his life with Verlaine in England. Before the completion of "Les Illuminations" the two poets cross the channel and take lodging in London. There, as previously in Paris, they move in a swift night life "où le gaze flambe et nage," "où tout saute, miaule, piaule, et glapit." Tiring of that, Rimbaud recrosses to France for the winter only to rejoin his companion in the spring. In a part of the "Saison en Enfer" Rimbaud has himself described the

manner of their life together. It is a nightmare affair where the tenderest friendship commingles with physical desire. After two months Rimbaud is again sick of it. When Verlaine comes to Brussels to meet his family, Rimbaud follows him and announces his intention to go on to Paris. Verlaine will not go there nor allow Rimbaud to leave him. The quarrel continues for a day and a night. At the end of that time, Verlaine has drunk himself to the verge of madness. Finding Rimbaud on the point of leaving his hotel, he shoots him through the arm.

The effect upon Rimbaud of the shooting and the subsequent trial was profound. The precise nature of his relationship with Verlaine in London has been subject to controversy since the charges of homosexualism were first brought. Evidently something deeper than friendship underlay the intensity of their life together and the violence of their parting. The break severed Rimbaud's last personal connection with the external world and with the world of letters. At the conclusion of the trial, his arm still in a sling, his mind brooding upon the past and his own unhappiness, he returned to his family at Roche. He established himself in a granary nearby the house. There in the next two months he resolved the psychological crisis that his life and his art had brought upon him.

The story of that resolution is translated in the "Saison en Enfer" into a prose poem. It is a review of Rimbaud's past under the symbolism of a sojourn in hell and a search for a way of rising from that past as Christ in the prelude of the poem rises from the lake of the damned. Rimbaud turns back to "les délices, les folies, les débauches" of his early life,

to his "vie somnambule" with Verlaine, to his final mastery of "l'alchimie du verbe" through which he won his vision of "Eternité." But that vision has broken down now into an intensive self-consciousness. From this the past offers no escape. He must clasp something more objective than the old art offered. Gradually the idea develops that this is activity. He whose imagination invented new stars and new languages must now redirect that imagination to the business of living. He who pushed to the limits of his personality that he might see God must now see God at the limits of the world. The intensity of this vision sweeps the past from Rimbaud's mind, triumphs over the idea of suicide, leaves him in the dawn victorious and master of himself, resolved "de posséder la beauté dans une âme et un corps."

And so he goes out of literary history three years after he entered it. He leaves Roche, soon after burns his manuscripts, travels in Europe, eventually becomes a merchant in Africa. The imagination capable of writing "Le Bateau Ivre" now turns to organizing the transportation of coffee, ivory and precious stones across the desert. A legend builds up around him as legends always had: he is known as "le Juste," "le Sainte"; the Bédouins themselves protect his caravans. But just as he has amassed a considerable fortune sickness overtakes him. He returns to France to have his leg amputated at Marseilles, then goes to Roche to recuperate. Increasing insomnia and restless desire to return to Africa make him chance the journey back to Marseilles. At Paris he stops for a few hours: the city that thirteen years before seethed before his astonished eyes with the life of the Commune, is on this Sunday evening deserted — dead. He pushes

on and is taken to the Marseilles hospital. There the hallucinations of boyhood and the despair of the Saison return. "Un plaint continuel s'échape de ses levres." He dies slowly fighting death in the idea that he can continue his work in Africa. At the end, his sister Izabelle tells us, he is reconverted to Catholicism.

II

Looking back on this death at Marseilles we must find it a tragic conclusion to Rimbaud's first wild dash into the world of poetry and even his subsequent resolve to possess the beauty of action if not of the word. Yet it is evident that both this resolve and its attempted execution followed almost inevitably from his manner of life as a poet and the direction that his poetry took. The loneliness of Charleville, the disorganization and final rupture in his life with Verlaine, and his unwillingness to adapt himself to any sort of literary milieu severed his personal connections with the outside world. His mind, turning from that world first to a religion of art and then to a highly personal mysticism, entered at length that region of mathematical vision of the second part of the "Illuminations." When the atmosphere there became too rarefied to nourish either himself or his poetry, he found himself breathing the fetid air of his own self-consciousness. From the prison of self some escape was necessary, and not finding it through art, he turned savagely to action.

His contemporaries believed him to be mad. We are more apt to see in his flight to Africa a desperate attempt to remain sane. Subsequent poets have followed Rimbaud into a subjective world that in the absence of religious belief presents doubt, speculation or the mere flux of "dadaist" sound and

sensation. The less gifted have presented us only with a confused mental photography of escape and landed themselves close upon or into the clinics of psychology. The more gifted have succeeded in transfusing the material of introspection into some of the best of contemporary poetry, yet the material being limited they are too often, like Rimbaud, forced to turn in the end to other activity. Whether this be work in the African desert or criticising and organizing the creation of others the result is the same. The poet has in either case failed to mature *as a poet;* his art, as in the case of Rimbaud, has died young for want of an objective order upon which to grow.

The order which the genius of Rimbaud demanded and could not find was doubtless a religious one. Could Rimbaud at the completion of the "Illuminations" have accepted Catholicism as Donne accepted Anglicanism, he might like Donne have realized upon his belief a body of religious poetry. But Darwinism had broken the creeds if not the faith of his boyhood, as science has left the modern world a chaos of conflicting theory. Rimbaud was left with an intermittent Catholicism of his own making and between times our own doubt. And when this broke down into agonizing self-consciousness poetry became impossible.

At the same time, Rimbaud was also cut off both by temperament and circumstance from the organization that the stage has sometimes given to poetry. Could he have come up at the completion of the "Bateau Ivre" to a Paris ruled not by the literateurs of Parnasse but infused with the dramatic tradition of Elizabethan London, his story might have been different. Webster, for instance, was as much "possessed by

death" as was Rimbaud, but Webster was forced by the very medium he used to dramatize and so conquer his emotion. But the romantic enthusiasm for a poetic theatre was dying when Rimbaud came to Paris. Nor was he offered, as is the poetry of the present, the possibility of sublimating an indigenous drama (such as the musical comedy) into a poetic medium. He found only the Verlainian dialogue of lost souls; and when he had used that to his own purposes he was forced back to the real world.

But it is worth noticing (for its bearing on the problem that Rimbaud represents rather than on his particular case) that he returned to an objective world by an imaginative process. The consequences (as well as the spiritual triumph) of the "Saison" come from dramatizing himself in an active role. "Je reviendra avec les membres de fer, la peau sombre, l'oeul furieux" — he writes; and this visualizing of an active world embodies his resolve to return to it. Could he have made this return while allowing his imagination to *reflect* rather than *direct* it, he might have solved simultaneously the problem of his life and of his art. Instead of trying to make himself into a narrative, he would have sublimated a narrative poetry out of the experience of the next ten years of his life. In so doing he might have found a more central locus about which to organize his personality than practical activity alone could supply. He would have turned to an objective order that could have given a more explicit statement of rather than trampled out the mysticism of "Les Illuminations." He would have realized in realistic terms the first expression of his genius.

To suggest this hypothetical return to a narrative art ob-

viously makes no claim to solve the life of Rimbaud better than he himself did. It has its justification only in the bearing that the Narrative tradition may have on the problem which his life poses. That problem is to find an objective basis for poetry in an age characterized by the absence of a dramatic or religious tradition. In this situation the poet must choose his material from solipsism and self-consciousness, or from the activity of the age which carries on in the face of and at times because of these psychological factors. In choosing a narrative method he does not escape the philosophic issues of which we expect him to be aware. He handles those issues more clearly in revolving them around an axis of situation and character out of which they spring. We are none the less acquainted with the problems of the fourteenth century because Chaucer used the narrative form. We should expect as full an embodiment of the issues of this age should poetry reflect its immense activity by turning to narrative art.

To thus reaffirm poetry in the terms of that for which Rimbaud renounced it would add a peculiar significance to his already amazing career. The boy who at nineteen found nothing to write that could not be better said in the dispatches of an African exporter, preludes an age that after following him through the cold chambers of subjectivism to the sunlight and air of activity finds in activity the base of which poetry is the overtone. So Rimbaud is not to die in the white hospital room at Marseilles. He walks in the rhythm of a poetry as vital as the personality which guided the ladened caravans out of Harar.

JOHN DAVENPORT

The Americans Abroad Jere Abbott

NORTH ATLANTIC PASSAGE

— opal-black, iridescent with rainbows with rainbows opalescent from rainbows' reflections the while the liquescent rainbow's crescent fades; surface on surface, pressed down solid together under a dead sky; stretching undulous like pavements lustrous of houses of prayer, of banqueting; black marble pavements veined with green creamy foam foam fallen on spray clustered like bullets bullets in embryo clust'ring round the cold bullet mould —

Ah, leaden dragon, in those claws
of yours you prison
flawless bubbles of crystal
toss them with your teeth.
You wash and crash about
through leaden water
yet never smash nor flaw
the flashing balls.

— over vulcanic waves spray falls; like wind-blown waterfalls behind whose misty veils magic caverns spin with crysophases full of electric light (all good bottles are blistered in bubbles; cracked seeds of bottle-glass should be set with pearl in platinum) scimitar cleaving scimitar of radiance pass across sandy planes below; red-bearded Rip Van Winkle's mountain, Ararat, Xanadu, the Assassins' mountain, the Sinai of Prometheus, Christ's; Peace on thy hills, Jerusalem! but the echaloned and reinforced salient flank headlong advances (stiffened hanks of molasses candy) plagues conquests ravenous religions prairie fires out over arid vales and ranges, out

beneath exultant fans of dominance, over in pounding mallets of conflict* across like ambushed savages in lank shoots of fleeting melting persisting disappearing melted gone; gone the shreds of that marauding ardor, the arcs, crescents of phosphorescence, the mallets the scythes swords the sheath'd scimitars; I lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh, — sloppy waves. All that is left are sloppy waves; sloppy waves are left. Is that all? whence but from hills comes the nostalgia which fills the eyes with tears? —

This derisive dominance
of duels, fans and common-sense;
  this gay decadence I survey
  diverts me, but cannot repay
me for the gone hills, melted, gone
  fleet to melt, yet insistent
  resurgent hills, mountains persistent
craters meditated on

— by sages wrapt in contemplation of rainbows amid waterfalls misty as veils of chiffon cigarette smoke sedately progressing through a window; while, to the croaking of three-legg'd toads, crippled pines fan the flies from the shaved pates of the sages, and the mist sifts over the snowy mountains, painted yet quaking pictures trembling on paper walls shaken by quaking mountains; beneath which in mouldering caves, watching their tobacco smoke drift outside and turn to mist, sit Otto Kahn and Tannhauser while Barbarossa slumbers in the lap of the sleeping Prester John, — to say nothing of King Arthur and Lord Kitchener. —

* Decisive Battle of the World: Influence of Sea Power in History.

Distinct a dolphin splashes.
Past a porpoise dashes.
One orange, two bananas orange-red.
Unravel all mythology.
Weave a new Theosophy.
Truth lies in Correspondence, it is said.
Siva signifies thereby
Heinrich Heine's Lorelei, —
Rhine salmon salted, spread on Boston bread.

— A wind like a razor shaves the lather from my whiskers. Across the floor of opal and black marble, the hemstitched and shirred ruching and ruffles starched petticoats under-and-over-skirts of ball dresses, with scarves capes tippets shawls boas and opera cloaks, all together now, — lash rush and tumble; flopping and swishing, frowsy sloppy chic; swooping swerving fan and sword dancers; Benjamin Franklin's incandescent Daughters strike attitudes to variously express hysteria before the apotheosis of Catherine the Great's umbrageous Sons, — and the Dance of form and light swaps with the Dance of shadow and color, — the budding Blossom bursts apart, the petals uncurl in acanthine grace, and the Lotus lolls serenely on the Waters; great God! what horns pierce through there? Ionic horns, tin goat horns, the Dragon's horns; you crustaceous reptile who are not unlike a spider; who are very like a larch tree, or yet a hemlock with fanged boughs; you savage Worm who am I am that I am; who am I that I am that I am you, the Enemy, bite it! bleeding gobbets in your maw congeal to tusks and talons, and your scales are its frighted foam; yet, drop willing it not; a dancer driven mad; from a flight of pheasants to a dog a-crawl on

all fours, Protean monster, — sunk but once, you dissolve (as I melt before you) to what you most detest, being most yourself. —

Christians, to please the Mother of God
call Her the Star of the Sea.
Some bores shake their troubled heads
because waves squander solar energy.
More sigh, "Beauteous!" when they glimpse
merfolk, at their pretty play.
Celestials, in claws and scales of spray
perceive the teeth, the scales, the claws
of the Dragon of Space, in Time's abysm.
Excellent embodiments of Philosophy,
Four compendiums of Wisdom.

— Virginal fecundity; Abundance of Life; Goddess from whom the Earth stole the name, Mother; Blood of our Blood; Cistern of Profundity; Mamal of Birth; Whale very like a camel Camel in the needle's eye; Mirror of the eye of God; Vanity-case of the Moon; O, terrible Cradle which is woman's hair! Womb of waters into which the Spirit of water breathed (foamy birth of Venus) Tomb of waters into which the Son of God swam (undrainable flagon of Thor) Loom of waters where Form is ever manifest, — vital form of Greek fret and Chinese lattice; form of wandering Nautilus, of scallop-shell, and conch; and of more stately mansions, O my Soul! Composite acanthus capturing Ionic volutes crowned with the opened Lotus, ready to receive the Compassionate Lord of Peace, ready but shattered, demolished too soon to receive the Rapture. —

Scolloped white-caps; with their spuming
flakes, as light as Autumn ashes;
climbing never, always mounting
slipping always, never sinking
under a kynetic torrent
manufacture, close at hand
in the wake (a Tyrol current
clear against its distant bank)
peacock-eye-like, ostrich-plumey
classic frets, Chinese lattices.

— First-begotten of the First-begotten; Living Space; Fragrance of Purity; Robe of Power; Marriage Bed of Force and Form; Succubus of Death; Morgue of Birth; Charnel of Sin; Cesspool of Stinkage, — where slops from cities issue, and dish-water from farms; banana, orange peel and tissue paper at one with the Fulfillment and Source of All; into which course at length foeti, dropped in the mud of the street, or flung from a ruddy window; in which exhausted or unfulfilled form, shape of fan coral of trailing anemone, shape of the polypus octopus floundering devil-fish squib; shape of the dashing porpoise and the flashing dolphin spread out, mingle together, squirm to be distinct. —

To the hills for your lives! The dam has burst!
Behold!
The polygon diminishes to the noise of cowhorns
and kettle drums, tabors and drums and conches.
Lo, it is I, the Tortoise.
Behold me, — the Circle which is a Polygon, — such am I.
Inscribe a circle on the air.
That can never not have been accomplished.

Neither do I change my Position amid positionless Change.
Before me this tumult flattens to pewter.
Does the Calm blind you? You have misused your eyes.
See only Me.
Force not the shapes about you to your form.
Call not the Ocean, "Mother," — you are Melkizedek.
Give no one your Name; no one; not Me.
While you are determined to wed with the Flood.
(remember, be comforted)
it is more than unthinkable for Me to deviate from my nature,
I am the Tortoise; I am not the Lotus.
Should the Hexagon unfold!
Behold!
The Blossom amid whose Perfume
Water is Ice and Steam.

— The turtle does not burst apart, but pulls its six limbs in, — and I listen to a welling gong, humming distinct, sounding from Its centers which surround It, ringing down my ears to silence chaos. Beneath the circumference, peripheral dissonance deafens me, leading my hearing out beyond my ultimate perimeter within the encircling Center . . . Indistinct . . . Smell the indistinct odours of Incubi and the wounds of the World. The Eye is ever turned upon us since the Spirit begotten of Wisdom descended with Thor of the flagon undrainable into the watery tomb of Venus. Terrible, oh, terrible! God's vanity is bloody. (Womb ript; Loom broke.) Give the natural products and chief industries of the Land of Leonnesse. Name the Goddess who stole the Earth-goddess away. (Big double Bed consumed by flames. Pound tin dish pans, wave your torn banners.)

Of course, inasmuch as the Whale is a mammal, if you are virginal yourself you detest most what you melt to, and the Dog whose manger you crawl into, bite it! bite it! bite it!

— Let us go a-hunting pheasants of Flight.

Ah, remould the bullets from their cold, clustered embryo; bullets like spray on fallen foam creamy with green banqueting.

Put out the lights in the houses of lustrous ceilings, undulous out-stretched sky.

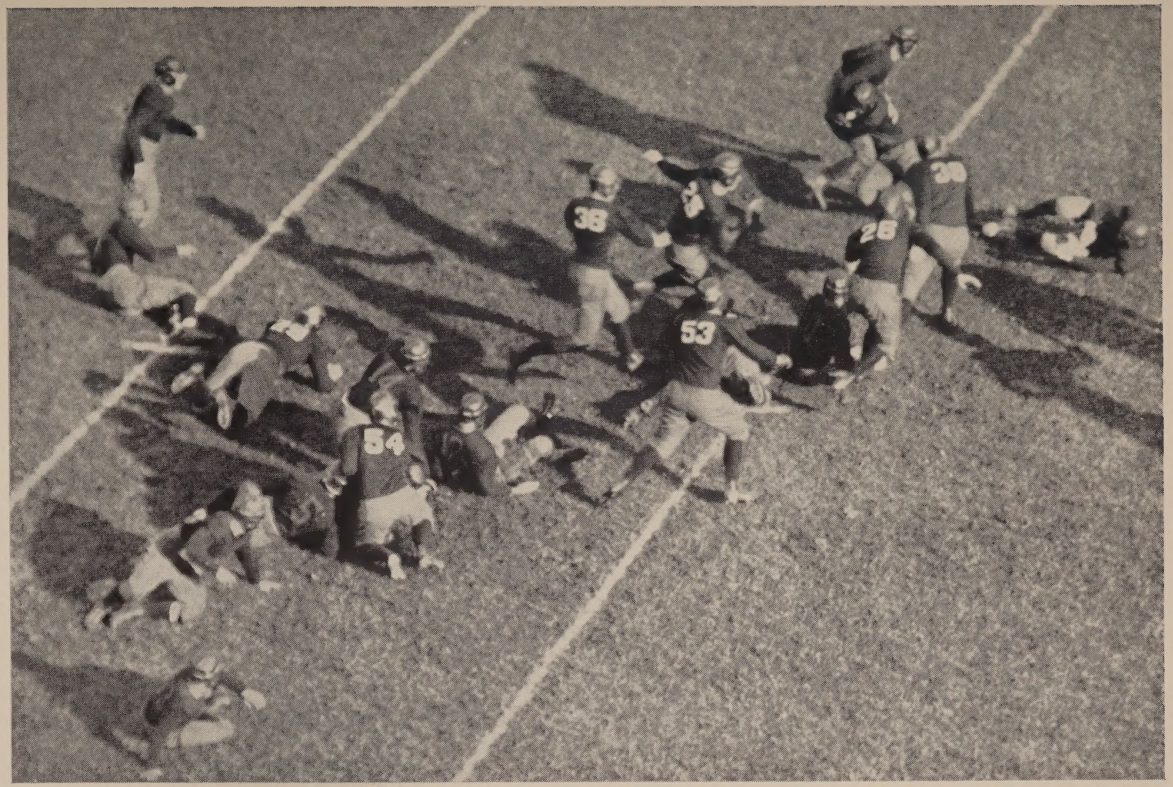
We must find the needle in the Camel's Haystack, so put out the light.

Lead us on there by deadened surfaces
over faded imitation marble
past our incessant reflection in cracked mirrors
under dusky wax-dripping chandeliers
dustily swaying to and fro
a-glow with crescent broken crystal.
Lead us on from opalescent
rainbows through rainbows
to black opal —

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT

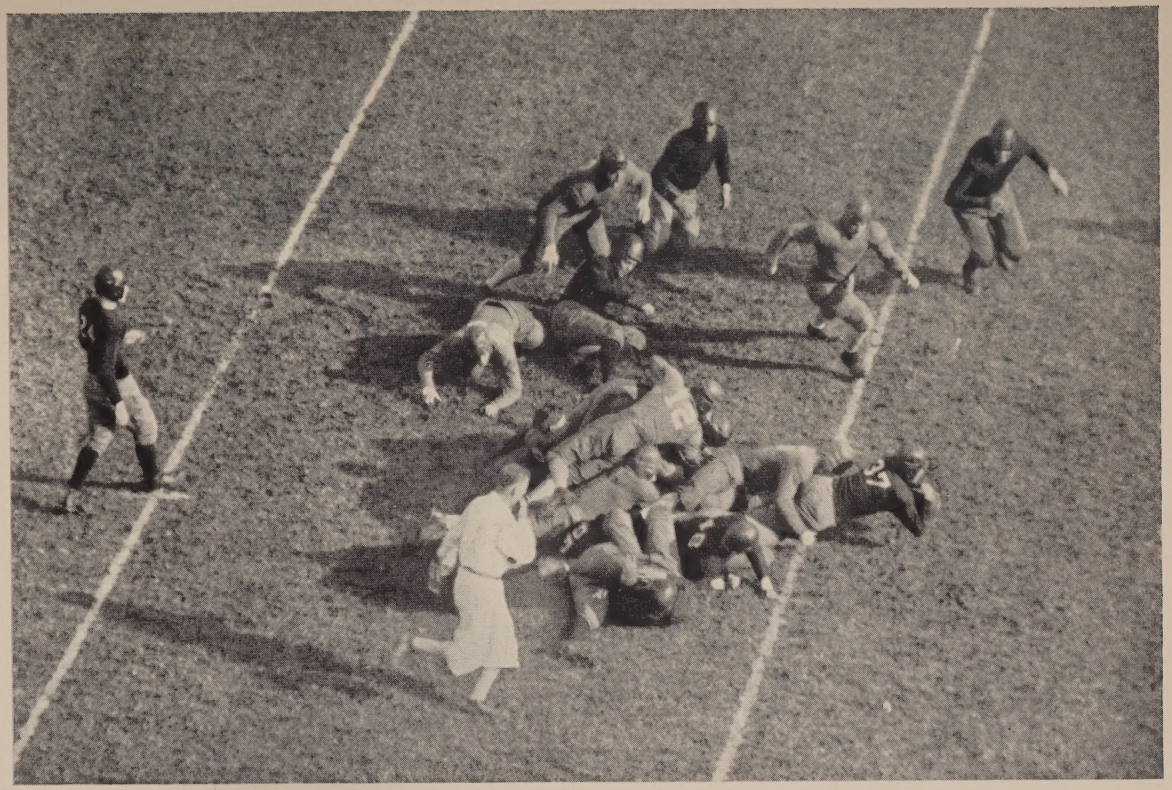
IN the first of the following photographs, Vermont, attempting an end run, is stopped by Harvard tackle. In the second, Harper, Harvard back, having run, is plunging low through the Holy Cross line. The third shows Marsters of Dartmouth, carrying the ball, momentarily undecided as to where he will cut through. This picture illustrates the commencement of interference after all primary contacts have been made.

The photographs were taken by Franklin P. Jones.



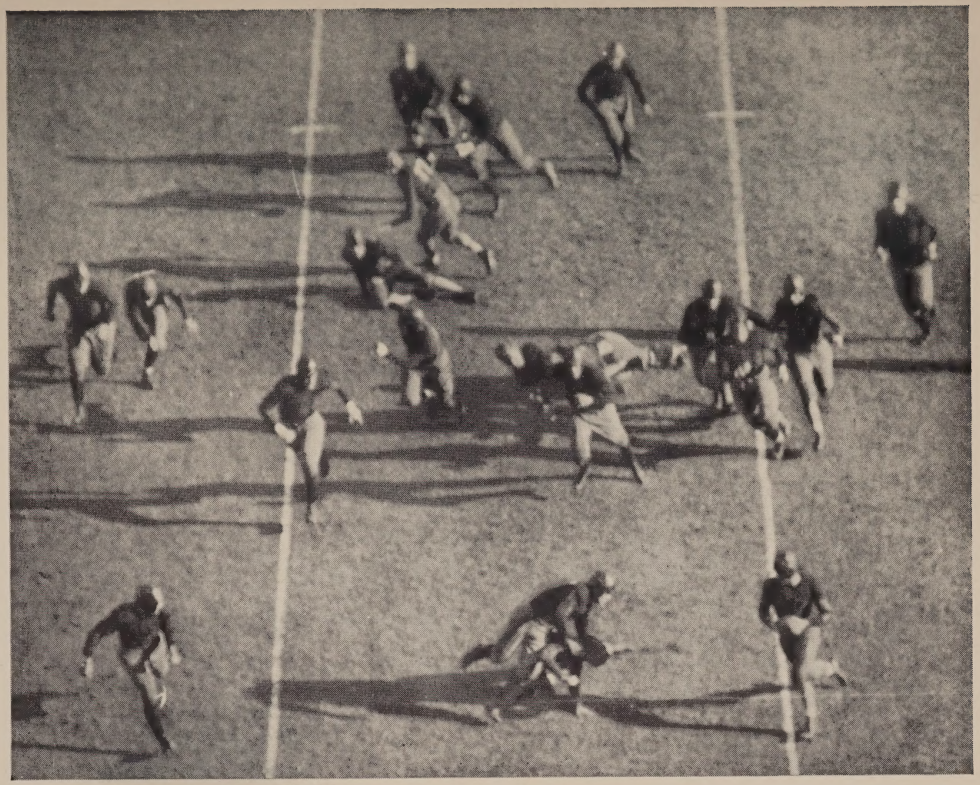
Harvard 21, Vermont 3

October 1, 1927



Harvard 13, Holy Cross 7

October 15, 1927



Harvard 6, Dartmouth 30 October 22, 1927

THE OLD DAYS

IN the majority of published articles relating to football, the rigors, the strain, and the "do or die for dear old Arbuckle" spirit have been stressed. Innumerable reformers have dwelt on the physical punishment and the mental tension to which young participants are subjected. They deeply deplore the over-emphasis evidenced by the newspapers. That football has another side, that the whole-hearted coöperation towards a common end by a group of clean-living, congenial young men develops bonds of friendship, and that together with the struggle and grind of a football season could be found many happy moments, many laughs, much honest fun, — that view of football they completely ignore. There are literally thousands of instances of a lighter vein that crop out in every football campaign, a majority of which need the specific background of the moment and the exact personnel to be appreciated, but there are many which are amusing in any setting. Here are a few.

Back in the old days of push, pull, and pile, Pennsylvania was playing Cornell in the final game of the season. The rain was coming down in torrents and the field was a sea of mud. The score read nothing to nothing in the second half with Pennsylvania in possession of the ball on the Cornell one-yard line with less than one minute to play. The quarterback signalled for a line plunge by the fullback through center. As the ball was snapped, the line turned and grabbed the shoulders of the charging back, while the remaining backs got behind and pushed. The teams met with a crash, the pile

rose, quivered a minute, and half-slipped, half fell across the goal line just as the whistle blew ending the game. Little by little the pile was disentangled, and there at the bottom lying face down, his arms folded underneath him, lay the fullback one-half yard across the last white marker.

A great cheer went up from the Pennsylvania players, headguards were thrown in the air, and they began pounding and pommelling the sturdy shoulders of the fullback in their ecstasy. He quivered, turned his face sidewise, spat out a mouthful of mud, and taking a big breath said, "For God's sake boys, lay off, I ain't got the ball."

* * *

Princeton was to play Harvard. They had a particularly illusive back by the name of Pendleton, also a particularly deceptive play which hit back at the short side with Pendleton carrying the ball. In order to tip off the defensive backs, the Harvard end on the short side the moment he saw this particular play develop was coached to yell, "Here he comes." Considerable practice was indulged in against the second team running this particular Princeton play. A substitute end was holding down the short side one afternoon. A few minutes after he entered the game the second team representing Princeton started the much discussed play. The substitute end, quick to see his duty, straightened up and, hopping up and down on one foot, shouted at the top of his lungs, "Here he comes, here he comes." The back impersonating Pendleton, tore by him, and as he disappeared on his way to a touchdown, the end shifted his weight on the other foot and continued yelling at the top of his voice, "There he goes, there

he goes," without as much as putting out one finger to stop the play.

* * *

Two Jesuit colleges were playing with Tiny Maxwell as referee. The game developed into a rather rough affair. Along in the second period one of the players rushed up to Tiny, pointing excitedly first at his finger and then at an opposing player. "Look Tiny, look, he bit me." Tiny sent him back to his position and the game went on. About five minutes later a player from the other side came rushing up to Tiny, holding his hand to his ear and dramatically pointing at an opponent. "Tiny, he bit my ear. Look, see the marks, he bit me." Tiny looked at the ear, blew his whistle, and called both teams together in a group. "Boys," he said, "You should have played this game on Friday."

* * *

Bill Hollenback, all America fullback for Pennsylvania, was the star of his particular team and a man upon whom a large part in the final game depended. Mike Murphy, the trainer, watched over him with an eagle eye. The Saturday previous to their last and most important game an effort was made not to have Bill participate for fear of injury which might hamper the team's chance the following week. Bill insisted on playing, however. Part way through the first half after a scrimmage Bill was seen lying on the ground with blood pouring down the side of his face. Out rushed Mike Murphy and, approaching Bill, cried, "Are you hurt, Bill, are you hurt?" Bill's ear was badly torn and bleeding profusely, but the reply which Mike Murphy received was, "Not a bit, it's nothing. Bandage it up and let's get on with the

game." Murphy tried to get Hollenback off the field, with no success. The second half had scarcely progressed three minutes, when at the termination of a scrimmage there on the ground lay Bill Hollenback writhing and twisting in agony. Out rushed Mike Murphy white as a sheet, and leaning over Bill said, "Have you broken your leg, have you broken your leg?" Bill between gritted teeth moaned, "Leg, hell no! somebody stepped on my corn."

* * *

In the fall of 1915 Jonas H. Ingram was head coach at the U. S. Naval Academy. The team that year had progressed very slowly and had evidenced a lethargy of play which was eating into Ingram's heart. One particularly hot afternoon a practice scrimmage was held in which the first team was showing far from the determination and fight which should have been expected. After every play, due to the intense heat, a cry went up for water, and one of the assistant managers would rush out on the field with a bucket. Ingram watched this four or five times and then could stand it no longer. Six feet two inches in height, broad of shoulders, he dashed wildly onto the field, and with one mighty kick knocked the water bucket high into the air emptying its contents all over the players, and yelled at the top of his voice, "Water, hell, what you need is fire!"

* * *

At the close of the 1914 Harvard season, which had been a particularly successful one, a dinner was given by the Filene Club for the employees of the Filene store. Edward W. Mahan, Malcolm J. Logan and myself were invited and un-

expectedly asked to speak. Logan was the first called upon, and in the course of his brief talk said several kind things regarding Mahan's and my ability. Mahan arose next and complimented Logan on his quarterback play and then started to say some nice things of me. He endeavored to point out that the work I did, although not brilliant, was of a self-sacrificing and necessary nature which generally passed unnoticed by the general football public. This, however, was the way he expressed it. "Hardwick is a player that never gets what he deserves. He is always under the pile doing the dirty work where nobody can see it." That was the introduction to which I had to respond, and I have always considered myself lucky that I did not receive a shower of coffee cups and ice cream plates.

* * *

In telling these stories I merely wish to show that a game which I dearly love is not as bad as some would paint it; that it is a combination of body, mind, and heart; that it demands exacting physical discipline; that it requires quick, correct, thinking; that it affords wholesome, clean, humor. What finer qualifications can any activity, athletic, academic, or social, call forth?

HUNTINGTON R. HARDWICK

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DECLINE OF ARCHITECTURE

To the Editors
The Hound & Horn
Sirs:

Mr. Hitchcock's article "The Decline of Architecture" in the September issue of The Hound & Horn rouses one's admiration for his courage in attempting to deal intelligibly with such a subject in the length of one magazine article and makes any controversy over the subject matter unkind in the extreme. Nevertheless, the body of his thesis does possess the unsubstantiality of a man of straw even though he has clothed it in the cap and gown of a terrifyingly scholastic erudition. It is held up by ideas which if regarded closely appear almost complete misconceptions.

He argues, if I am not mistaken, that since "modern taste" tends to find the virtues of contemporary architecture only in its technical perfection, what he designates as conscious embellishment for purely aesthetic reasons ought to be abandoned; and the architect become an agent for choosing between alternate technical solutions presented by the engineers. The proof of the correctness of this "modern taste" he finds in recent industrial architecture where technical perfection alone is aimed at.

Much depends on what Mr. Hitchcock means by "modern taste." If he means modern popular taste, the statement that this seeks primarily technical perfection can be disproved ten times over, since modern popular taste has an infinite number of tendencies and follows none of them very strongly or very far. It is so diverse that generalizations are impossible. Further, among the laymen, those who have most influence on modern building certainly are not interested in technical perfection alone. Indeed, they lean rather in the opposite direction, believing in the advertising value of self assertive outward form. Their first interest lies, not in technics, but in pyrotechnics.

If, on the other hand, he means the group of "modernist" artists, architects and critics, he has missed the whole meaning of the theory behind their work.

"Modernism" presupposes the value primarily of the time element. Its difficulty lies in the fact that it has no unit of time — nothing to tell time by. We may very well ask, when did we be-

come "moderns"? And if the answer is "When we began the construction of steel and concrete skeletons," then an equally good answer is "When we gave up the construction of brick and stone skeletons." The "modernist" says that new methods of construction call for a new symbolism and sweepingly denies all tradition. The fact remains that fundamentally there are no new methods of construction. At bottom a building is now exactly what it always has been — a structural skeleton faced with another material or left plain according to the exigencies, aesthetic or economic of the moment.

The time element in architecture has no importance. A Gothic Cathedral of 1227 would be exactly as beautiful if it were duplicated in its outward appearance in 1927, providing we were able to do it. And conversely we should find Chartres just as marvelous if it were suddenly discovered that the supposedly solid drums of the piers were merely facing stones for structural members beneath.

The mere fact that architectural form is traditional has no bearing on its beauty or its vitality. Accordingly, when Mr. Hitchcock says "modernism" tends to find the virtues of contemporary architecture solely in the perfection of its technics, we may doubt the value of the theory knowing it to be based on the original fallacy of accidental time.

As a matter of fact I do not believe the modernists do place as much importance as he thinks on what Mr. Hitchcock has called "technical perfection." What he means by that term is apparently "functional perfection," which is not of primary interest to the modernist. Judging by the few articulate modernist theories they depend very largely on restatements and variations of the "Form follows function" theme. The "modernists" have been interested primarily in form, from the first insurgents like Louis Sullivan and the Germans, to the architects of the recent Paris Exposition.

Some of them as I have said, have thrown traditional form by the board simply because it was traditional. Louis Sullivan did that and gave nothing to architecture that did not die with him, since his alternatives depended solely for their effect on his own marvelous sense of decoration; he contributed very little of lasting value. On the other hand, there is one practicing today who would be classed a "modernist" — Saarinen the Finnish architect — whose work is based on a deep respect for tradition, who has taught tradition to his students and who believes in the adaptation of traditional form where it is suitable.

So much for the "modernist," or as Mr. Hitchcock calls it, the "surrealist," theory considered as fact.

Proceeding to its supposed proof.

Very few indeed would be so bold as to claim that "The finest fragments of contemporary building are to be found in factories and laboratories where the builders sought only the perfect technical solution of their practical problems and permitted themselves no thought consciously aesthetic." Or again that "the introduction of the aesthetic intelligence into building makes today, not monuments of modern architecture but merely bad machines." One suspects Mr. Hitchcock of voicing his own theory; in the process, being carried away by his logic and forgetting his common sense. For judged by the above "dicta" such buildings as the Shelton Hotel, the Bowery Savings Bank, Lutyens government buildings at Delhi, Saarinen's work in Helsingfors, become penalized for existing beautifully to just the degree that a factory building becomes praiseworthy for turning out dog-biscuit perfectly. I doubt if Mr. Hitchcock could get the most ardent "modernist" to agree with the quoted phrases above.

In the general consideration of our architecture, technical perfection, as far as it can be seen from Mr. Hitchcock's article, is a dilemma only for Mr. Hitchcock. Indeed one suspects that he rather misses the whole idea of what architecture is.

Architecture, as such, consists of three equally dependent, equally important parts — Function, Materials, and Beauty. Where it fails in one or slights one it fails in its completeness. It must completely satisfy the function it is to serve; it must use the materials properly and in their nature; and it must do both of the foregoing beautifully. There is no question here of good or bad ornament. The only question is whether the finished product satisfies all three requirements. It is not a question as to whether a steel skeleton has been covered by a stone front. It is only a question of whether this stone is used as stone should be used. What on earth were all the buildings of the Renaissance in Italy but stones or stucco covering the brick skeleton? There was sham for you if you are looking for sham. And was the great Mr. Ruskin or his contemporaries any less guilty when they permitted, nay, even applauded the building of "Gothic" fragments in complete states of ruin purely for the picturesque effect? And even the eminent Robert and James Adam proposed to build — God knows if they were permitted to do so by some noble client — a "Roman" ruin complete in all its desolated grandeur.

Because in large part our architectural forms are traditional does not mean that they are wrong. If we are using them wrongly that is another question. But the only real question that we have to decide today is whether we are properly using modern materials by modern structural methods and suiting them to the needs of human beings in a beautiful way.

Given the same problem and three "modern" architects — taking at random, Goodhue, Saarinen and Louis Sullivan — and you will have three different solutions all of which may be thrown out by a humanist critic like Lewis Mumford who will say that the building itself is not suited to the complete functioning in the best way of a normal human being.

One is tempted to hurl other quotations at Mr. Hitchcock such as Mr. Huxley's "dicta" that "in an age when there is no single Zeitgeist we must have rules to cling to." Cutting through the froth of his beautiful words the only answer is that architecture exists and continues in spite of the critics, in spite of the architects, and that its heights or depths are generally a matter for consideration, not of the contemporary, but of his successor. What some critics have been pleased to call the decline and old age of the Renaissance, the Baroque, the Roccoco, we can feel today possess a strength and vitality, a "joie de vivre" impossible to our circumscribed, picayune philosophy. Even the despised Victorianism of the past generation had in it elements almost lewdly vigorous that are utterly lacking in the thin elegance of certain desiccated modern work.

But above all, there cannot be any question of up or down in architecture except it be judged according to its three, essential, equally important elements: its adaptation to the uses of mankind; its logical expression of material laws and material properties; and its instinct and desire for beauty. And it should be noted that this last essential does not aim at a purely aesthetic result for it has to deal with a basis that it strictly utilitarian. If architecture had to deal only with beauty its first two essentials would quite justifiably be twisted by any and all means to serve the purpose.

Architecture can only go so far as its first essentials will permit and must content itself with beautifying them within their natural limits. The third essential is rather a purely aesthetic impulse distinct from the others which architecture may satisfy simultaneously and by virtue of which it becomes an Art.

Yours, etc.

CHARLES CROMBIE

NOTES ON PRINTING

THE HASLEWOOD BOOKS

English printers have been doing a great deal more work that is typographically interesting, of late, than has been produced in the United States. The Americans, following in the wake of William Dana Orcutt (Harvard '92), have been questing for perfection, and occasionally coming very near to attaining that goal. The Englishmen enjoyed a better fortune, for they learned twenty years ago from Cobden-Sanderson that perfection is fundamentally dull, and that those who seek it, court atrophy.

Being typically cockney at heart, most of these later English printers have taken instinctively the middle course between the continental modernisms and the American unimaginativeness. The two University presses have gone along steadily about their own business, which is the making of unimpeachable books, in closer rivalry than ever before, and have reached a higher level of uniform excellence than ever before. Oxford, true to its Cavalier tradition, has shown the gayer spirit, but Cambridge frequently more than matches the older institution in points of solid merit.

The more interesting output, however, comes from the score or so of new presses, sporting all sorts of fanciful names, which have flourished in England since the end of the war. The significant thing is that most of them continue to flourish, instead of dying out after a couple of experimental years, from lack of further ideas. The men who are carrying on these presses not only take their task seriously, but they are thoroughly grounded in the essentials of good typography. They left behind them, when they started in on this present movement, the kindergarten maxims of close spacing, a set formula for page margins, and the other shibboleths of the days when printing was being revived. Instead, they are devising maxims of their own, which will be worn out in turn, but not until they have served the purpose of the present. Equally significant is the fact that while American book-buyers have been generous in their support of these English ventures, there has been almost no catering to American predilections. It is not clear that the support of English buyers alone would have made all these undertakings possible, but their sponsors have been content to rest their fate upon the judgment of their fellow-countrymen. The truth may as well be faced, that there is no

Foxglove: from *Poisonous Plants* John Nash

body of American opinion upon matters typographic which can set itself up as competent to criticise intelligently the books which are offered for its inspection. If its likes and dislikes are not regarded, this is because they are not worth considering, artistically.

The Haslewood Books, put out by Frederick Etchells and Hugh MacDonald of London, are typical of what is coming from these adventurers in typography. They try their hand at all sorts of books, give a great deal of thought to every detail in planning and execution, oversee the routine of manufacture with scrupulous care, always ready to try new effects without feeling called upon to be always doing something strange.

The latest Haslewood crop ranges from a packet of MacDonald family letters written between 1751 and 1775, back to a collection of conventional University verse of 1656, and forward to the poisonous plants of the British Isles. Each is a delightful volume to possess, and in each case it is not quite clear that the contents are altogether worthy of so proper a dressing up. Without the dressing, they would hardly have been worth issuing, and no publisher could have hoped to come out whole without some such added incentive for the purchaser. Yet the letters of Eliza Pierce add a very pretty bit of background to the picture of mid-eighteenth-century England.[1] "Parnassus Biceps or Several Choice Pieces of Poetry, Composed by the best Wits that were in both the Universities before their Dissolution" makes it possible for students aspiring to the Ph.D. in English Literature to analyze seventeenth-century academic versifying.[2]

The volume on Poisonous Plants challenges discussion.[3] Its purpose is stated with such engaging frankness that one suspects that the editor himself did not realize that the actual idea originated (if it started where more than nine-tenths of all books originate) with the publishers. It must have been they who thought that it would be amusing to get out a volume of wood engravings of plants by John Nash. They would have specified the minimum number of drawings that would make a salable book, and tactfully led the artist to see what they wanted. He says that

[1] The Letters of Eliza Pierce. (1751-1775.) 1927. 595 *copies*. $7.50. *De Luxe edition*, 75 *copies*. $15.00.

[2] Parnassus Biceps. Or Several Choice Pieces of Poetry, Composed by the best Wits that were in both the Universities Before Their Dissolution. (1656.) 1927. 350 *copies*. $9.00. *De Luxe edition*, 50 *copies*. $18.00.

[3] Poisonous Plants. Deadly, Dangerous, and Suspect. Engraved on Wood and with an Introduction by John Nash. With Brief Descriptions by W. Dallimore. Edited by Dr. A. W. Hill, F.R.S. 1927. 350 *copies*. $26.00.

he hunted around until he found that the poisonous plants provided a group that, including a few that are not very dangerous, gave enough pictures to make a book that could be sold at a fair price. Then the idea took a firm hold on him, and he did a series of most darksome cuts, very skilfully executed. Finally, the typographer met the artist more than half way, matching the cuts point for point. Technically, it makes a most fascinating volume, just because it somehow is most obnoxiously repellant. It is precisely what it ought to be. The publishers, when they started to get a book of flowers, cannot have guessed that this is what they would bring down upon themselves. But if this explanation is correct, they deserve infinite credit for carrying it through to artistic perfection.

Two plausible theories may be advanced to account for the fourth recent Haslewood book. Maybe the publishers wished to give Hester Sainsbury a chance to make Hand-coloured Engravings on Wood, or they may have wanted to offer something to collectors of books about dogs. Just why they selected John Taylor's "A Dog of War" for a reprint passes understanding.[4] There are perfectly good reasons why the original editions of the Water Poet's lucubrations are eagerly sought by a few collectors of seventeenth-century English literature, but not reprints. Occasionally, but rarely, his topical, occasional verses preserve a glimpse of passing London gossip. If "A Dog of War" is one of these, it is more than ordinarily inept, and the illustrations, with a single exception which almost makes up for the others, match the text.

Typographically, the problem of making an appropriate volume out of this particular collection of abnormal stanzas was as difficult as well could be. The obvious thing to do, and apparently the only way to make an interesting book, would be to make it reminiscent of the unpretentious seventeenth-century quarto in which it originally appeared. This at least would have been unobjectionable. In octavo, as issued, about all that can be said for "A Dog of War" is that it could not have been much better, nor worse, if it had been hand-composition instead of set up on a linotype machine at a morning newspaper office, which for some inscrutable reason is duly recorded on the first leaf.

G. P. W.

[4] A Dog of War. By John Taylor the Water Poet. With hand-coloured Engravings on Wood by Hester Sainsbury. 1927. 375 *copies*. $5.00.

BOOK REVIEWS

AN INTELLECTUAL REVOLUTION

SYMBOLISM. Its Meaning and Effect. *By Alfred North Whitehead. New York. The Macmillan Company.* 1927. $1.50.

Philosophers may be estimated in many ways. One such way is this: a philosopher may unite an intimate and creative knowledge of an unusual diversity of sciences with a high eminence in his own inclusive science of metaphysics. He may seem thus almost to sum up in his own person the major scientific movements of his day, almost to command the intellectual resources of an entire era.

Without stopping to defend our choice, we may select six names as preëminently illustrative of this conception of the philosopher-scientist:— in the ancient world, Plato and Aristotle; in the second half of the seventeenth century (when science in the modern sense had begun to come into its own) Leibniz; in the second half of the eighteenth century, Kant; in the second half of the nineteenth, our own American philosopher, Charles S. Peirce; and at the present time, the author of the little book we have before us. Peirce was a distinguished contributor to sciences really too numerous to mention, and admired by those who knew of his work as a very great philosophical genius. The publication — which is expected within a year or two — of his principal philosophical writings, most of which have never before been published, is likely soon to render all this a common-place. Like Peirce, Professor Whitehead is a distinguished contributor to physics and mathematics, to symbolic logic and metaphysics, and is a profound student of the history of thought (as readers of his *Science and the Modern World* know).

Taking, then, our six philosopher-scientists of the Western World, we ask: have these men anything in common beyond their universality, how do they agree in their philosophical conclusions? The answer is, they agree remarkably well, much better certainly than they do with less scientifically equipped philosophers, or less philosophically gifted scientists, or than the latter types through the ages agree with one another. Just herein lies for some of us

the hope and the excitement of present-day philosophy, viewed in the light of history.

Three ideas will illustrate our meaning: those of matter, causality, and time. For Hobbes, the scientifically ignorant, as for Büchner, the philosophically untrained, matter was mere dead meaningless stuff; for Leibniz, the physicist, mathematician, and philosopher, matter was living energy, akin to our concrete human experience. "Energy" implies process, something through and through temporal: but in the interior of a Hobbesian atom, time stood still or vanished. *Happenings* were around but not *in* the atoms. Today many physicists say that matter is electrical energy, which at least *suggests* the dynamic, temporal view. But time connotes life; mere inert matter governed by causal equations reading backwards as well as forwards knows nothing of the one-directional growth of the present out of the past — full of settled issues — into the future — full of unsettled alternatives and risks, such as only life and creative choice can give meaning to. Thus to recognize the centrality of time is to take a long stride toward humanizing or even spiritualizing our fundamental concepts. This stride, taken by Leibniz (as by Plato and even more by Aristotle before him), was repeated and emphasized by Kant, vastly transcended by Charles Peirce, and now, independently of Peirce, by Professor Whitehead.

But though Leibniz and Kant *temporalized* matter, they still treated causality as sheer mathematical necessity, which of course seems to have nothing to do with time. Hume on the contrary challenged anyone to show how one event can render a following event mathematically necessary. The challenge has never successfully been met, but Kant tried to meet it in part by an analysis of the time-consciousness. The awareness of time is the awareness of causal law (as absolute necessity), he tried to show. Thus time again is the key-concept. Now Peirce and Whitehead simply reverse this: they say, causality is not mathematical necessity, but a kind of dynamic necessity, which is indeed best revealed in the time consciousness, but more than that is temporal, dynamic, living in its very nature. Thus as "relativity" has put time in space, as the electron and quantum theories seem to have put it in matter, as evolution seems to have put it in nearly everything, so Peirce and Whitehead have put it in causal law. (The very same thing happened in the doctrine of Aristotle, only less clearly and adequately). What then is "causal efficacy," asks Professor Whitehead. He answers, it is that which is revealed in the deep,

and all pervasive — and *because* deep and pervasive, easily overlooked and vague — consciousness that every living thing has of being constrained and acted upon by its environment. But this sense of "conformation" to an environing reality is especially clear in the time aspect of consciousness. The immediate past *palpably lingers and acts* in the present, and this sense of being determined or moulded by what has just happened in us *is* the consciousness, or an inseparable aspect of the consciousness, of time. "Immediate memory" is identically the consciousness of being made what one now is partly by what one just has been. To say that one remembers vividly what one was but that one is uninfluenced, unaffected by this remembrance, is like saying that one is vividly aware of a fellow human being but that one would be just the same through and through if vividly aware of an entirely different human being. We are colored and changed by what we experience; now we do experience the past if we experience time. For a sheer present without past is not time. Therefore we are colored, influenced by the past in a way that we directly experience. But the influence of the past upon the present is causality — not in the sense of sheer necessity, or of absolute constraint, but of relative constraint only. For as there is more than one way to "take," and so to be influenced by, one and the same friend, so there is more than one way to adjust ourselves to and be affected by the past, as causally efficacious in memory. No one can experience that the past *wholly* makes him what he is; on the contrary he is aware of himself as *acting* in a measure *against* the constraint of the past.

But not merely the time consciousness is called upon by Professor Whitehead to illustrate causal efficacy. Emotions, those favorites of recent psychology, reacting against the old intellectualism, are drawn upon. Our analogy a moment ago, of the influence which a friend exerts, by merely making himself known to us, is akin to some of his examples. He who hates, or loves, he reminds us, does not hate or love just his own sensations. Hate and love are fully as primitive biologically, or even more so, than sense-perceptions. But to hate something is to be constrained by it, for if nothing affected us we could have nothing to hate. Here again it is our concrete, specifically human experiences, that Professor Whitehead, like Plato, Aristotle and all the great philosophical scientists, calls upon to provide the final meaning of scientific abstractions; whereas materialists have always interpreted experience in terms of those abstractions but refused to reverse the process (the "falacy of misplaced concreteness" according to

our author). As a result, they have never been able to explain those abstractions or render their meaning (e.g., of causality) in any experientially *verifiable* terms.

Space fails us to explain how, for Professor Whitehead, the *"intersection"* of the vague experience of "conformation" to an environing present and past universe, with the more definite and clear perception of sense data, — whose definiteness is used, at our peril, to define more exactly the nature of that environment,— constitutes the fundamental basis of meaning or knowledge — that is to say, of the employment of symbols. Sense data thus are *assumed* or *believed* to "stand for" causal efficacies, lines of influence which may be expected to produce in us perceptions of sense data not now perceived but imagined, i.e., inwardly perceived in relatively free, voluntary fashion, rather than forced upon us causally. Such belief may be false (the explanation of error). But the belief that there *are* lines of influence, vague though it be, is never false and never really absent from consciousness. Peirce used to employ the phenomenon of effort to illustrate it: he who struggles struggles with or against something, if only against the force of his own past. *Effort* and *resistance* are as concave and convex. But even in sense-perception there is such effort — the play of attention striving to fix some feature in an elusively changing or confused mass of sense impressions, for example. Peirce, it may not be amiss to add, had also in what he originally meant by "pragmatism" a theory of symbolism or meaning not very dissimilar to that given above.

What is perhaps most strikingly new about the present book, however, apart from the masterly condensation and the lucidity produced by presenting the same point from many different angles, well interconnected, and concretely, *vividly* illustrated, is the extension of the analysis to cover the broad field of symbolism as spread out in human society — in the meaning of a flag, a ritual, a language, an art — etc. Here is a philosopher whose utterance is not a soliloquy, whose thought is pertinent to the most universal human problems.

One or two critical suggestions. Temporalization of concepts means humanization of them, humanization, however, means socialization — for sympathy, hatred, and love (not necessarily for human beings, but surely for something more akin to us than dead matter), are the inmost core of humanity. One cannot doubt that Professor Whitehead is aware of this, but it is conceivable that still greater clarity might be thrown upon such matters as

"conformation" if the idea of social relationship and social influence, which we may call also sympathetic rapport, were placed even more in the center of the picture than time, or to a greater extent emphasized than it has ever yet been. The second suggestion is that after humanizing matter and causality, one thing still remains unintelligible, as lifeless and uninterpretable apparently as matter — namely, the "sense-datum" itself. Cannot that also be humanized and socialized? Is it a mere dream or metaphor or "association" when poets and the usages of language ascribe human and socially expressive characters to a sound or a color or an odor? The "kindly" voice, the "gay" patch of sunlight, the "menacing" growl, and an infinity of others, — is there not in these expressions a hint that the sense-data *in themselves* express that conformation or dynamic influence which is social interdependence — the true interpretation of causal efficacy and of symbolic reference? Just as every step in the humanization and socialization of concepts has been opposed by such intellectually permitted swear-words as "anthropomorphic," "sentimental," "soft-headed," "unscientific," "fantastic," etc., yet in the end has had to be accepted by the most eminent scientific men (as certain contemporary physicists of high rank now accept the repudiation of causality conceived as absolute necessity); so it may be that we are headed toward a really thoroughgoing humanization, concretization, so to speak, into terms of social signification, of *all* our fundamental ideas, although of course the immediate reaction even of common sense (which is in part the semi-materialism of the science and philosophy of the past become common tradition) against every particular instance of this advance is one of incredulity. It may be we are approaching one of the greatest intellectual unifications in history, only this time on a basis of exact and assured knowledge, both of fact and of the laws of reasoning, such as has never before been available. If this be the case, — and "the signs multiply," — then this little book may stand out as a much greater milestone upon the path than its small size would seem to indicate. Our only criticisms — if they be considered such — would, if accepted, not overthrow but rather complete and fulfill the ideas which its author so persuasively sets forth.

CHARLES HARTSHORNE

A PROBLEM IN COMMON SENSE

THE ANALYSIS OF MATTER. *By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1927. $6.00.

Mr. Russell is not a physicist; so in a way it can be said that he looks at physics with an open, if somewhat mathematical, eye; and among the things he is trying to spot is the relation between physics, as a logical structure, and perception: between a mathematical scheme of behaviour and the original sense-perceptions which give the scheme a position and a meaning in the "ordinary" world.

Physics has been escaping the intelligence and has become almost a language in itself instead of the language of things. The physicist, or at least one physicist, Eddington, can say: "The quantity $G_{\mu}^{\nu} - \frac{1}{2} g_{\mu}^{\nu} G$ appearing in our theory is, on account of its property of conservation, now identified with matter, or rather with the mechanical abstraction of matter which comprises the measurable properties of mass, momentum and stress sufficing for all mechanical phenomena." — To which Mr. Russell adds that the above quantity is "defined solely by means of the formula for small intervals." An interval cannot at present be defined in terms of common sense, nor can the quantity given above. Suppose we admit that such a "quantity" is a true description of matter in a mathematical world, and we have no way of saying *in ordinary language* that it is not a true description, then we have in our capacities as ordinary people placed ourselves in a monstrous dilemma: our knowledge of matter becomes such as has no reference to the matter we know. While we are in this quandary, which we hope is merely a logical one, it seems that our physical knowledge of a chair is such as has no intelligible connection with the chair, or else entirely invalidates our sense-knowledge of the chair from which our physical knowledge sprang. There is no intellectual satisfaction in either position. Distorting the idea a little, when physics is confronted with the objects of common experience it describes them only in a language which contains no words to designate its original subject-matter.

We widen "the gulf between the mathematical physics and observation, and increase the problem of building a bridge between

them." Mr. Russell produces a simile: "Physics and perception are like two people on opposite sides of a brook which slowly widens as they walk: at first it is easy to jump across, but imperceptibly it grows more difficult, and at last a vast labour is required to get from one side to another." Yet such a crossing is necessary, and for physics itself, perhaps not at all points, but at least at the beginning and end of every process. For, *prima facie* physics, as an empirical study, derives its facts from perception, and cannot remain indifferent to any argument which throws doubt on the validity of perception, least of all when that argument is derived from physics itself. . . . Hence *if* modern physics invalidates perception as a source of knowledge about the external world, and yet depends on perception, that is a valid argument against modern physics."

Mr. Russell does not believe that, essentially, physics has this defect, and the chief labour of this book is to show how physics "can be absolved in this respect"; and the method he takes is so difficult that it is no wonder that an ordinary intelligence must feel that he has at least partly failed.

The labour is, to my mind, most easily stated as the labour of establishing in a thoroughly instructed common sense a plane of knowledge parallel and everywhere relevant to the abstract knowledge of physics; which is the final task of every kind of thought. It is not so much a translation that is required; the techniques are too disparate for a bodily translation; but a method must be devised whereby the *sense* of every point taken in one realm of thought can be given, so far as it is relevant, and without in any degree injuring its autonomy, in the language of common sense. Mr. Russell does not trust common sense; but the causal theory of perception which is his substitute for it seems to me only a more instructed common sense; so it would appear that he proceeds exactly as if he did trust it.

There are several methods which can be pursued, all of them more or less justifiable depending on the point of view originally taken. You can call the description of things given by modern physics a myth like any other; where common sense in its simplest form (when it is a knowledge by faith merely) is the only form of "real" knowledge, and all other kinds of knowledge are imaginative interpretations and cosmologies having no necessary lien on brute fact. In which case the difficulty is solved as soon as it is stated, by a feat of the imagination.

You can say that it is a question of the symbols employed; so

that the difficulty will be only one of logical meaning and noumenology.

You can make a distinction, as profound as possible, between the kind of thing established by science and the kind of thing common sense — or art, if you prefer the word — perceives: when you will say that science is not concerned with ontology at all, and cannot analyse, in any ontological sense, matter at all; but that, further, science *is* concerned with a scheme of relations, plans, blue prints, configurations. Whereas common sense, at bottom, wishes to qualify the thing, to seize upon it individually and without relations in any schematic sense.

Then there is metaphysics in a stricter sense; such as Whitehead employs in his *Science and the Modern World,* where the issue is a combination of the methods above, and the sense of science is taken in terms other than its own, and the validity of your position depends on the imaginative strength of your concepts. Here, at least, the mind re-asserts itself as supreme; the only damage being that the method necessarily introduces irrelevant considerations from history and poetry, producing altogether a new field of knowledge rather than explaining the one originally attacked.

These methods are all liable to the criticism that however just or true they may be, they yet present their solutions largely by restating the problem. If the mind be sufficiently rigorous along certain lines they will seem not much more than temporary consolations. They appeal, essentially, as much to instinct as to logic; and to the logician the confederation might seem to confound itself by the mere annunciation of its purpose.

Mr. Russell is a logician with a great fondness for the manipulation of facts; and he gives his facts an almost vicious appetite for abstract combinations. Hence his serious books, such as the present one, are never finished. They sometimes attain a momentary balance; but there is always a further possibility of simplification. There is always a further reduction to abstractness in the offing. Only the technique — never the object — can be certain. This might not be the case if the objects manipulated were always rational; for instance, if the quantum did not appear to contradict continuity and yet be equally necessary to assume. This is an extreme instance; but, as I understand it, the progress of physics shows several things formerly held to be possible as rapidly becoming impossible. Measurement is one of these things; the proof of continuity of any sort another. Energy appears to be left. "We find that under terrestial conditions electrons and pro-

tons persist, but there is nothing in theoretical physics to lead us to expect this, and physicists are quite prepared to find that matter can be annihilated." Matter, in fact, is made up, according to Mr. Russell, of steady events, rhythms, and transactions. "Transactions are the substitution, suddenly, of one rhythm for another." And to end up, Mr. Russell is able to remark that "the whole process of nature may, so far as present evidence goes, be conceived as discontinuous; even the periodic rhythms may consist of a finite number of events per period."

This is interesting information; and Mr. Russell has indicated only a very little of what, philosophically, can be made of it. Nothing is more prone to analogy and interpretation than the quantum theory and its consequences. It has the insuperable advantage of *appearing* an extremely brute fact; without explanation and without logical origin.

But such was not Mr. Russell's interest. Beginning with a logical analysis of physics as it stands, continuing with a reconstruction of the relation of physics and perception, he leaves us still with only a *physical* structure in our minds. The force of his long training in philosophy and mathematics forces each item into position and cuts it in the closeness of contact. He succeeds in establishing a way to think about physics — by making it, in spite of himself, metaphysical. Though so far as I may judge, the book is in every other way informative and valuable, I think that his logic makes a hypostatic physics and a tottering commonsense.

PERRY HOBBS

MODERN ART

THE MODERN MOVEMENT IN ART. *By R. H. Wilenski. London. Faber & Gwyer.* 1927. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Wilenski presents the most logical and practical defense of the modern movement in art that we have yet had. For that the modernists are still on the defensive was proved last winter when The United States Customs charged Brancusi an enormous duty on his sculpture, claiming, with the authority of Chester French, that it was not art. Indeed to many the break with tradition seems to have been so complete that they despair of ever comprehending modern aesthetics. Though philosophers have never agreed on defining it, the average man brought up in the romantic narrative tradition of art has an astoundingly dogmatic conception of beauty. And it is this beauty which he can recognize so clearly, that he cannot discover in modern art, though one need only go to an "Old Master" to find it radiantly exemplified. To discourage such an attitude, Mr. Wilenski compares the present with the past.

An instinctive classifier, he conveniently pigeon-holes the so called "Old Masters" as Romantic, Architectural or Descriptive artists. To understand these arbitrary divisions, take the approach of each type to the painting of an eye. The descriptive artist says to himself, "This is an eye," and makes a symbol of the generic structure of an eye. Signorelli, Hogarth, and of the moderns, Kennington, are descriptive painters. The Romantic artist says to himself, "This is an exciting and emotive fragment," and then stresses the exciting and emotive aspect of the eye. Rembrandt, Delacroix and even Augustus John are Romanticists. But the greatest artists, the architectural artists, Raphael and Picasso, for instance, say to themselves, "This is an oval with a dark circle in the middle," or "This is an oval of extremely subtle form"; and then make a symbol to fit in with symbols of adjacent forms perceived in the same way. Thus, anyone who cares little for art is provided with neat tags by which he can avoid the banality of saying "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." For with these simple categories mastered, and with the help of Mr. Bell's more abstract "significant form," the most pro-

vincial soi-disant intellectual should be able to make a fairly good showing before any painting.

But for those who are actually interested in trying to make sense out of a Picasso, the book has really more to give than a few convenient tags. Of course, the modern movement above all else is a return to the classical idea — in this it is in accord with the general direction of contemporary thought — and architecture most perfectly expresses that ideal. Therefore, the formal relations of lines, balances, recessions, etc., are the main interest of the modern painter. His immediate masters are Cézanne and Seurat. Of the other artists we associate with the transitional period after impressionism, Van Gogh was fundamentally a Romantic, as was Renoir until his last years, and Gaugin derived largely from a superficial imitation of classical compositions. It was the desire then to get back to the pioneer architectural work of Seurat and Cézanne which led to Flat-pattern cubism and "Mountain of Bricks" cubism.

The Flat-pattern cubist, approaching painting as architecture, found that he could not discover new experiences in formal relations and retain his representational technique. Consequently, he began his experiments in abstract cubism. Mr. Wilenski regrets the shortness of the time spent in the fundamental problems, which were of the utmost importance. For instance, the cubists believed that, as the architect does not stand in one place and make his work a single perception of formal relations, they might themselves place, say, one part of a violin seen from the front in formal relation with another part seen from the side. Or that since linear perspective was an illusionistic lie, it was not worth while. Other methods of perspective were discovered but never fully developed. Mountain of Bricks cubism marks the advance from plane geometry to solid geometry. But the rapidity with which new theories were taken up and cast aside alienated more and more that part of the public actually willing to sympathize with the problems of the modern artist. Not only was this regrettable, but moreover, if two or three generations had worked in the same manner, as artists in the past have been accustomed to do after a great innovation, they would have built up such a tradition that present architectural art would not seem to verge quite so definitely as the eclectic, and one might expect a movement as important as the Gothic or the Renaissance.

What caused this artistic upheaval which was out of all proportion to any corresponding change in life as a whole? Most of the

modern criticism attributes it largely to the discovery of a primitive religious art in which representation as an ideal does not exist. But Mr. Wilenski feels that the character of all religious art is so determined by its purpose as to isolate its influence, and he completely disregards the plastic results often achieved through the artist's inner urge towards a perfection of form that has nothing to do with functional purpose.

Mr. Wilenski's explanation is that the modern movement is a revolt against the perversion of art caused by the invention of photography. Ruskin's enthusiasm for the Daguerreotype led a great many young artists to devise a naturalistic technique which could rival the camera in its lack of selection. Out of this grew the Pre-Raphaelite school. Ingres in the modelling of his later pictures, Corot in his hazy grayish landscapes, Monet in his series of snapshot views, Sargent in his rendering of superficial light effects, all show this influence of photography at work. To get as far from this purely optical art as possible, the modern painter has worked to create a cerebral art. Its relative value is difficult to ascertain. Mr. Wilenski believes that when it represents an enlargement of the artist's experience of formal order, it possesses an intrinsic value no amount of scorn or praise can change. The appreciation of others may give it a kind of fluctuating acquired value, but that is all. However, judged from a pragmatic viewpoint this acquired value of the appreciation of others is of the utmost importance, and as Mr. Fry has said: "In proportion as art becomes purer, the number of people to whom it appeals gets less. It cuts out all the romantic overtones by which men are induced to accept a work of art. It appeals only to the aesthetic sensibility, and that in most men is weak." But if the intellectual people, who far outnumber those who enjoy modern art, can be persuaded that the approach of the modern artist is intellectual and not a haphazard striving for originality, a great gain towards a wider appreciation of this vital and dynamic movement will have been made. To this end Mr. Wilenski's book, as a definite exposition of modern aesthetics, is of the greatest value.

JOHN WALKER III

SCAPEGOAT

BLUE VOYAGE. *By Conrad Aiken. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1927. $2.50.

What suggests itself immediately is that Mr. Aiken is not himself nearly so responsible for the tragedy of his protagonist as is the particular frame of mind thrust upon both author and protagonist by the continuous presence, or the sense of the presence, of certain data in modern science. The author is more or less unable to shape his tale dramatically because the tale to be told simply will not fit, as the author feels it, into an accepted, a readily intelligible frame.

Yet the subject is natural enough when stated in familiar terms. A man aboard a steamship, travelling second-class to England in search of his beloved, discovers that same beloved on the same ship, but in the first cabin and already engaged to another man. He meets her: the next day she cuts him. The man is sensitive; he considers his situation under various lights; and the workings of his mind on the matter, the history of his realization of the situation, in connection with everything possibly relevant, is the only story that issues. That is to say we should expect a portrait-drama of the mind, depending for its virtue upon the intensity with which the author seized and shaped his material.

But Mr. Aiken provides us with something quite different and at this time much more important: something which is not so much a novel as a presentation of certain conditions of the current mind, a presentation which he himself cannot escape.

The dimensions of the consciousness have been so extended, Mr. William Demarest of this novel believes, that the old unities and regimens of form are no longer adequate. A fragmentary presentation, an intermittent, catch-as-catch-can analysis will be substituted. The invasion, in the artist's mind, of psychology and anthropology into the ordinary modes of feeling is responsible. Says Mr. Demarest: "Though, as a good psychologist, I scorn or at any rate *see through* the whole bloody business, nevertheless I have that particular sort of neurosis, verbal in its outward expression, which will probably keep me an artist till I die or go mad."

Art as a neurosis for the artist is nothing new, but a serious belief that the art achieved is neurotic seems to me a very dan-

gerous myth to receive. Dangerous, because of the peculiar, insane validity it would grant art — a completely obfuscating freedom from *artistic* responsibility, coupled with a very thorough adherence and responsibility to a single, and I should say distorted, view of the data. Common sense, which ought always to be re-inforced by every gain in the abstract or particular science, is undermined and almost discarded.

As a result the artist, the particular artist with whom this novel is concerned, is crucified; he is several kinds of scapegoat — at once for humanity and for himself. The crucifixion is self-inflicted; the god, being himself, is self-betrayed; the drouth and waste are in the victim's own heart: as these things must be when the eternal predicament of the soul is removed from a generalized religious consciousness and felt under the omnivorous contact of an intensely individualized, detailed personal consciousness.

When he discovers his Cynthia on shipboard so impossible to his desires, the presence of the deity compels the protagonist of this novel to subject himself with all the fanaticism of extreme faith to such a spiritual castigation as certain saints were used to perform. With the difference that instead of purifying the spirit with physical torture, the body writhes under the violence of an intensely instructed spiritual introspection.

For this mind, psychology and anthropology are whips applied to the individual; they flay the integrity as well as the origin of the conventional sets of feelings by which man commonly constructs and judges his relationships. An honesty is invoked, relentless and contumacious to a degree, to take stock of feelings and emotions and ideals; but the discipline is so severe that it outruns its purpose and is self-annihilating.

Like Hamlet, all his faculties take arms against a sea of troubles, which they themselves create; and the war has no issue except in the destruction of peace and the defeat of every solution.

Mr. Demarest can write, and not send, to his beloved, a letter containing these remarks. "I was pillorying myself for hypocrisy. Perhaps I was — or certain darker forces in me, a profounder and truer animal honesty — perhaps these were taking their revenge by wrecking this pretty dream of a 'perfect communion.' Anyway, it is true that shortly before this waking dream I had been pondering the question of sublimation versus immersion. How can we possibly decide which is the better course to pursue? Shall we take the way of art, and lie, and try to make life as like the lie as we can — remold it nearer to the *child's* desire — or shall we

take the way of nature, and *love?* Love, I mean, savagely with the body. . . . At one end savagery — at the other hypocrisy. Hypocrisy fine-branching and beautiful as coral, hypocrisy become an infinitely resourceful art. Either extreme is for us unreachable, or untenable if reached. We must struggle and fluctuate in the Limbo between — saving ourselves now and then from an art of life too fine-drawn by a bath of blood; or from an awareness and control too meagre by a deliberate suppressing of our lusts, a canalization of those energies. . . . And never, at any time, knowing exactly where we stand, what we believe in, or who we are."

Which is a dilemma growing less and less unfamiliar to the sensibility at all acute. But that is beside us here. Taking Mr. Demarest's views as true for a moment, as I think they partly are, two or three rather obvious notations occur. In some sense, at least for literature, those parts of modern science which consider the life and mind of the individual have replaced with other terms, equally emotional, the religious expression of the individual. All sorts of science transported to an ordinary plane, become in a way imaginative renderings of emotional states. These renderings disintegrate the demeanours we are used to wear; they breed a strange honesty in our sense of our feelings, and a stranger scepticism which leads us, even in art where we were formerly sure, to distrust, to discountenance the very feelings which cumulatively make up our existence — our open meaning and our inner being. This social disadvantage arises, I suspect, since the translation of the science in question brings with it an authority which, because it is no where explicit, can not be heeded; so that with the absence of "moral restraint" with the apparent absence of any meaning for it, our god is a new and insoluble terror, a thing stalking in its own darkness; and again we are stricken in the flesh without ever so much, hardly, as having hoped to have been saved.

So with Mr. Aiken's novel — Mr. Demarest, his blue voyage coming to an end, tumbles in the dark anguish of his mind, thinking of his Cynthia, takes into his arms the strumpet Faubion; and we are promised no sweetness in that flesh. The trouble is that the problem we have been trying to state, when once accepted as even in the offing, is wholly irresistible. I mean there is increasingly in certain minds a feeling for destruction, for a kind of extremely sensualised solipsism, which psychology and anthropology somehow, inexplicably, seem in practice to have intensified rather than, as perhaps intended, replaced. We have a specious order guaranteeing, as it were, an underlying infinite confusion. We

witness a decay of common-sense.

So there is in this book an often almost infantile morbidity, which the tone of the subject demanded, which the nature of the material it colours required. And why? — Because the peculiar material compels the author to see his protagonist as the scapegoat for his own life; because the book is the articulation of a madness, which if necessary at all is only so in the conditions posed; because the distortions upon which his method relies for its effects, its form, are impoverished by articulation. I do not think that any one bit of the book is wrong — the smoking room chorus of smut, the chorus of memory, the chorus of the ideal, the intellectual discussions, or even the long flights of equipoised fantasy. Simply the subject, which is a great one, the tragedy of the modern consciousness, seems by its very nature, in art, to be somewhere intractable — perhaps just to the extent that it is concerned with the increased dimensions of consciousness, just in the degree that art *remains,* besides originating in, a neurosis. It is a philosophical difficulty at heart; solved when the materials of our lives can be re-incorporated in common-sense, or at the least balanced therein.

R. P. Blackmur

THE SWELL GUY

TRINC. A Book of Poems. *By H. Phelps Putnam. New York. George H. Doran Company.* 1927. $1.75.

Mr. Putnam's poems are the most interesting that have appeared since Archibald MacLeish's *Streets in the Moon.* They present a very difficult problem for analysis because there is in them a great deal which marks the beginnings of a very excellent poet and as much again which may preclude any possibility of development beyond this present book. Mr. Putnam is original and a master of certain narrative forms. He has a feeling for romantic rhetoric, and what T. S. Eliot has said of Shakespeare's applies also to Mr. Putnam's: that really fine rhetoric occurs in situations where a character sees *himself* in a dramatic light. Those handsome prisoners of Mr. Putnam's will, Bigelow Hasbrouck and the hero Bill, Smollet Smith the poet, and dashing Mitch Davenport, all have breaths for fine romantic ejaculations. Davenport confronted with the arch-Devil-cuckold exclaims —

> "Then my guts grew warm again in my despair,
> And I cried 'Pour la Reine' and drew my sword.
> But, Christ, I had no sword —
> And so I fell down on my face."
> "Now that is fine," said Bill, "I often hope —
> That I shall see such things: I never do."

and Hasbrouck having eaten in Springfield, Massachusetts, the mystic, the improbable, the Rose, Rose and rosette,

> "and petal after petal and the heart,
> I had my banquet by the beams
> Of four electric stars which shone
> Weakly into my room, for there,
> Drowning their light and gleaming at my side —
> Was the incarnate star
> Whose body bore the stigma of the Rose.
> And that is all I know about the flower.
> I have eaten it — it has disappeared.
> There is no Rose."
>
> Young Smollet Smith let fall his glass: he said,
> "O Jesus, Hasbrouck, am I drunk or dead?"

An able exponent of an excellent narrative style, one of the least derivative (except from Villon and Coleridge) of the younger American poets, Phelps Putnam has serious limitations. He is incapable of selecting his emotive fragments with a taste and care which the kind of poetry he has chosen to write demands. Everywhere his interest is in externals and he mistakes the name for the thing. This kind of tastelessness or lack of selection creates the snobbism and fear of feeling which is increasingly rampant today and whose chief exponent in prose is Ernest Hemingway.

Putnam and Hemingway distrust completely the usual "sentimentality" understood as against sentimentality which is defined as interest in externals as opposed to combined interest in externals and internals, or as indulgence in emotion for its own sake, or as an evocation of emotion where there is no feeling, or as a refusal to carry things through to their ultimate conclusions. They admit only pity and irony — but let us see what sentimentalists these cowards of sentimentality are.

Both Putnam and Hemingway canonize the idea of the "Swell Guy." This species of modern Villonesque charmeur is well exemplified by Mr. Putnam's ballad-hero Jack Chance, for example — who would sing his bawdy songs:—

> That old ballad which belongs
> To Timelessness, *The Bastard King,*
> Or *Doctor Tanner,* or *Mademoiselle,*
> Or Lil who died of letchering.

So far so good. This catalogue infers a broadness of interest in a bland, bluff, charming fellow — a new hero — A Swell Guy, but Mr. Putnam has to add — concerning *Lil*:—

> She died with her boots on, as they tell
> With a champion lad between her knees.

He is not content with listing Jack Chance's appurtenances. He goes on with Lil — a sentimental symbol.

Then Mr. Putnam on the subject of women. He shares with Hemingway a horror of feminine tenderness. Putnam mistakes symbols of women, their "buttocks," "anemia," "lies," "sweat," etc., for what granted and intrinsic qualities for-being-loved or hated women may or may not have.

> Think of the joys that we have swallowed down,
> Pommes frites, baked beans, moules mariniers, Hospice
> de Beaune,

The Casis wine, duck, langouste, Clos Vougeot —
And all other wines, the salads of the world.
Tell me are women more desirable?

Their bodies are uncouthly made
And heavy swollen like a pear . . .
Their honor fills them full of care,
Their honor that is nothingness.

The catalogue of food and drink, the sheepish reference to the nonexistant *honor* of women are two examples of Putnam's snobbery which reaches its full flower in his attitude toward the aforementioned "Swell Guy." This "Swell Guy" is sort of a hard boiled bastard, of extreme and charming physicality, who, wilfully distrustful of his own reason, knows that "strong drink goes to the soul and sets it free —

Of its reserve, and dignity dissolves —
For drink corrodes that bright machinery
In which the educated soul revolves."

The "Swell Guy" loathes the softness of "Sentimentality," or of any feeling this side of an attempt at the heroic, the all-inclusive. And yet the "Swell Guy" pitifully needs tenderness, which he believes to be a strong masculine tenderness of irony and pity. He canonizes his own weakness and makes a religion of his lack of faith in himself. Mr. Putnam by his very admiration for the "Swell Guy" assumes a scale of ethical or moral values which his god opposes — and in that fact lies snobbery; the inverted attitude toward this "feller," de-haut-en-bas. Mr. Putnam quite comprehends the "Swell Guy," but why should he envy him? His consciousness that they are on different planes of existence at once precludes the thought of his belonging to that great fraternity. The real "Swell Guy," as Mr. Putnam well knows, is a democrat, and for all his arrogance and pride never considers himself as better or worse than his fellows.

Mr. Putnam preaches a religion of escape — from the "smell of wistful ovaries," in drink "which turns the grey brain rich and odorous" — a religion of over-awareness, of an exterior introspection which admits no sober reasoning. This dogma carried to a logical conclusion means isolation, aridity and death.

Let Mr. Putnam stop to consider that the name is less than the thing, that the body is less than the sum of body and mind. Having in such full measure a poet's equipment and an excellent

narrative medium, he might perhaps be that poet who could best synthesize our modern-American post-war and lost-generation lives, into a series of universally recognizable symbols. The desire to be one of the Gang, in his case, obstructs the creative imagination, setting up for itself a series of false standards. If Mr. Putnam could be content to develop his personal voice, realize what is external, and admit the possibility of what he fears as sentimentality, he could afford to be attracted by the trappings of his "Swell Guy." In Putnam we might find that long-awaited American poet of the present day — as inclusive and yet more integrated than Whitman, could he but maintain a solid foundation in vulgar comprehension — a better realization or admission of common truth.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

SHORTER NOTICES

THE HUMAN BODY. *By Logan Clendening, M.D. New York. Alfred A. Knopf.* 1927. $5.00.

As the publisher very rightly claims for it, no other treatise on anatomy and physiology was ever like unto this. Comprehensive it certainly is, with its inter-mixture of facts and fancies. In the main the former are in accord with present scientific hypotheses. Where not so, as for instance in the case of Ehrlich's side-chain theory of acquired immunity, it generally matters little that the theory has been discarded. For not one in a hundred could have ever understood it and not one in a hundred of those who could do so would have found it of any use. But some of the misstatements in the book are not of so little concern, as, for examples, that "colds" are more frequent after dry spells because then the causative germs are more freely wind-dispersed, or that only five per cent of "far advanced tuberculosis cases" die if given sanitarium treatment. It can do no harm to believe that "fibrogen" is made in the liver, although there is no proof of it; but how disturbing it is to have to believe that if Dr. Clendening could have supreme control of human mating for only five centuries every man would live 250 years.

This is not an unfair example of the author's extravagance by which he tries to startle the attention of his readers. In the manner of the *Microbe Hunters*, Dr. Clendening's stories of great discoveries are often entertaining. But that ends their resemblance if we may judge of their accuracy by his ludicrously inaccurate description of the first ether demonstration at the Massachusetts General Hospital, which it should be said he quotes from one who claimed to have witnessed "Dr. Warren's exhibition of her amputated leg to the surprised Jane."

A far more serious defect of the book is the frequent obtrusion of the author's mechanistic philosophy. A decent respect for the widespread belief in a Creator should surely prevent even a modern teacher of biology from such a witless slur as this: "If I were picking out the animal mothers which seem to have had the advantage of the greatest amount of foresight on the part of that force external to ourselves which makes for righteousness, the hen, it seems to me, has it all over the woman in this respect."

ALFRED WORCESTER

THE A-B-C OF AESTHETICS. *By Leo Stein. New York. Boni and Liveright.* 1927. $3.00.

Mr. Stein's book has three very irritating qualities:—It is, for the most part, evilly written, in a language neither flexible nor precise enough to receive the abstract ideas which are its chief subject. It distrusts its own medium, philosophy, with the result that its more "philosophic" parts are simply bad philosophy. Thirdly, the author denies the validity of all criticism that issues in definition or evaluation—a denial which stultifies much that would otherwise be very effectual thinking.

The most interesting parts of the book are those which make statements about the aesthetic object, the symbol, and the distinctions between aesthetics and science; the three ideas being bound inextricably together. The easiest illustration is quotation; the reader will discount the loss of continuity and context in the following excerpts.

"Aesthetics is not concerned especially with emotions, but with that which stands in the extreme opposition to them. It is concerned with objects. . . . The pure aesthetic object has three properties—it is *known;* it is *unified;* it *endures,* that is it is not consumed by use. . . . Making and manipulating objects is the business of intelligence. . . . All things in so far as they are known are catalysts." (That is they change other things, themselves unchanged.) "There are only two ways, fundamentally, that unities can be distinguished—those in which the parts when separately taken remain unaltered, and those in which they do not. Those of the first kind make up the class of scientific objects, those of the second, that of aesthetic objects. . . . Aesthetics has to do with knowing, and with knowing only. Its objects, which are enduring and unified, can be so only because they are intrinsically objects of knowledge. . . . Getting to know what is before one, in a certain way, is picture making. This is in essence what aesthetic activity amounts to. . . . The ultimate abstraction made by science from things, is the atom in its absolute sense. The ultimate abstraction made from things by aesthetics is the symbol. . . . The Scientific symbol is external to what it symbolises, whereas the symbol of aesthetics is internal. The symbol in aesthetics is not a label, but a sample. . . . (Speaking of the relation of the knower to the object:) The aesthetic unison means the transformation of the self in terms of the object, and sentimentality means the transformation of the object in terms of the

self. . . . No aesthetic expression is without (distortion). Aesthetic unity can be obtained only by breaking through the defined contours of the inventorial object, and through effecting a fusion of the content. Every aesthetic expression is dynamic, and therefore involves distortion. . . ."

In short, Mr. Stein would persuade us that art looks at things outside the self for themselves, their qualities, their uniqueness; it advances no propositions and infers no truths. The subject of art cannot be analysed, only the technique and the symbols employed; and in the end we come on objects, on facts of the most immitigable order. The only thing to learn about art, is, simply, how to look at objects freshly and for a long time.

R. P. B.

A Wreath of Cloud. *By Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1927. $3.50.

Those who have read the first two volumes of the "Tale of Genji" need no recommendation to Mr. Waley's new work of translation, "A Wreath of Cloud." Those who have not begun this long series, which still lacks another volume before completion, can start just as easily with the present book; for like all biographies it is the rapid shift and inter-relation of things of the moment brilliantly presented which interests us, rather than the preoccupation of character development. Yet what has the life-story of an old time Japanese prince to offer us today? About the year 1000, the time of this tale, Japan was in a state of such superb sophistication that it suggests Europe of the eighteenth century in bold contrast to the rough emergence from the Dark Ages which characterises our own eleventh century.

Joy in an exquisitely materialistic life, where the colorful patterns of rich brocades excite, and subtle perfumes taunt the senses, as opposed to the sombre logic of spiritual questionings; joy in amours, each appropriate to the passing mood, yet never allowed to pall, as against the monotonous routine of statecraft, these are some of the things which attract. To us moderns another factor is even more absorbing. The troubled life of polygamous Japan, where change of heart is controlled only by depth of purse considered parallel to the sudden changes in contemporary domestic life, limited only by the more prosaic functionings of the divorce court, adds a note of even greater piquancy. The emotional stage

is ever tense between the varying women's quarters; but happily the inconstancy of man is a *fait accompli* in Japan, and the women are left to contend the situation among themselves, without having to resurrect the polluted ghost of old Adam, of whom they were providentially ignorant. The writer of this book, the famous Murasaki Shikibu, being a woman, can describe these affairs with sharp self-interested vision. Luckily she learned her psychology not in the manner of the Modern school, but from the age old philosophy of Buddhism, so that she can combine in extraordinary degree a keen perception of the motives of human action with an impeccable sense of delicacy.

These volumes help also to dispel the illusion of the "unchanging East." The long protracted age of feudalism, which has supplied most of us with our romanticised imaginings of Japan, is here only in embryo. Amid a setting of ever charming decadence we can see the beginning of that struggle for power between rival families which later was to overawe the throne. A strange selfconscious attitude accompanies this. Even the past is regarded as something different from the present, contrary to the usual oriental view that the present is a mere idealized resurrection of the past. When Genji says, "the ancients no doubt far excelled us in the solid virtues, but our sensibilities are, I venture to assert, far keener than theirs," he analyses and selects the outstanding characteristics of his own era.

Let us take a passage and see of what these sensibilities consist. In the scene during a typhoon, Yugiri, the son of Genji, catches a chance and forbidden glimpse of Murasaki, the loveliest of his father's many ladies. "Her beauty flashed upon him as at dawn the blossom of the red flowering cherry flames out of the mist upon the traveller's still sleepy eye. It was wafted toward him, suddenly imbued him, as though a strong perfume had been dashed against his face . . . The boy, suddenly realizing the extreme insecurity of his hiding place and at the same time overwhelmed with shame at the mere thought of being discovered in such a situation, was about to dart into safety when a door on the left opened and Genji himself entered the room." This grasp of situation, delicacy of sentiment and poetry in prose give us a picture of such vital humanity that neither differences of race nor of time can destroy the present appeal of "The Tale of Genji," or of any of its component volumes.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR.

THE GRANDMOTHERS. A Family Portrait. *By Glenway Wescott. New York and London. Harper & Brothers.* 1927. $2.50.

This is a better book than Mr. Wescott's good first novel, *The Apple of the Eye.* It is never derivative, never sentimental, and though apparently a collection of biographies rather than a neatly articulated story, the different lives, so unrelated in themselves, are made into a single pattern by the domination of two women, the Grandmothers of the title.

Alwin Tower, relentlessly observant child, examines two generations of his family. These Wisconsin pioneers with their hunger and their incompleteness, stubborn and fine and inarticulate, are made splendid without ever a touch of glamour. Beginning with his grandfather, Henry Tower (whose stilted, archaic account of his family's migration to the West is one of the finest things in the book), Alwin reviews the fortunes of these men and women. Leander Tower, engaged to Rose Hamilton, returning from the Civil War in love with the memory of his little brother Hilary; Rose, who marries Henry after Leander's change of heart; Nancy Tower, driven mad by a devoted husband, all figures larger than life, heroic and wistful. Of the next generation, Alwin's father and mother are the most strongly conceived though not the most "interesting." His two uncles, Evan, the successful deserter, James, the chief eunuch in his wife's harem of sterile protestantism, and his aunt Flora, the sweet futility of whose life complements the surrender of James, show the pioneer stock when it has lost touch with the pioneer world.

Mr. Wescott has not ceased to be a poet in turning to the severer discipline of prose, and there is an unmistakably poetic quality both in his novels and in his short stories. In the latter it is definitely a defect. His privately printed *Like a Lover* and his more recent *Prohibition* are marred by a succession of fine and subtle touches not properly subordinated to the story as a whole. It is not smartness, not epigram, but a habit of playing up the thing seen at the expense, perhaps, of the thing's significance that robs these stories of compactness and weakens their effect.

In his poetic conception of the pioneer life, Mr. Wescott is nearer Whitman than any of his contemporaries. *The Grandmothers* represent this side of Whitman just as the work of Robinson Jeffers represents some others — the relation of man to "the ribbed granite under the hills" and to sex sub specie aeternitatis. Mr. Jeffers and Mr. Wescott, though perhaps they would not

admit it, are as surely among Whitman's heirs as Picasso and Matisse are the heirs, in their different ways, of Cézanne.

As a stylist, Mr. Wescott is fastidious without being finicking. Hardly any American has held out so severely as he against the bribes to write quickly, to produce slovenly work for a public as greedy as it is unconscious of the difference between "fine writing" and good writing. Harper & Brothers are to be congratulated for awarding their prize to a novel so distinguished as *The Grandmothers*.

T. M. H.

HIM. A Play. *By E. E. Cummings. New York. Boni and Liveright.* 1927. $2.50.

Think of words no longer as the trappings of things, but as trappings merely — with all sorts of neatly suggested interrelations, unfitted and fitted joints, cataracts, and saltatory sequences. Of gusty playthings. Of Lyly and Nash. Of Rabelais without the meat; of Joyce's verbal finery, with only a smirk to replace the bitterness of Joyce's grin. And somewhat too of Mr. Pickwick's whimpered whimsy. In short a very fancy flatulence.

Enormous, wonderful, accurate, huge, minute, clever, dream, death, flower, toy: all these, and any general, all-blanketing word, come pouring in vegetable profusion over the pumiced pages. But flat, and with automatons and wires and stays, this trapezework of the soul: here is the artist come unto you as a little child, with a leer on his lips, an intense spiritual vulgarity in his eyes: Him ought to look like Lew Brice in *Americana*.

We pay out good money in the hope of a little laughter; and we get it in the neck. We laugh, certainly; we treasure up the dialects, the points, the gags, the often excellent vaudeville; the comic spirit shrieks at us from every other page. But when we consider how much else in the play we have to forget in order to laugh, how we have to dismiss as childish and stupid the indubitably serious hocus-pocus, that lies like dough between the laughs, the laughter seems all out of tune and in fact vulgar.

There are perhaps eight good scenes, good acts; most of them marred by the intrusion of Him or some of Him's ideas; half a dozen nonsense turns which people may like who like that sort of thing, people that is who can disengage or enjoy the aura of higher philosophy that clings over them; and a third selection of serious interspersions on life and love and death and the artist. There is

also a version of the celebrated ballad of *Frankie and Johnie,* and a pretty good side-show barker in the end, which together redeem much.

Mr. Cummings has been going down hill from the rather fair and in many ways unusual altitudes set by his first two books. He used to be a writer and a poet; he is now an entertainer; who passes out his own élan vital between the turns, kidding no one so much as himself. And it is perhaps largely a matter of his method of using language, which he has been developing or buttering out to cover his serious moments since his very beginnings.

In the beginning, that is, there was the word; now there are many words. Any large word, any sudden word, is a cue for Cummings. Using them in their most general sense to create rather than signify things he yet — and this is his real if somewhat dubious merit — works them into place as if they were original, individual and even unique. He does not construct his emotions out of feelings, as he thinks; he merely acts as if certain words exposed, whenever employed, an overwhelming sensual reality. He never doubts that the reader will supply out of his own experience a complete assent to the wholly sentimental heart laid bare.

But Mr. Cummings ekes out this defect or method—and, rarely, redeems it—with a very genuine instinct for technically perfect combinations of words, an astonishing rhetorical virtuosity, and an occasional exceedingly apt image; and considering this it is possible to expect that perhaps he will again, as he did in the beginning, escape on the wings of genius the flatulence that at present so poorly bears him up.

R. P. B.

PERIODICAL REVIEWS

THE BOOKMAN. *Edited by Burton Rascoe. Volume LXVI, Numbers* 1-3. *September, October, November,* 1927.

With the advent of the September issue the long familiar "Bookboy" has grown up. At least this is what the new publishers would have us believe. The magazine is larger and more prosperous in appearance, and the editorship is now in the hands of Mr. Burton Rascoe, successor to Mr. John Farrar, et al. Certainly the list of names on the contents page is more distinguished than formerly. But a careful reading of these first three issues leads one to the conclusion that names, after all, are only names: the difference in the quality of the old and the new publications turns out to be considerably less startling than the contrast in the roster of contributors. For while the *Bookman* in its childhood was, apparently, an excellent paper, its adolescence was marked by a distinct slump; and from this slump not even the present burst of renewed vigour has succeeded in effecting a complete return.

The September number opens with one of Theodore Dreiser's typical taedia, this time the *Portrait of a Woman.* What Mr. Dreiser seems most to need is a few lessons in levitation: the "Portrait" is as dull and heavy as the dullest pages of *An American Tragedy.*

One of the former editors, Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, contributes a series of reminiscences entitled *Old Bookman Days.* They are rather "Old Knickerbocker Days" in the two decades which witnessed the turning of the last century. His tales of the literary lights of the time constitute the most interesting pages of the issue.

Mr. Upton Sinclair's little indiscretion, *My Friend George Sterling,* has already received severe criticism at the hands of other reviewers. We can only say that if Mr. Sinclair lacked the tact which he admits "is not my strong point," it would not be unreasonable to expect the editor to have taken the single method that was open to him of supplying it.

The rest of the issue consists in a chapter from Cabell's *Something About Eve,* a story by E. E. Cummings, a note on *The Early Work of Norman Douglas,* by Edward D. McDonald, and

the continuation of Walpole's *Jeremy at Crale.* There are many "Notes" and book reviews, regular features of the new *Bookman.*

The first thing in the October issue is *Fragments from the Adolescent Diary of Halcyon Van Moere,* one of the longest and most unmitigatedly bad pieces of versifying we have ever encountered. Unfortunately the editor's note makes it impossible to assume that the thing was published as a joke. "The power and maturity of the piece" are typified by such lines as these:
(from a section called *To the Iceman*) .

> And now let rhyme be undisguised and meter
> scorned, oh darling, do
> Bring ten pounds next, for while we kissed
> five pounds were melted into two.

(from *Love in a Doorway*)

> I am afire, I am afire.
> Oh how can I control
> The raging flood of red desire
> Beneath this cold gray rôle
> Of purity . . . .

In the same number there is an interesting and valuable article by Hershel Brickell on *The Literary Awakening in the South.* It is good to see justice done to the region which Mencken once libelled as the "Sahara of the Bozart."

Buried behind a department entitled *Variety* lies Angel Flores' *André Gide and His "First Novel,"* in our opinion the most important article which Mr. Rascoe's *Bookman* has thus far published. Flores discusses *Les Faux-Monnayeurs* and the previous *récits* with a sympathetic and intelligent eloquence that is peculiarly gratifying in a review of the works of this great French genius, long neglected in America. It is to be hoped that future numbers of the new *Bookman* will contain more of this sort of thing, and less of the poppycock which characterizes these first three issues.

There is one encouraging sign in the November number. This is Benjamin de Casseres' *Robinson Jeffers: Tragic Terrors,* an article which expounds several very sane opinions on the work of the Carmel poet. Mr. Casseres places *Tamar* above *The Tower Beyond Tragedy,* a decision with which we cannot agree. But his discussion of the vastness and the "mad beauty" of the poems is excellent. Jeffers is another talented author whose work has not yet received the recognition it deserves.

There is a very notable experiment in the Sapphic meter by Helene Mullins. The result is not comparable with Swinburne, but is interesting as a more strictly contemporary attempt to render into English verse this most incompatible of verse forms.

Arnold Bennett's *Florentine Journal* is a series of inconsequential notes written in the most barbaric of diary styles, and obviously never intended for publication. His reactions, so far as recorded, are almost all of a trifling nature, and can scarcely prove of interest to more than a small group of Bennett enthusiasts.

Upton Sinclair again contributes a malicious article, of which the present victim is "my friend Mencken." We wish that Mr. Sinclair would choose a more secluded spot for washing out the vast quantity of soiled linen he seems to possess. He is probably quite right in his contention that H. L. M. "has very little regard for facts," but there is something about his insistence on "my friend . . . my friend . . ." which is ineffably revolting.

The *Bookman,* then, remains dilettante in spite of all contentions. There are, as we have said, one or two exceptions; but in the main the contents of these first three issues under the new editorship are trivial and unimportant. The exceptions are so few in number, and the proportion between them and the twaddle so overpoweringly great, that only the most wildly optimistic will see in them a cause to hope for better things to come.

THE DIAL. *Edited by Marianne Moore. Volume LXXXIII, Numbers* 3-5. *September, October, November,* 1927.

Magazines grow old early; so after nearly eight years a lovely soft shawl of calm settles over the shoulders of the *Dial;* she meditates variously but mainly in a staid fashion — on Chinese Poetry, William James, Walter Pater, Anatole France, and Tolstoi — so far so good. With years her taste on poetry grows editorial and sentimental.

The *Dial* used to be exciting; it is now — not exactly dull or dreary — but quiet, careful; its ardor is very thin. It has its own variety of 100% reputation to maintain.

Yet there are enough fragments left to reward the purchaser. *Leander* by Malcolm Cowley, *Powhatan's Daughter* by Hart Crane, *In Love?* by D. H. Lawrence do considerably more than keep the pages turning. The *Briefer Mentions* continue useful and the longer reviews able. But, in a way, we think of that *faux bon* the *Dial* speaks so contemptuously of in its advertisements; with honourable exceptions.

THE ENEMY. *Edited by Wyndham Lewis. Number 2. September,* 1927.

The one item not written by the editor was inspired by him. A catholic neo-thomist, Henry John, presents extracts from a long essay called *Towards Reintegration;* Mr. John seems only a less vigorous Lewis with a different bias.

Mr. Lewis himself has become a howling success as a literary muckraker; with the astonishing difference from most muckrakers that he is himself free from sentimentality. The subjects raked in this number include the magazine *transition,* Miss Mayo's *Mother India,* Behaviourism, D. H. Lawrence, and Sherwood Anderson; for all of whom one feels a pious sorrow, in that the weapon with which Mr. Lewis attacks them is hardly one they can use in revenge — the intellect. Under all the bright remarks, bodying all the rhetoric of wit and invective, there is in Mr. Lewis' mind a group of hard and apt ideas, which together construct, if you at all grant his point of view, an invincible engine.

Of *Mother India:* "This very much discussed book breaks a *depth-record,* as it were; it unerringly sinks to a level of vulgar untruth that should make it a paragon of its kind." Miss Mayo, if Mr. Lewis be correct, has made a criminal libel on a race; employing the usual journalistic resources of exaggerated misinformation, real ignorance, and an air of expertness, she debases herself and her public to the most barbarous prejudices. She ought to understand the nature of her accomplishment, perhaps herself to be baited in the open court of public opinion, boiled in the jingo's vat. We can only wish that Mr. Lewis had instead of *The Enemy* the front pages of a great newspaper for an organ; so serious is the necessity of showing up the tribe of Mayo.

The main purpose of this issue is to bare fraud; to uncover with as much shocking directness as possible, two or three of the faces of the mystical, sentimental, childish, back-to-nature, time-mind: to oppose to this the concrete, classical intellect. Mr. Lewis wishes to destroy, to make untenable a kind of spiritual communism which he believes is springing up everywhere in the western world, and to re-assert the individual. Mr. Anderson's *Dark Laughter* and Mr. Lawrence's *Mornings in Mexico* furnish the points from which the arguments depart.

"*To solidify, to make concrete, to give definition to* — that is my profession: 'to despise the fluid,' and to 'postulate permanence'; to crystallize that which (otherwise) flows away, to concentrate the diffuse, to turn to ice that which is liquid and mer-

curial — that certainly describes my occupation, and the tendency of all that I think."

With this in mind, Mr. Lewis is able to say that Mr. Lawrence is "in full hysterical flower, perhaps our most accomplished english communist." Mr. Anderson is also, except at one point, a communist; both authors believe that experience is generic, of the race, is non-individual. Only Mr. Anderson is more sentimental, because less conscious of the origins and consequences of his ideas.

So, says Mr. Lewis, "the majority of people are deeply unconscious of the affiliations of the various phenomena of our time. . . . Yet is is our business — especially, as it appears, mine — to establish these essential liasons, and to lay bare the widely-flung system of cables connecting up this maze-like and destructive system in the midst of which we live."

It is the war on stupidity, on romanticism, on stupid brutality (the mortuary games of some of our novels and stories has been mentioned) that Mr. Lewis undertakes; it is very engaging to every one off the battle field, and a good time will be had by all.

THE YALE REVIEW. A National Quarterly. *Edited by Wilbur Cross. Volume XVII, Number* 1. *October,* 1927.

An article on *Stabilizing National Prosperity,* by Virgil Jordan, heads the issue, and has more vitality of form than any of the purely literary contributions. Mr. Jordan's prose moves with the litheness which he contends our business must achieve in order to maintain its present status. Economic nature-worship — belief in the omnipotence of the Business Cycle — is as dangerous to prosperity as economic intellectualism — belief in the sufficiency of academic statistics. Actually business is an art and not a science. It is controlled not by occult powers but by the free action of those engaged in it. The American "secret" is not mechanization but mobility of production through liquid capital, flexible labor, and a free market. Our Protean instability is a prime factor in our safety. The idea is an interesting application of Bergsonian philosophy to economics. And Mr. Jordan achieves a movement of style that satisfies a Bergsonian critique of expression.

That can hardly be said of the remaining non-literary contributions. A rhetorical attack on *Prohibitions,* a dry presentation of *Conflicts in City Planning,* a tabulation without synthesis of *New Signs in Religion,* and an inquiry into *Our Biological Future,* suggesting the amusing possibility of a too serious reaction in the

next decade toward Puritanism, need the relief furnished by the interdispersed literary contributions. Among these is an appeal by Edmond Jones for a drama and dramatists who shall *do* more even at the expense of *understanding how to do* less. Prof. Phelps contrasts Swifts satire of vice with Hardy's satire of effort, and Mr. Williams furnishes a comment on some of Washington Irving's letters. There is a short story interpretive of negro life, and a narrative essay by Virginia Woolf.

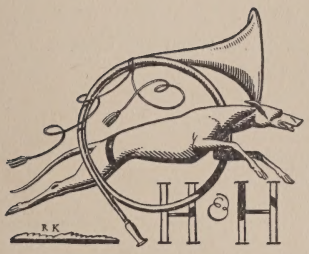
The essay is interesting for the absence of the original technique which we have come to associate with its writer. Under the tutelage of an editorial and Georgian "we" Mrs. Woolf leads us (under the pretense of purchasing a lead pencil) out of our room where "we sit surrounded by objects which perpetually express the oddity of our temperaments" into the London streets to encounter a number of characters — the dwarf for instance, the two blindmen, the party in Mayfair, the quarrelers in the stationery store — and finally (after buying the pencil) back toward our homes pondering on "what greater delight and wonder can there be than to leave the straight lines of personality and deviate into those footpaths that lead beneath brambles and thick tree trunks into the heart of the forest where live those wild beasts, our fellow men?" This surely is not Mrs. Woolf of *Mrs. Dalloway* or *To the Lighthouse*. It is Mrs. Woolf using her Victorian inheritance in her own right. The essay is perfect as a preserved flower is perfect, yet is scarcely more than a finger-exercise in an art that was immensely moving to our parents.

This is equally true of the best of the two poems of the issue, Mr. Benét's *American Names*. It is a seven stanza variation of a theme expressible in a quatrain. The refreshing Yankeeism of the poem is clearly of surface only: its brittle stanza construction would scarcely carry the deeper emotive forces driving Americans home from exile on Mont Parnasse. That wine would require new bottles.

The value of the Yale Review, however, has been its consistent publication of the best of non-experimental writing — of writing generally accepted as good. It is marred slightly by the evident injustice done (by omission and commission) to Mr. MacLeish and Mr. Crane in one of its book reviews. A review by Mr. Wilder, *Pride of Intellect,* however, presents an interesting opinion upon Paul Valéry.

THE HOUND & HORN

A HARVARD MISCELLANY



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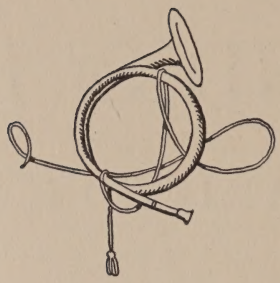

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Charles Hapgood is a junior in the college and has been active in the executive functions of the Liberal Club.

Frederick Lowell graduated in 1895 and lives in Concord. For the past few years he has devoted himself entirely to painting.

A. Everett Austin, Jr., graduated in 1925 and is at present acting director of the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford, Connecticut.

Fairfield Porter is a senior in the college. The water color of Chinon was painted last summer in Touraine, while The Study Window was the view from his last year's room at Harvard.

Roger Sessions graduated in 1915. At the present he is the holder of a Guggenheim fellowship and his first symphony was performed by Mr. Koussevitsky in Boston last winter.

THE
HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY
Vol. 1, No. 3 March, 1928

COMMENT

WITH the appearance elsewhere in this issue of the first half of Mr. Blackmur's essay on T. S. Eliot, THE HOUND & HORN inaugurates the series which was briefly announced in the previous number. The plan involves the publication of contemporary studies and collated bibliographies of the works of certain Harvard men who have achieved distinction in the field of letters during the last half-century. Besides Eliot, the list includes George Santayana, Henry James, Irving Babbitt, Henry Adams, and others. It is the hope of the editors that the studies may embody at once a gesture of homage from Harvard to Harvard's present great, an expression of admiration from graduates and undergraduates alike, and an attempt at an intelligent evaluation of the influence which these men have had on those who are in a sense common heirs of a common heritage.

THE HARVARD SERIES

* * *

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1888. He entered Harvard and became in his senior year class Odist and secretary of the *Advocate*. He graduated in

1910 as of the class of 1909, and took the degree of A.M. in 1911. Subsequently he studied at Merton College, Oxford, and at the Sorbonne. He has since lived in London, where he became master at the Highgate School and lecturer under both the Oxford and London University Extension Systems. In 1926 he delivered at Cambridge the Clark Lectures on Elizabethan dramatists. He has contributed to *Blast, Art and Letters,* the *Nation and Athenaeum,* the *Times Literary Supplement,* the *Saturday Review of Literature,* the *Tyro,* the *Dial,* and other periodicals. From 1917 to 1919 he was assistant editor of the *Egoist.* Since 1922 he has edited the *Criterion,* which has successively become the *New Criterion* and the *Monthly Criterion.* In its initial number appeared Eliot's own *Waste Land,* and in subsequent issues have followed Valéry's *Serpent,* critical studies by Herbert Read, Fernandez, Whibley, Jacques Rivière, Maritain, Julien Benda and Henri Massis. There have also been D. H. Lawrence's *Woman Who Rode Away,* and Scott-Moncrieff's translation of the *Death of Albertine.* The *Criterion* has maintained a high level of artistic integrity and has proved itself to be contemporary literature's most distinguished and able medium of expression. In that review Mr. Eliot has not only erected a solid edifice of critical standards which have been influential in moulding modern philosophical criticism, but under his guidance a great part of the important creative thinking of the last five years has been reflected.

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

T. S. ELIOT

WRITING on the Tudor translations of Seneca,[1] Mr. Eliot observes that "They represent the transformation of the older form of versification into the new — consequently the transformation of language and sensibility as well. Few things that can happen to a nation are more important than the invention of a new form of verse." A few phrases and he adds this sentence: "But the Elizabethan mind, far more than the contemporary mind in any country, grew and matured through its verse rather than through its prose." It is the possibilities and implications of these statements in connexion with Eliot's own verse that this essay wishes to rehearse; and it is the attitude of mind inherent in these statements that will be examined in the discussion of Eliot's criticism.

A change in sensibility is equivalent to a change in identity, a change in soul. Sensibility is the faculty, the working habit, of the intelligence, and as such is the stress and qualification of experience. To assert, as is here intended of T. S. Eliot, that one man's poetry and criticism have been instrumental in modifying sensibility is to ascribe a very great importance to that man. A statement so dogmatic, of a man still living and writing, cannot perhaps be supported by any argument save that one which is both indefensible and immitigable — the testimony of individual experience.

But other arguments occur, of which Mr. Eliot's own crit-

[1] Seneca. His Tenne Tragedies Translated into English. Edited by Thomas Newton, anno 1581. With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. London and New York, 1927. The reference is to pp. XLIX and L.

ical essays is the chief. For in Mr. Eliot's work the relation of poetry to criticism is not, as so often, perfunctory; rather the effect of the one is involved in the other; because the two forms of expression spring from the same experience, differently formulated and with different adjudications.

In another part of the essay on Seneca quoted above, Mr. Eliot remarks that the critic really interested in his subject will always attempt to connect everything past with all that is contemporary; seeing everything as present. And this statement is only another indication of the attitude suggested in the first quotation; the attitude from which poetry and its criticism are free and autonomous. And that autonomy may be defined as covering the whole territory of the intelligence; so that it is the peculiar business of poetry and the other arts to qualify with form and order so much of experience as can be made intelligible. It is notable that such an attitude establishes what poetry is not, more than it determines what it shall be. It is not thought, nor theology, nor science. What it is depends on the courage and genius of the practitioner, and on the nature of the sensibility which he creates or with which he is supplied. And what he creates will be largely in the collaboration which he compels on the past and on the present.

Our age decries the intelligence as it works in terms of poetry; giving all that is intelligible to science; and in some quarters even tries to force poetry to become scientific. Much of what we feel is in terms of what we vaguely call "science," and being *felt* in that realm persists in vagueness. Any effort towards defining those feelings in poetry — by the use of new forms, new manipulations of substance — is exceedingly im-

portant, and, if only the effort can be removed from the isolation of the very few, should have the enormous consequence of an adequate sensibility. This labour is Mr. Eliot's business; and there is none other so wholly devoted to it.

Poetry is various, like religion or philosophy; and all three claim a lien on reality. In the same sense that the validity of a philosophy or of a religion depends on its bias, the validity of poetry depends on the degree in which it lacks bias. That is, insomuch as the object is made present and *felt* in itself, the bias becomes negligible and disappears. It is the object more than the interpretation that counts; or in other words, by stretching language a little, the object is the interpretation: whatever, being perceived, is worked into a frame of words is at once object and interpretation. Hence poetry is either true, or aside from the possibility of truth in the dialectic kind; which position is more tenable is a matter of temperament for poet as well as critic. Poetry makes no assertions about its contents; it is them. At the other extreme, poetry may not deal with intuitions in their simplest state, as essences; because it would then deny itself, losing the principles of order and freedom. By elimination, I have been saying that poetry is moved by the intelligence primarily; and by the intelligence within limits which guarantee the greater freedom and variety, the more rigidly they have been defined. It may tend, however, towards either intuition or intellect, and will employ both faculties when grounded in or associated with intelligence. Mr. Eliot's poems are an extreme illustration of the presence of intelligence making good poetry, when if the accent had been shifted towards the pure tone of specious in-

tuition or towards the abstract schemes of the intellect, the same poems would have been bad poetry.

The *Waste Land* being presumably Eliot's most "ambitious" engine it is the most profitable example to analyze from this point of view. This is the point of view of the intelligence as it seizes the qualities of things — and thus something of their being — into an order and form which themselves so persist by the laws of contrast and context as to be, somehow, durable and sensible apart from their origins and apart from the poet who conceived them.

However clear the "structure," the scaffolding of this poem may have been in Eliot's mind, for us it need be only a vague presence, felt now and then as a pressure, a poise, or a pointing finger. Take for example the Tarot pack of cards, which contain in microcosm the cycle of any life. One word of their history is enough;[2] and the reader will be able to catch some-

[2] The Tarot cards are a considerable mystery — both as to their history and significance. They have a triple utility — as a game of chance, as a system of fortune telling among European gypsies, and as the outward index or set of emblems of a secret mystical philosophy of life. Mr. Eliot professes ignorance on these matters and uses them as a dramatic convenience. As to their interpretation, Mr. S. Foster Damon insists that all texts must be taken with a grain of salt. A complete pack consists of four suits and twenty-two trumps; and it is in the trumps only that the initiate finds the secret of life, the other cards being added for some games. The card that Mr. Eliot makes most use of is the twelfth trump, the hanged man, which is the most interesting of all. Mr. Damon says "He is hanging by one foot upside-down from a cross (his body forms a cross above a triangle); and this was a favorite symbolic posture of Blake's throughout his work." Mr. A. E. Waite in his *Pictorial Key to the Tarot* (London, 1911, p. 116), furnishes the following description: "The gallows from which he is suspended forms a *Tau* cross, while the figure — from the position of the legs — forms a fylfot cross. There is a nimbus about the head of the seeming martyr. It should be noted (1) that the tree of sacrifice is living wood, with leaves thereon; (2) that the face expresses deep enchantment; (3) that the figure, as a whole, suggests life in suspension, but life and not death." Mr. Eliot's Wheel is the Wheel of Fortune, the tenth trump. His one-eyed merchant is doubtless the Fool, trump zero. Those interested should consult Mr. Waite's book as above; Papus — *The Tarot of the Bohemians,* London, 1892, which has these italics on the title-page: *For the exclusive use of initiates;* and *Les Cartes à Jouer du XIV au XX siècle,* by d'Allemagne, Paris, 1906. All these have plentiful illustrations of the Tarot cards.

thing of the references to the various cards as they appear later in the poem. He must know that they were themselves a scheme to cover *any* life. But Mr. Eliot cannot content himself or his readers with giving the inference of an intellect or a certainty of the intuition. He presents a séance, Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante, had a wicked pack of cards, had a bad cold, was nevertheless the wisest woman in Europe. Madame speaks; it is true she speaks much less than one would like to hear, but enough to place her, to make her tangible, give her position as a myth: and the myth exerts, to the retentive mind, influence over the "structure" of the whole poem. But Madame is more than that; she is a compound of fraud, insight, and chicanery; she is a person; she is a contrast with Tiresias, and at once upholds him.

On the other hand, Tiresias does not at all depend on Madame Sosostris, or any one else, for the peculiar power of his being; he is the freest and most central figure in the poem. He is chosen primarily because the nature of his experience (which has left him "throbbing between two lives") makes him supremely the factor of intelligence, of consummate qualitative sensibility. He is the hero most appropriate to the spirit entered among the perilous experiments of the soul; which is precisely the spirit of this poem. Consider his attributes: he has the most intimate knowledge, by private comparison, of male and female love; he is blind; and he is that soothsayer with the fullest sanction of the gods. A man also who has walked among the lowest of the dead.

Leaving aside the possibility of Mr. Eliot himself being the dramatis persona, it is reasonable to assume the mask of

Tiresias being present at the doings of these verses and, by his presence as much as his comments upon them, holding them together. In other words, for the purposes of the poem, Eliot and Tiresias are identified, and are the sensibility of the poem.

There is a further, but subsidiary, analogue between Tiresias, the Fisher King, The Hanged God, and the (supposedly) drowned king in the quotations from the *Tempest*. By subsidiary I mean loose and obscure; something vaguely, nevertheless surely, apprehended — like the foreknowledge of rain, or dawn. Mr. Eliot, if I am not mistaken, has intentionally not distinguished too clearly between the disabled king, the wasteland, and the questing knight or hero of the Grail Legends, which he employs here; conceiving these perhaps as but analogues of the one soul. That is, the more the relation of the poem to the legend is considered, the more it appears that Mr. Eliot has purposely confused its elements; so that it becomes a constant ceremony of life and death, a "vegetation ritual"[3] of the soul in an agony of consciousness. The order is simultaneous in intention and only successive because of the exigencies of language. There is a constant attempt to heap everything up into one image, one feeling, one emotion, and sometimes one word.[4] The five parts into which the poem is enumerated are each the same thing essentially

[3] Objection has been made to the kind of anthropological material used in this poem, on the ground that the particular data employed is becoming rapidly "dated" and, therefore, vapid. To which the retort is that April will always be the cruelest month, Tiresias will always have foresuffered all; that the process of birth and life and death will always equip itself with ceremony and issue in symbol and ritual.

[4] As for example in lines 20-30, the image of the shadow under the red rock, and its company of death's rhetoric. It may be added in this reference that during the Aurignacian culture, kings were always buried under red rock, or lacking rock, *red clay*. Red was a general life-symbol (for which gold was a later analogue); so that its association with death is especially significant. See G. Elliot Smith's book on gold.

but with differing concrete forms. And each section separately subdivides itself into contrasted celebrations of the one theme.

This theme may be stated severally. Like the Tarot cards the poem is a mirror for any life; only it is a life posed dramatically in a series of events, not merely indicated in a scheme, either of cards or theology. The main idea, or attitude, is that found in the legend of the Holy Grail and in the story of Adonis. In a moment, a day, a season, or a generation, there is death and resurrection — for the spirit, the body, and the world about us; each cycle is complete. And each event in a given cycle implies its accompaniment: each looks into the heart of light: the silence. The terms or events of each is known multitudinously; many have been described in poetry and religion.

The story of the Grail, as Miss Weston expounds it in *From Ritual to Romance*, is simply such a cycle. There is a wasteland ruled by a debilitated and impotent king. Either the illness of the king wasted the land, or drought and war, in wasting the land, have affected the king. The young hero, by asking the right questions and performing the right deeds, becomes himself king and rejuvenates the land. The legend also involves the young hero in three sorts of initiation — into the origins of life, or sex, into the horrors of physical death, and into the consummation of life which is the knowledge of god. The king in certain forms of the legend is called the fisher king; fish and the act of fishing are very common and very ancient life-symbols, so that the fisher king would be king of life, and in fact a god. But a god who dies, replacing

himself with a new outward form. Like Adonis and Attis, of whom his myth is a later version, in his life, death, and reincarnation he repeats the drama of daily life and of the secret soul. He is especially important as a death-myth; hence his great usefulness in poetry. Death is the punctuation, perspective, and most excellent background for life: it is the most variously applicable myth, whether of a god or of the land, that man has made to set off and illustrate his thoughts and behaviour. It has the merit that under the right persuasion it is the most immediate and inexplicable or, on the other hand, the most objective and intelligible of all frames for the movement of things. As we are sentient, we are rank with death's weeds.

In Mr. Eliot's *Waste Land*, as in the original, the fisher king has considerable significance, influence, and direction. He is not so vivid nor so great a figure as Tiresias, but his presence is nevertheless constantly felt; though it is hard to say always where, since according to the appended note, all the men and women in the poem are one. There is a danger in too much precision in these matters; for example, any statement as to how much of the first half of Part V refers to Christ would be, without the author's corroboration, subject to error. Christ is only one of the slain gods, and all the slain gods are in some sense one. As has already been said the order of this poem is simultaneous in everything except fact.

Enough ought in a vague way to have been given of the kind of use to which Mr. Eliot has put anthropology and literature. He has imported figures from history and legend, has borrowed, giving them a new significance, many remark-

able lines from older poetry: not to make a picture of history or an outline of literature but to give point and form to an individual "experiment of the soul." A line of poetry or a figure from history is chosen to enforce again in a new context the whole area of feeling and experience to which it was, for those already familiar, the key. And proceeding a little the poem itself seizes a situation, is itself a key — to what, depends on the reader's knowledge and temper.

Keeping these considerations in mind and remembering the last phrase of the epigraph: "I wish to die," the *Waste Land* has as much of an explanation as a poem may require: which is not an explanation at all, but the appropriate group of facts and feelings existing in the plane of "thought" most nearly parallel to the plane of the poem. You can set up a sensibility for poetry, and you can create poetry as the object of sensibility, but you can explain neither: for both poetry and sensibility are the residua of qualities — a field where comparison may establish only the contrasting, and analysis isolate the individual; as in that other field we call real life. The rest, our fiction that we understand one another and one another's poetry, is convention; and convention when it is alive — that is to say, intelligent — is the most daring form the imagination takes.

It is worth repeating that the conventions of Mr. Eliot's poetry are extremely intelligent. The *Waste Land* is neither allegory nor metaphysics in verse, nor anything at all but poetry. There is hardly an "idea" in the poem; there are feelings and images, and there is the peculiar emotion produced by these. Mr. Eliot once wrote of Henry James in this ref-

erence that he had a mind so fine that no *idea* could penetrate it, and he has recently, in a paper on Ezra Pound, spoken of images which combined a maximum of concreteness with an almost infinite suggestion. These two phrases indicate, perhaps, how the mind acts as it is intent on poetry: it may employ any other faculties you choose to mention in different realms, but it is roughly limited in poetry to something covered by these two phrases. It is the action, to repeat, of the intelligence as opposed to the intellect and to simple intuition.

It is not at all meant to imply that the intelligence will not deal with the abstract or the immediate as its material; only that it will always put the immediate in order and qualify the abstract. Further these categories are not, for the purposes of poetry, entirely distinct; things normally, that is typically, abstract may by their occasion be wholly intelligible: as the abstract ideas of love in Crashaw's *Hymn to St. Teresa,* or Keats' *Nightingale.* At the other pole, phenomena as immediate as sunshine may have the *quality* of an eternal idea. It depends wholly upon the occasion and how the data are seized. The richness of a poet is measured by the variety of the material he makes vividly intelligible; is measured in other words by the degree in which his sensibility covers the material that interests him, the degree in which the poetry is equivalent to the material.

Let us take five of Mr. Eliot's poems; examining them from this angle: *What the Thunder Said* (*Waste Land V*); *Gerontion; Hollow Men; Whispers of Immortality;* and *Prufrock,* these being as different from one another as Mr. Eliot's poems ever are.

The section of the *Waste Land* is in a way the easiest to handle because it is the most complicated; has the most nameable parts, each involving or overlapping the other. There is no "story" in any of Eliot's work and here less than anywhere. That is to say: nothing happens: a position, an emotion is defined, as has been said several times, in terms of certain images. Some images are facts about things, some are feelings; others are possibilities of fact or soul. All are such as can exist nowhere but in poetry, in the particular poem being read.

What the Thunder Said opens with a set of images and feelings suggested by the crucifixion of Christ in the minds of two of His disciples setting off for Emmaus on the day of the resurrection. Observe that neither Jesus, his death, or promised resurrection, is once mentioned as such. Instead there is "the torchlight red on sweaty faces" and "reverberation of thunders of spring over distant mountains." Which phrases are intended to convey much more appropriate feelings and to result much more in the right emotion than at this late day would a literal recounting of names and events; so that a general emotion, which is vague, is escaped and a particular group of feelings, which may prove "universal," is defined. Not the experience is individual, for that would be incommunicable, but the medium of experience.

Christ had not previously appeared in the poem; hence to place him there is an immediate alignment or merging of his figure with the motif of "the freeing of the waters,"[5] or resurrection of the dead land, hitherto treated variously in the

[5] See J. L. Weston: *Ritual and Romance:* Chapter on Freeing of the Waters.

poem. The notion being that the freeing of the waters is analogous to the resurrection of Christ, and having the advantage also of being the oldest recorded ritual of re-birth vegetation. Here again the images introduced are particular, are "imaginative"; as witness:

"But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop."

After this appears the ghost, "the third who walks always beside you, gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded." This is at once Christ, and, presumably, Tiresias, and the Hanged God.

Next there is set up the image of a possible feeling; namely that of the cycle of cities, which is powerful because of its context, and because it covers a great stretch of time. The city over the mountains — perhaps the image of all possible cities —

"Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal."

Similarly "unreal" is the woman in the following interlude who

"drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings."

The woman is the same as in the first and second sections; she has also a likeness to the woman in *La Figlia che Piange.*

The passage about the Cemetery Perilous and the Chapel

Perilous is again in the mountains; and after the reference to the initiation by death we have a "damp gust bringing rain." In this passage more than any other in the poem, the uninstructed reader would be at a loss. The atmosphere is not presented, except by a previous knowledge of the ceremony; nor, without such knowledge, does the passage fit into the poem. That the first and last lines form transition or connecting links is not enough. The symbolic possibilities of the chapel, the wind, the bones and the cock are too various: they should have been more definite, not perhaps in themselves but by reinforcement, with the purpose of making them intelligible.

The remainder of the poem proper is Mr. Eliot's version of the fable of what the thunder said. Here there are no difficulties of apprehension, nor of reference, nor of context; only the inherent difficulty of the most excellent poetry. There is a sureness, a necessity, in these lines that make them the extreme articulation of the deepest honesty. Stripped of the "poetry" there remain only three simple statements about human life. What one gives or surrenders can never be returned. The mind creates the world it knows and is prisoned in it. Order and control are the principles of wisdom, or happiness, or success. These are familiar enough observations to be quite pointless. But because they are felt and situated and made wholly intelligible concrete instances of themselves — they present a personality in the terrors of contact and of isolation, and, alternatively, are graced by the dream of communion.[6] The feelings aroused and suggested by these lines form

[6] Another translation or interpretation of this passage would put the matter thus. God speaks in the thunder: "Da Datta." And the rest is man's answer to the God. The line "What have we given?" becomes then a rhetorical question, even an "irony." God is given back His thunder with vengeance.

individual emotions which do not possess names or bounding lines as do the terms "love" and "hate" for example; but they have a symbolic quality which is, though not in any frame of words, far more definite. This is a very desirable quality in poetry; because it is only poetry — and the other arts — that may possess it; and because it is a quality come by only after so great labor that but few poets have ever understood what a privilege might be taken.

For the rest, Mr. Eliot heaps up eleven lines — images, feelings — each having a bearing on the entire poem, each a key to the whole, each the sum and articulation of much experience. The lines are disjunct, disparate, dissociate; and gain their power so. I quote the three having the most obvious meaning without their context.

"Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down
These fragments I have shored against my ruins."

It may occur to some that much of what has been said here has very little to do with Eliot's poems and even less with the criticism of them; and none is more confused on this matter than myself. What seems important is — to expose sufficient of the data and methods of these poems to suggest, since it is impossible to define, the new way of feeling, the new forms for the combination of feelings of which Mr. Eliot is the creator. It is the question of sensibility which was raised in Mr. Eliot's own words in the first paragraph of this paper; and I think no one will disagree with me as to its importance; for a sensibility may be a general as well as a private possession. Its construction is not the work of an individual; only

its particular application and tone. Its use requires that it be understood and in a sense duplicated or incorporated in other minds. However fatal the essential character of a given sensibility may be, it is largely accidental so far as the consciousness is concerned. It is therefore liable to many failures at either of two extremes. It may be too personal, meeting the material too much in the private mind of the poet; or it may not control the material, may not qualify it personally enough.

The poem *Gerontion* is an example of an exceedingly interesting poem that fails in the issue of sensibility. Obviously exciting and pungent, it is not wholly intelligible. It may be that it needs the sort of key supplied by the notes to the *Waste Land;* but I think rather the failure is due to the fact that the material of the poem is intractable in the form chosen. There seem to be opposed two themes upon which it is intended that the body of the poem shall be hung, shall be manifested. One theme is continued in the very complex feeling about old age and the idea of old age as these are a condition of the spirit or temperament rather than strictly of the body. The title means the power of oldness, its essence. And the epigraph, taken from *Measure for Measure*, reads,

> "Thou hast nor youth nor age
> But as it were an after dinner sleep
> Dreaming of both;"

and continues in the play thus:

> "for all thy blessed youth
> Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
> of palsied eld."

This contrasted theme is given in the lines:

"In the juvescence of the year
Came Christ the tiger
In depraved May, dogwood and chestnut, flowering judas,
To be eaten, to be divided, to be drunk
Among whispers."

And these two themes are the poles of consciousness in the mind of the "old man" of the poem — the old man who is at once an individual, a person, and "gerontion" itself. It is a kind of Tiresias again; only without the "wrinkled, female breasts." I mean he is an ideal figure self-seen, self-dramatised in a series of rapid, penetrating statements. Separately each statement is intelligible and sums a position in the drama. But the material *between* the statements is not always forced into being; and several times the reader finds his breath inexplicably cut short. There is verisimilitude, there are simulacra, because of the intensity, the ferocity, with which each statement is made, because of the verbal finish, the blank-verse finality of the phrasing.

"I that was near your heart was removed therefrom
To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition.
I have lost my passion: why should I need to keep it
Since what is kept must be adulterated?"

But there is another labor which has not been accomplished; and it is a formal labor. The intellectual structure of the poem, the scheme which can be formularized, is simple and clear: but the dramatic body is crippled. Emotional unity is not accomplished, not articulated. There is a feeling of a buried unity, and of a struggle for an apparent unity; but

there is no complete apparition. It is not enough for the poem to end with the phrase:

"Tenants of the house,
Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season."

The phrase should previously have been made good to an extent which would have made it superfluous and at most a fitting rhetorical gesture. The poem was an experiment on form as well as content; and the difficulty was experimental also: to find a dramatic form equivalent to the intellectual. This was not secured; and the ultimately fragmentary, disjunct character of the poem is due to the fact that in the transitions — not the transitions between lines but those between feelings — there is several times a lapse in dramatic form: so that there is material without — so far as this is possible — any form at all. And this is a failure of sensibility at one of the extremes mentioned before: that it does not control the material, does not qualify it personally enough.

The Hollow Men, on the other hand, is a complete success: and if some might complain it would be at the other extreme— that the experience is tempered too much to the author's intimate feelings. Understanding, that is, in this case may depend on instinctive sympathy — a matter which cannot be argued. The form of this poem is Mr. Eliot's own just as much as that of *Gerontion* or the *Waste Land;* technically is much more his than the other poems — the parallel phrase, the delayed rhyme, and the assonance are combined in a vocabulary of which the tone (not the words) is unusual and in itself startling. The symbolism of the poem is within the words themselves and needs only inspection. Words are so deposit-

ed, so poised, as to accelerate themselves; and in the rhymes of the second section very remarkably echo or carry over the *meanings* of the words to which the rhymes revert.

The technical structure of the *Hollow Men* is in itself complete and firm enough to be a fertile vehicle, as a model structure, for other poems. The structure here exhausts its given subject, but is by its very success an implication of infinite possibilities. Although the structure cannot be explained in words, it can, like its special content, be seized by the acute intelligence and the attentive ear; it alters and adds to the general body of poetry.

For the rest, each short line is loaded, by the process of imagination behind the words, with the extreme of palpable content. The lines are solid and are meant, like the phrases of the mass, to carry an immitigable potency. They are put together as a ritual to be rehearsed over and again. They are dramatic: they are feelings in action — not ever to be misunderstood as comment or history but to be conceived as the naked experience of the soul.

This effect depends on the convention of the verse used as much as on the matter the convention covers. The development of sensibility does not involve adherence to any particular form of verse; neither free verse, nor blank verse, nor rhymed verse, nor bastard verse, nor any sort of verse except in the particular poem. But, variously, the forms of verse employed are much more definite, much more conventionalised than they appear. Aside from the technical interest of the poet in virtuosity or experiment, a "form" of verse such as the sonnet or the heroic couplet, has this interest: that it often suggests and sometimes

imposes the form of the content, the nature of the feelings, the character of the thought that makes it a poem. It is obvious, for example, that the Elizabethan sonnet and the Elizabethan tragedy were modes and orders for things as well as words; and once we have learned what these modes are we know what to expect they will contain. They become a quality of experience; and a quality which may be introduced into and modify the presentation of any new experience in poetry. It is in this sense that a form of verse is most important as a convention. Conventions of this order may be learned and are the intimate structure of the process of thinking with the feelings; and these are the terms in which emotion is defined.

So with Mr. Eliot's poems. Both the metrical and the dramatic forms of the verse he uses are a distinct qualification of his material. The Sweeney poems and *Whispers of Immortality* provide, among other things, a finished mode of feeling in poetry: a mode which can be adapted to the purposes of other poets. Even truer is this of *The Hollow Men*, and the recent *Salutation*.

It is equally true that these modes of feeling are not of an immaculate conception, but are to be construed with already existing intelligence, that is with the body of literature. The quatrains of the Sweeney poems have a relation to the work of Marvell, Donne,[7] Dryden. The feeling in them has also a relation to the modes of feeling in the later Marlowe, in Webster, Dante, and Shakespeare. Readers of the *Jew of Malta*, the *Duchess of Malfi*, and the *Divine Comedy* will

[7] On Eliot's relation to Donne there is an interesting paper, to which I am indebted for some part of the following observations, by George Williamson, called *The Talent of T. S. Eliot*, and published in the *Sewanee Review*. I am unable to give the exact date.

catch the incidence of image and contrast, and will understand their reasons for existence, better than those not so acquainted. Likewise, Tudor and Jacobean poetry in general will explain the kind of exaggeration, the kind of rhetorical stress, the kind of ferocious humor, and above all the kind of self-dramatisation in these poems. Also the "tough reasonableness" in *Gerontion*, *Prufrock*, and certain of the shorter poems can be found in *The Coy Mistress* or in the *Poetaster*. Mr. Eliot's essays on Jonson, Marlowe, Marvell, Dryden should be read in this connection. The surface world of Jonson, the farce of Marlowe, the seriousness of Marvell, and the wit of Dryden as these phrases have meaning in the context of Mr. Eliot's essays suggest the nature of what Mr. Eliot does in his own poems; and this essay confesses a considerable debt to the points Mr. Eliot has made about others.

Consider *The Coy Mistress* over against *The Cooking Egg* or *Conversation Galante*. There is a slightness of surface, almost a frivolousness of image and conceit, in the poems of both authors which seems hardly sufficient to hold the feeling under the surface in its place. Hence certain lines acquire a kind of breathless density of texture. The feeling is made final but utterly precarious. The form lends a gaiety and rush to the movement; the form accents, sets off the material as well as molds it. This is wit at the height of seriousness; and what requires emphasis here is that the wit more than the metre is the form.

This sort of observation might be continued interminably: to include the uses to which Mr. Eliot has put the Neo-Platonists, the scholastics, and the works of certain contemporaries

in anthropology, biology, psychology, and philosophy: and to but one purpose. Namely, to show Mr. Eliot at the business of unifying his sensibility. The idea of a poet being, among other things, the idea of an intelligent mind working freely over its experience, then his chief labor aside from his actual verses will be in the unification of the parts of that experience. We are aware of more kinds of facts and of more sets within the kinds than any past age; and the responsible poet will be anxious to consolidate the sense of all these kinds from the point of view of the intelligence. The weight of all his knowledge will be present in his poetry as an autonomous whole.

It may seem a far cry, but consider *Whispers of Immortality*, a poem which betrays a very complex mind assiduously devoted to just this labor of unifying the sensibility as it plays over the whole body of knowledge. By being concerned exclusively with the object — in this case a group of feelings about the way we know things, to put it very generally — an originality is obtained quite different from and superior, in kind, to the type of originality found say in Whitman; where this is so much ignorance on the poet's part that the object is never received — is rather lost in the rush of circumstance and sensation. Originality may not have a strong obvious connection with sensibility or various knowledge; but the more a poet knows of what can be known, of what "every one" knows, the more original he will be. It might be posed as a sort of statistical law that the degree of interesting originality will depend on the degree in which the object under prehension is common, familiar, isolated, and in the degree in

which the poet is not "personally" concerned in the object. Except *as poet*, the poet need not be individual or original; nor, except *as poetry* need be his object. If the process, which is the poet, and the frame, which is the verse, combine on the object — then the result will be as original and as individual as necessary. If the process, the frame in words, or the object, were unique the poem would be wayward and pure solipsism. And as such it would be unapprehensible; or if by luck apprehensible — so only as perverse ingenuity. Yet the poem, if it is a good one, such as this one, must be itself unique; and will be so always, provided only that the sensibility and the frame employed are appropriate. These are appropriate when they incorporate the quality of the object in the total sensibility; they are inappropriate when they supply the deficiencies of the intelligence with loose or specious invention. Logic will not measure propriety, for the love of novelties is instinctive and incommensurate. Measurement and definition, as in morals and other modes of taste, require the whole intelligence; when it is autonomous.

Returning to the Sweeney poems, it is notable that each of these poems is made of two or more sets of contrasted images which are combined so as to produce something that was in neither. The contrast is in each case sharp or violent, and is yet by the force of the poem no contrast at all but a kind of identification. This identification, this startling image, as it appears in the reader's mind, is the poem. It is almost a formula: Sweeney and Agamemnon; Grishkin and Donne — all "expert beyond experience." But not quite; what remains outside the formula is the necessity of making the opposition

itself, as well as the images opposed, intelligible; and I do not think there are any more particular words for this principle than those which indicate its existence:

"Donne, I suppose, was such another
Who found no substitute for sense;
To seize and clutch and penetrate,
Expert beyond experience,

He knew the anguish of the marrow
The ague of the skeleton;
No contact possible to flesh
Allayed the fever of the bone."

These lines with their subsequent accompaniment — Grishkin of the Russian eye, the friendly bust, and the feline smell in a drawing room — are not literary criticism and sociological comment; are not a contrast of types, or an expression of morbid moral fervour. They are a train of facts, the passage of which stirs up certain feelings. Or if you like they are conceits about facts of observation. They are almost concepts of facts, of an intrinsically abstract condition issuing in gestures of an abstract, conceptual character. And those gestures witness the last line of the epigraph.

"Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo."

And it is their reverberation that we hear as *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock.* We are given considerable information about the odds and ends that make up Prufrock's life, and when enough of them have been put together, Prufrock makes a gesture. And every gesture except the last has a curious self-mockery which is peculiarly Mr. Eliot's own; it

is the hero cheering himself down, so to speak. The uneasiness of the extremely honest soul facing a highly dramatised version of its fate is bound to be either caught in the grand manner, or else beholds itself with a mockery which itself creates a world. The grand manner is not for us; except as a trick, a convention consciously distorted into something else. Our grand manner is the simple statement — such as the whole plaintive and delicate poem — *La Figlia che Piange;* or such as these lines from the *Hollow Men:*

"Is it like this
In death's other kingdom
Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone."

or these, from the *Waste Land:*

"My friend, blood shaking my heart,
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract."

But the "cynicism," the self-mockery of poems such as *Prufrock* is equally notable. It is more difficult to isolate for quotation; it is more in the tone, in the intense levity of feeling (a phrase Eliot once applied to Catullus) which suffuses the poem.

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;

But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald)
brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet — and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat,
and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

I grow old . . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Almost immediately after which last comes, as a very lovely and astonishing surprise, the well-known passage about the mermaids. And half its loveliness depends, perhaps, upon its quality of surprise. The reality of each sort of verse is mutually guaranteed. To explain the success of either is difficult; but consider the associations of the words *footman* and *mermaids*.

These associations and others of a similar kind as they rise from the conceits, positions, and gestures with which Prufrock supplies us measure and define the emotion which is the poem. But this, like all the emotions of art, cannot be re-defined in logical language. When a work has a plot or revolves upon a particular series of events, and we describe these, we sometimes think we have defined the emotion. We have really been indicative only of numerous possible emotions, and have touched nothing of the substance of the work. The more articulate that substance is made, the more indefinable, ex-

cept by analogy, it becomes; because it is the more individual, the more qualified — the more it is *itself*. If we persist in further definition, we are either killing death, or defining something different from the object, an abstract or schematic illustration of it.

T. S. Eliot occupies a position in the body of poetry which may be the more limited the more his relations are observed, but which will not be diminished, nor be well lost sight of. The taste for his poetry may be rare; but it is perennial — from moment to moment, and no doubt from age to age.

Great subtlety of feeling and bottomless honesty of insight into feeling may make a remarkable philosopher or a true poet, depending on the terms in which experience informs the intelligence. In either case, finally, the merit, and the truth, is the same. Mr. Eliot is a poet; and to describe his poetry there is a good phrase in Santayana. Life seen in immediacy is comedy, in perspective is tragedy, and in essence is lyric. The great feat and peculiar quality of these poems is that they present certain perspectives of the soul with the comic force of the immediate. That is why his levity is intense and his ritual dramatic.[8]

But this would not be true were it not for another quality which his poems possess — that is their astonishing purity — their extreme fidelity to poetry and intelligence. The reason

[8] Mr. Eliot published in two numbers of *The New Criterion* portions of a play, or Agon, which carry this quality further towards the serious farce than do any of his poems. One is reminded of the remarks in his essay on Marlowe relative to the virtues of farce. Not much can be said of the fragments except that they are highly interesting and intensely amusing. The versification is colloquial, hard-boiled, and the lines issue from a definite formal paraphernalia very much Eliot's own. The verse construction is easy and simple to catch, and ought to fit a variety of subjects. But there is not yet enough to judge.

Mr. Eliot leaves aside English poetry since the Restoration is that its inspiration is impure, and its movement in a sense undirected and wayward; its emotions not founded on the facts of feeling exclusively. The pure intelligence went, in letters, to the novel, and elsewhere to science.

That Mr. Eliot is a "classical" poet is obvious. The extraneous, the irrelevant — all the fraud of false invention — these are lacking. The limits have been designed perfectly for each poem, and are not the limits of competence but of mastery. And this is what limits Eliot himself; he has perhaps not risked failure enough. He has devised too economical a perfection, set himself limits too much within his means, and has never yet stretched his sensibility to its utmost. It is no apology for Eliot but an indictment of the times, to insist this may well be the fault of an age which leaves almost all the work to the poet. There is nothing rarer than the kind of intelligence to which Mr. Eliot continually testifies, and its full testimony would require only a set of conventions already existing to hold the qualities of things when they were discovered. And that this ages does not provide.

"Faun's flesh is not to us,
Nor the saint's vision;
We have the press for wafer,
The franchise for circumcision."

(*to be concluded*)

R. P. Blackmur

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

I 1917 PRUFROCK | AND | OTHER OBSERVATIONS | BY T. S. ELIOT | THE EGOIST LTD | OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET | LONDON | 1917

COLLATION: 12.5 x 18.5 cm. Pp. 40, consisting of fore-title, verso blank (pp. [1]-[2]); title, verso printer's notice (pp. [3]-[4]); dedication: TO | JEAN VERDENAL | 1889-1915, verso acknowledgment to periodicals (pp. [5]-[6]); table of contents, verso blank (pp. [7]-[8]); text (pp. 9-40). Signatures: [A] four leaves, B and C eight leaves. All edges trimmed.

BINDING: Bound in heavy buff paper. Printed in black on front cover: PRUFROCK | T. S. ELIOT.

NOTES: Contains the following poems:

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock
Portrait of a Lady
Preludes
Rhapsody on a Windy Night
Morning at the Window
The Boston Evening Transcript
Aunt Helen
Cousin Nancy
Mr. Apollinax
Hysteria
Conversation Galante
La Figlia Che Piange

II 1917 EZRA POUND | HIS METRIC AND POETRY | NEW YORK - ALFRED A. KNOPF - 1917

COLLATION: 12.5 x 20 cm. Pp. 32, consisting of title, verso list of books by Pound and copyright notice (pp. [1]-[2]); text (pp. 3-28); bibliography of books and partial bibliogra-

ERRATA

First two lines of Item IV, page 215, should read thus:

IV 1919 *Ara Vus Prec* | *by* | *T. S. Eliot* | (small cut of Wadsworth's colophon design) | THE OVID PRESS

phy of notable critical articles by Ezra Pound (pp. 29-31); blank (pg. [32]). Inserted opposite the title-page is a half-tone reproduction of a drawing of Ezra Pound by Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. All edges trimmed.

BINDING: Light red boards. Lettered in gold on front cover: EZRA POUND | HIS METRIC AND POETRY. White end-papers.

NOTE: This volume was published anonymously.

III 1919 POEMS | BY | T. S. ELIOT | *Printed & Published by L. & V. Woolf* | *at* THE HOGARTH PRESS, *Hogarth House, Richmond* | 1919

COLLATION: 14.5 x 22.5 cm. Pp. 16, unnumbered, consisting of blanks (pp. [1]-[2]); title, verso blank (pp. [3]-[4]); text (pp. [5]-[15]); blank (pg. [16]). Untrimmed.

BINDING: Bound in grey figured wall-paper with outer surface turned in and the reverse marbled with red, yellow, green and black water-colors. On the front cover is a white paper label printed in red: POEMS | T. S. ELIOT.

NOTES: Contains the following poems:

Sweeney Among the Nightingales
Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service
Whispers of Immortality
Le Spectateur
Melange Adultère de Tout
Lune de Miel

IV 1919 ARA VUS PREC | BY | T. S. ELIOT | (small cut of Wadsworth's colophon design) | THE OVID PRESS

COLLATION: 22.5 x 28.5 cm. Pp. iv+60, consisting of blanks (pp. [i]-[iv]); fore-title, verso blank (pp. [1]-[2]); title, verso blank (pp. [3]-[4]); four line quotation in Italian from Dante, verso blank (pp. [5]-[6]); blanks (pp. [7]-[8]); table of contents, verso: THIS IS NO..... (pp. [9]-[10]); text (pp. 11-54); colophon, containing publisher's notice and a reproduction of Wadsworth's colophon design, verso blank (pp. [55]-[56]); blanks (pp. [57]-[60]). Signatures: [A], B, [C], [D], E-G eight leaves. Untrimmed.

BINDING: Black cloth, with a yellow cloth back. On spine

there is a white paper label printed upward in black: ARA VOS PREC T. S. ELIOT. Black end papers.

NOTES: Although dated 1919, the volume was actually issued in February, 1920. The autographed copies bear the signature of John Rodker both on pg. [9] and on pg. [55]. The spelling *vus* is consistent throughout the book, but is changed to *vos* on the label. According to the publisher's notice on pg. [55]: THIS EDITION OF 264 COPIES IS THE FIRST BOOK | PRINTED BY JOHN RODKER AND WAS COMPLETED | DEC: 10TH. 1919. | OF THE EDITION:— | 10 *Copies unnumbered are for review.* | 4 *Copies on Japan Vellum numbered* 1-4 *& not for sale.* | 30 *Signed Copies numbered* 5-34 | 220 *Copies numbered* 35-255 | *The Initials & Colophon by E. A. Wadsworth.*

Contains the following poems:

Gerontion
Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar
Sweeney among the Nightingales
Sweeney Erect
Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service
Whispers of Immortality
The Hippopotamus
A Cooking Egg
Lune de Miel
Dans le Restaurant
Le Spectateur
Melange Adultere de Tout
Ode
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock
Portrait of a Lady
Prelude
Rhapsody on a Windy Night
Morning at the Window
Conversation Galante
Aunt Helen
Cousin Nancy
Mr. Appolinax (Apollinax)
The Boston Evening *Transcript*
La Figlia Che Piange

V 1920 POEMS | *by* T. S. ELIOT | (publisher's device) | NEW YORK | ALFRED A. KNOPF | 1920

COLLATION: 13 x 19 cm. Pp. 64, consisting of fore-title, verso publisher's advertisement (pp. [1]-[2]); title, verso copyright and printer's notices (pp. [3]-[4]); dedication: TO | JEAN VERDENAL | 1889-1915, verso blank (pp. [5]-[6]); acknowledgment to periodicals, verso blank (pp. [7]-[8]); table of contents, verso blank (pp. [9]-[10]);

half-title, verso blank (pp. [11]-[12]); text (pp. 13-63); blank (pg. [64]). Trimmed at top.

BINDING: Tan boards. Lettered in brown on front cover: POEMS | *by* T. S. ELIOT; in brown downward on spine: POEMS BY T. S. ELIOT. There is a border of a single brown line around front cover. Top stained brown. White end-papers.

NOTES: This edition was reissued from new plates in 1927; bound in boards covered with decorative papers of varying design, and with a blue cloth back lettered in gold: POEMS | T. S. ELIOT | ALFRED A. | KNOPF.

Contains the following poems:

Gerontion
Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar
Sweeney Erect
A Cooking Egg
Le Directeur
Mélange adultère de tout
Lune de Miel
The Hippopotamus
Dans le Restaurant
Whispers of Immortality
Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service
Sweeney Among the Nightingales
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock
Portrait of a Lady
Preludes
Rhapsody on a Windy Night
Morning at the Window
The Boston Evening *Transcript*
Aunt Helen
Cousin Nancy
Mr. Apollinax
Hysteria
Conversation Galante
La Figlia Che Piange

VI 1920 THE SACRED WOOD | ESSAYS ON POETRY AND CRITICISM | BY | T. S. ELIOT | METHUEN & CO. LTD. | 36 ESSEX STREET W. C. | LONDON

COLLATION: 10.5 x 17 cm. Pp. xx+156, consisting of fore-title, verso seven line quotation in Latin from Petronius and one line quotation in English (pp. [i]-[ii]); title, verso: *First published in* 1920 (pp. [iii]-[iv]); dedication: FOR |

H. W. E. | "TACUIT ET FECIT," verso blank (pp. [v]-[vi]); author's note, verso blank (pp. vii-[viii]); introduction (pp. ix-xv); blank (pg. [xvi]); table of contents (pp. xvii-xviii); half-title, verso blank (pp. [xix]-[xx]); text (pp. 1-155); printer's notice (pg. [156]). Signatures: [a] four leaves, b, A-I, K eight leaves. All edges trimmed.

BINDING: Blue cloth. Lettered in blind-stamp on front cover: THE SACRED | WOOD | T. S. ELIOT; in gold on spine: THE | SACRED | WOOD | T. S. | ELIOT | METHUEN. There is a border of a blind-stamped line around front cover, and three gold lines enclose the spine at top and bottom. White end-papers.

NOTES: There is also an American edition of this book imported and published in 1921 by Alfred A. Knopf, New York: the editions are identical except for the publisher's imprint.

Contains the following essays:

The Perfect Critic
Imperfect Critics
- Swinburne as Critic
- A Romantic Aristocrat
- The Local Flavour
- A Note on the American Critic
- The French Intelligence

Tradition and the Individual Talent
The Possibility of a Poetic Drama
Euripides and Professor Murray
Rhetoric and Poetic Drama
Notes on the Blank Verse of Christopher Marlowe
Hamlet and his Problems
Ben Jonson
Philip Massinger
Swinburne as Poet
Blake
Dante

(to be concluded)

VARIAN FRY

NOTION OF IMMORTALITY

TEN stories up I was. I stood
On a brown painted sill of wood,
While pink and white below me flew
The large bats of Fifth Avenue.
Male and female bats there were,
With rhododendrons in their hair;
And up and down they moved in herds,
And did not question afterwards
If, in the livid air they beat,
A stranger bird called Paraclete
Left a silver trail behind
The wakes of their disgusting wind.

Pink and white they flew, and I
Stared up above them at the sky,
Thinking in comfortable fashion
Their passion was not my passion;
When all at once the sill gave way,
And with a lurching, leaden sway,
Down through the fetid air I fell
Like Satan to his home of hell.
But since above the boiling street,
The air was thick with bats, my feet
Slid past, on either side, the neck
Of a white bat, and thus my wreck
Avoided, and my body whole,
I rode a bat to purge my soul.
He was stolid as a stone;

And his slow wings kept flapping on,
Met with a clang above my head,
And plowed the air unworrièd.

He held a discourse with his mate;
And while he spoke, his lauriate
Crown of rhododendrons nodded,
As through the heavy air he plodded.
"I saw Aquinas yesterday;
He had returned from Uraguay,
Where he had just succeeded in
Making mandrakes out of tin.
He showed me one that he'd brought here
Which made all sinners squirm with fear
By shouting in a tinny voice
'Emmanuel is come. Rejoice!' "

There was a bat kept pace with us,
Whose leather was all glamorous
In many varied hues of pink,
"And did our friend Aquinas think
That having made a mandrake speak
He need not fast in Holy Week?"
"He did not say. But I could see
That when he thought of Calvary,
He would have liked to stretch his hands,
And wait for those to come in bands
Who heavy laden were, that they
Not with, but unto him might pray.
But speaking of the burdened, why

Do my wings flap so heavily?
I scarcely hear the clang they make."
At which I trembled, lest he shake
His burden down to where the street
Gurgled and bubbled from the heat.
His mate turned round her wrinkled head,
And looked at me and then she said
"There's nothing there." And as she spoke,
One heavy, leaden eyelid woke
Within its bed of gleaming pink,
And with it she gave me a wink.

And then my skin grew cold, for I
Had seen within that winking eye
The nightmare of eternity.
I saw within her eye a bat,
Like her whom I was looking at,
Who built upon a cedar tree
A nest made of mahogany.
And as I watched, the bat conceived
And bore the sun, whose shell was leaved
With little licking plumes of fire.
I saw the cedar tree expire;
And from the sun an earth fall down,
And its red plumage cool to brown.
And countless vegetable bats
Grew from the cold granite slats
Of hardened fire; and then these
Built other nests in other trees,
And there instead of little ones

Were hatched a multitude of suns,
Flaming, like their red grand-sire,
With leaping overcoats of fire.
And then from out each one of these
Dropped an earth with cedar trees,
Where bats laid eggs which burned to suns,
And in their turn bred little ones.

This endless process all I saw
Within the pink bat's eye. The raw
Horror of the vision there
Made me clutch for cold despair
At the polished leather skin
Of him who bore my weight of sin.
"O Holy Ones," I cried aloud,
"You who saw God in a cloud
And were not frightened at the sight,
Help me keep my wits aright
That I may face eternity
Without the mind's insanity."
There came a gold flash through the air;
A burning streak cut the thick layer
Of tarlike smoke. I heard a voice
Which said "O Israel, rejoice!
For he is come, Emmanuel."
I looked up through the air of hell,
And saw above me in the smoke
The one of whom my guardian spoke,
Aquinas, riding on a dove
All golden, and while he above

My craning head beat golden wings,
And whirled the smoke away in rings,
Hovering slowly to a stand,
His rider held within his hand
A mandrake made of tin, whose voice
Kept saying "Israel, rejoice!"

And then Aquinas spoke; he said
"So you too are among the dead.
But yours a different punishment
Than was my disillusionment.
You had no mandate against sin,
And to no kingdom entered in,
While I at least believed in this."
He touched his bird. "So I have bliss
Compared to that which you endure.
I heard your cry. I was not sure
But that some fellow Christian was
No longer duped by Santa Claus,
And thus aware of truth, like me,
Would joyfully arise to be
Above this tar and misery.
But since I'm wrong, good-bye," he said,
"I wish you joy of the bats." His head
Jerked back; a flash and he was gone.
The bats flapped slowly up and down,
Their wings clanged bell-like when they met,
And straight ahead their eyes were set.

And on my bat I rode, until
Were paralyzed my mind and will,

And I no longer rode that track
But lay at ease upon my back;
And in my thought I saw my eyes
Sink in my head and melt like ice:
I saw the solid flesh decay,
And into rivers flow away;
I felt the bones prick through the skin,
The boards give way, cool earth fall in.
And I became the nutriment
Of April violets, whose scent
Is signal for all birds to sing,
And resurrection of the spring.
And seeing this I knew there flew
With me above the avenue
Among the bats' eternal beat
A stranger bird called Paraclete
Who left a silver trail behind
The wakes of their disgusting wind.

THEODORE SPENCER

FOG

SOON they heard a foghorn, far off. They sat up and listened. It blew at intervals for twenty minutes or half an hour, and then ceased. It had not seemed to approach; doubtless its course had passed five miles beyond. But they listened intently. Two or three time a horn sounded close at hand to one on board but not to the others. Once Channing saw the outlines of a ship rushing upon them through the fog, only to find his eyes had betrayed him.

Suddenly there was an unmistakable sound: a foghorn blew near by. They all jumped to their feet, anxious to catch a glimpse of the ship. Momentarily they expected to see her emerge from the enclosing veil, bearing down on them. The dinghy was drawn up along side in readiness for flight.

For a number of moments silence pressed upon them, then was shattered by the boat's whistle, which seemed to come from above, so near it was.

"Into the dinghy!" cried Burne leaping. William instantly followed, while Channing seized Louise's arm, and attempted in the haste almost to throw her in.

"I won't go! Leave me!" she cried hysterically. She struggled, completely unnerved, and breaking from Channing's hold ran into the cabin.

"Hopeless," said Burne, "It's too late now." The steamer was already heard, and in a moment more its gray mass slid out of the fog, but at an angle which left the *Priscilla* and her crew quite safe. "Quick!" cried Burne, "We'll get close and signal!" The three men rowed off, Channing taking the

ship's horn, William lighting a lantern, while Burne rowed.

That was the last Louise Wilcox saw of them, and the last they saw of her. Each in his haste, with eyes on the steamer, was preoccupied with the thing at hand. The sloop, low-lying white hull, was left far behind. Ten minutes later, they gave up the attempt to signal the steamer, which had slid back into the white walls — they were lost.

They rowed backward and forward, shouting and blowing the horn, but no response did they get from the white walls: only the heaving sigh of the sea. Beyond the ever advancing and retreating circle of white fog the crests, rushing by, occasionally broke, and a lonely cry of a sea gull came down to them, faintly announcing the presence of the steamer.

As the hours passed they gave up hope. Channing and Bryant were broken men. Burne alone retained an inner composure.

On board the *Priscilla* nothing stirred for a long time, for Louise Bryant was in a dead faint. It was a reaction in part from starvation and exhaustion, and in part from the effect of the moment's excitement.

When she opened her eyes she called her husband. When he did not answer she rushed up on deck, overwhelmed by terrible fear, and sustained as best she could the sight she saw: the clean and empty deck, glistening with moisture, the dinghy gone, and those white walls, those terrible, never changing, ever flowing white walls around her.

She stood there a long time motionless, her hair dripping with fog. Then for a long time she called them frantically, fear clasping her heart.

And when she stopped calling she sat there on the deck,

her feverish eyes burning the fog, but her heart was calm. Anxiety and love existed no longer in the expressed state of fear; not even despair, but an intense expectancy enveloped her. Did she dream of death, the absorption in the medium contemptuous of time and place, like that fog: which, wherever the boat moved, moved also, that beckoned ahead, closing up the avenues of escape, and led in circular paths without hope? To pierce this fog, to get away from the blindness of mortality, to see beyond the fog, required dissolution.

Dissolution! an invitation for one tired!

But the mood passed; she mourned: "Chan! Chan! where are you?"

"Louise!" she heard her brother call from a passing wave: the muttering waters seemed suddenly alive. She saw rowboats emerge quickly from the fog, and as quickly fade; she saw the three figures in one of them. Sometimes it was a larger boat, a ship's lifeboat with many men, and Chan sitting at the tiller. As time passed the boats came closer, and the voices were gone.

She slept intermittently in the darkness of night, but soon no longer moved: she sat in the cockpit and stared into the fog.

The boats were coming closer ("Oh! Chan, when are you coming for me?"). They now pulled up to within twenty feet, rowed strongly, and then sank men and all out of sight. Yet she saw them all as clear as day, Chan bending forward eagerly, smiling, full of health and energy, her brother behind him, and Burne.

At last! Here it came, this time the real thing; she knew it from those shadowy things that had mocked her senses be-

fore. She opened her arms. "Oh! Chan!" He was leaning forward with desperate eagerness, helping Burne with the oars from the stern. Her brother crouched in the bow of the dinghy. This time it shot alongside.

* * *

Far off now on the fog-hidden sea the dinghy floated directionless. The oars lay in its bottom. One figure was crumpled in the bow, the two others sat motionless.

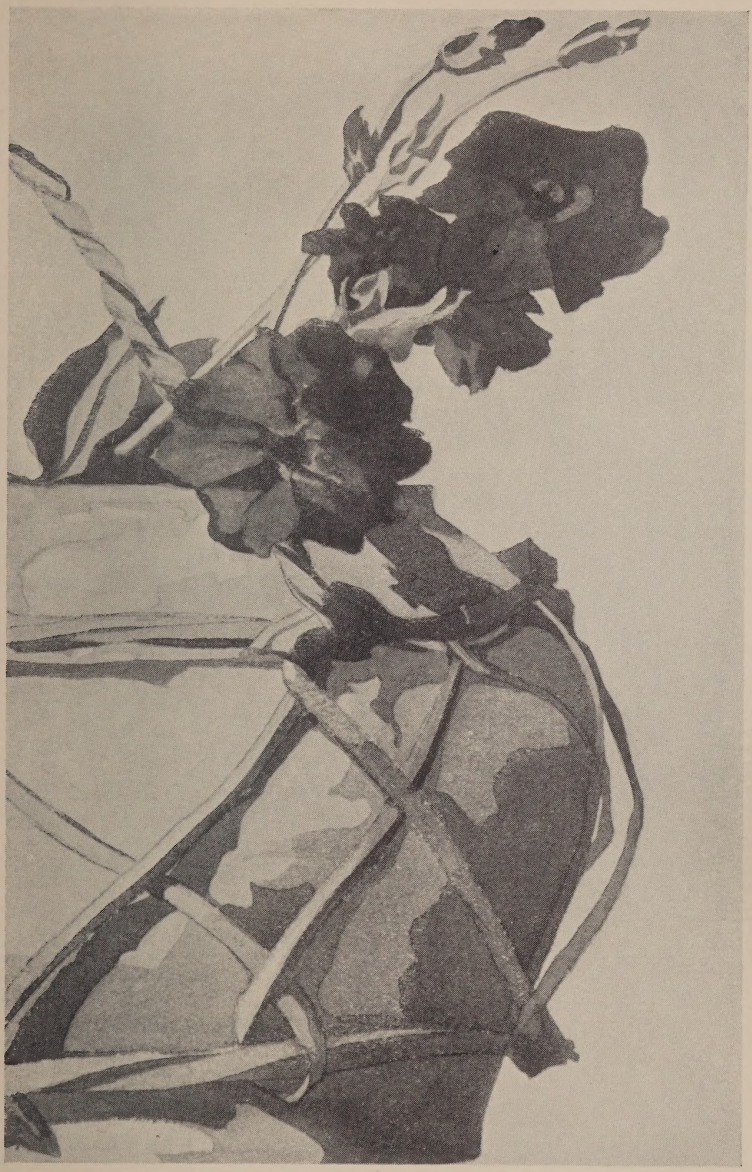
"Louise, Louise!" murmured Chan. "Louise, Louise!" He repeated her name, crazily.

Burne moved. "Never mind, Chan," he said. "She will surely be picked up. The fog can't last forever." There was no reply.

The ships were going by. Burne heard them just beyond the veil of the fog. Once he and Chan saw the *Priscilla* pass, heeling to the wind with all her sail, Louise standing at the wheel.

CHARLES HAPGOOD

Still Life — Frederick Lowell



Still Life

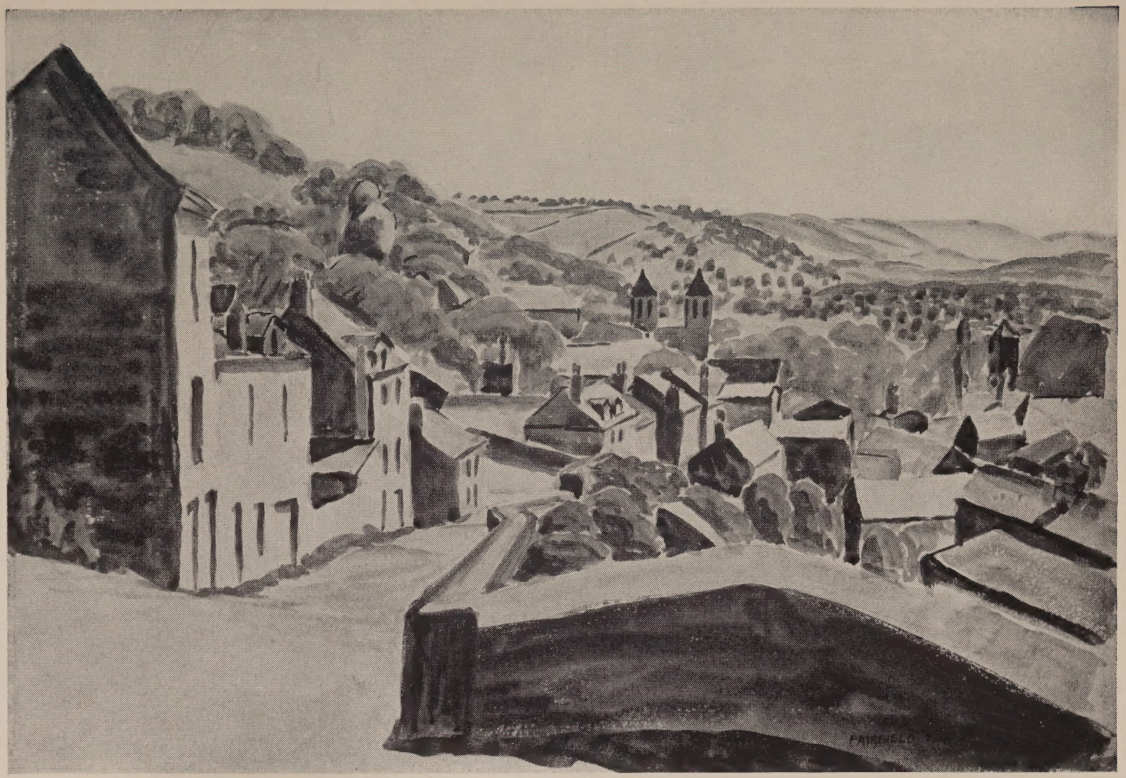
Frederick Lowell

The Old City: Carcassonne — A. Everett Austin

La Cimiteria: Venice

A. Everett Austin

The Study Window — Fairfield Porter



Chinon

Fairfield Porter

CANZONE

Io son sì vago della bella luce
Degli occhi traditori. . . . .

— DANTE, *Canzoniere: xxxv*

SO far from her that half the wingèd sphere
of the great earth deprives me of her light,
I walk in deepest shadow at mid-day;
but in my dreams she comes to me, and night
is vanquished by her radiance, and the sere
gaunt phantoms of my yearning —
yet soon my heart's dusk comes with break of day
and sun returning.

What though my wandering fancy trace in air
the lucent image of her loveliness?
still may I never kiss the adorèd face
nor clasp the figment of my loneliness:
for at the attempt it fades and leaves me there
like poor Æneas, seeing
Creüsa's ghost, and striving to embrace
Creüsa fleeing.

I loved her so! but now I lie alone
where once we dreamed together, and the crest
of cold Orion, surging from the sea,
scourges the angry stars into the West.
I loved her so: but love and joy are gone

afar with her; and hollow,
hollow the longing, vain the memory
that I must follow.

On fluttering wing, my little song, fly forth
to where my Lady in her Paradise
of latticed flowers walks at Evensong,
the Pleiades reflected in her eyes;
and say to her: *Forget not one whose worth*
springs of thy sweetness only,
who dreaming of thy smile hath made this song —
for he is lonely.

DUDLEY EATON FITTS

THE NECKTIE*

NO, no, you don't understand. I was changing my clothes after dinner at my hotel and forgot to put on a necktie. Do you know where I could get one? I would be much obliged. . . ."

"Monsieur would like a cravat? Wait!" He dashed off to attend to a very fat Frenchman who had seated himself at a table. In a moment he was back again, skimming like a swallow. He wore a look of concentrated intelligence and held up one finger.

"If monsieur will wait five minutes," he said, "I can get him a cravat. Very *chic*. A little black butterfly — *comme ça*." He described two small wings in the air above Henry's empty glass. "It is mine, but monsieur is welcome, if he will be so kind."

"Thank you! I should be most grateful. . . . And another whisky, please."

What a relief! Poof! The strain had been on the point of becoming quite unbearable. Now he would be able to resume his joyful excursion. The hotel again seemed a friendly place, and he felt a positive affection for the burly doorporter, as if he would like to shake him by the hand. The haughty girl at the desk also: a nice girl, very accommodating. Very, very nice indeed, and rather handsome, if her eyes weren't quite so protruding. Too bad, too bad. Ah — here he was, bringing the whisky in one hand and the tie — good Lord, how frightful! One of those! One of those

* *Concluded from the previous issue.*

little machine-made things that hooked on to the stud! One of those abominations!

"*Voilà, monsieur!* Very *chic, n'est ce pas?*" He held it off a little, turning it admiringly. It was infinitesimal, not more than an inch and a half across, and on one wing was a spot.

"A little spot," said the waiter apologetically, "but it will see monsieur safely home. As you Americans say, any port in a storm! Ha, ha!"

He proffered the revolting insect, holding it exquisitely between thumb and finger — there was nothing to do but accept it.

"Thank you, thanks ever so much," said Henry sadly. And now he would have to put it on! "Have you a mirror?"

"Inside, monsieur."

Horror upon horror — with an ordinary collar it would not have been quite so bad; but with a stand-up collar it was appallingly plain to an observer that it was a made-up tie, for there were no strings! It perched on the stud with the detached air of a fly which had just alighted. How absurd! How odious! It gave him the look of a cheap comedian. Looking at himself in the mirror, through the white enamel letters which said *Amer Picon*, he suddenly felt sick — positively sick. Life had again become as black as the black hole of Calcutta.

"Very nice," he murmured, "very nice. . . . I am most grateful to you."

The waiter appeared slightly chagrined — he would perhaps have enjoyed seeing a little more enthusiasm than Henry at the moment could muster.

"It is very becoming," he said.

"Oh very," said Henry, returning gloomily to his whisky. Very becoming. But becoming what? He drank his whisky morosely, paying no attention to the crowds that flowed past. Good heavens, to think of having his first night in Paris spoiled like this! And how on earth was he to manage his return to the Angleterre? It was now worse than ever. Walk into that grand lobby, under all those lights, with this absurd little clown's necktie on? He would rather be killed — rather be killed. And, on the other hand, if he stayed out late enough to escape the attentions of all save the door-porter what would Charlotte think? She would be sure to wake — she always woke when it was inconvenient for her to do so. She would look at him in that mournful way, as if she were crying in her heart of hearts, and then lie awake all night. Poor little Charlotte! A martyrdom to jealousy, and so absolutely without cause. The visit to Paris would be spoiled for her; she would always suspect him of having spent the evening in the darkest of iniquity. . . .

Well, there was no use in staying *here,* anyway — he could hardly ask the waiter for *another* tie. Of course, he was less exposed here; but then he couldn't just go on sitting all night. It was already ten o'clock as it was. Charlotte might be waking at any time and looking at her watch and then coming to his room to see if he had come back. "Henry! are you there?" . . . No Henry. No Henry for a long while yet, either. Better wander down to the river, and then perhaps across to the other side — that was the Latin Quarter, and there perhaps they were more used to seeing middle-

aged gentlemen who wore peculiar neckties. There would also be other cafés, where he might again try his luck. . . . A pity, too, when it was such a lovely spring night, so ideal for his first sight of the gay night-life of Paris. Good gracious, how disgusting it all was, a trifle like this upsetting everything. It was like a shabby little episode on the vaudeville stage, with himself as the ridiculous victim, laughed at by everyone. Well, at least he could turn up his coat collar again, though even that didn't really conceal this poisonous little monstrosity. . . . No — there was a girl giggling at him this very minute! The strumpet! As for finding some *nice* girl and having a drink or two — quite innocently — before going home, that was now out of the question. Or almost. And he had rather looked forward to some such little adventure as that — just a little conversation — so interesting to see how life is lived in a foreign city. One of these midinettes you were always hearing about, so gay and care-free, so unselfish and warm-hearted. But no, it was impossible to look anyone in the eye, as long as he had on a tie like this. The brand of Cain, or the mark of the beast, or something.

He crossed the bridge. Ah yes — there were the quayside bookstalls. How romantic to be sure. Oh for a stall that sold neckties! He wandered on disconsolately, entered a wider street, a boulevard, and came then to some gardens, very pretty, with lights among green leaves of trees. Were these the Luxembourg Gardens? Very pretty, very pretty, and what a place for making love, as all these young people had discovered. My, my, that soldier and his girl. He be-

gan humming again: — "On a warm day in the spring —" but stopped at once. Impossible to be light-hearted. If it were only his car fare he wanted, that would be quite simple — he could beg, simply beg, till he found someone who believed his story. But beg for a necktie, at this hour! Could anything be more preposterous? He sat on a bench under a tree, shaded from a lamp, and pondered darkly on his singular misfortune. The sort of thing which one could not possibly have foreseen — who could have imagined it? Such misery to arise from a cause so very slight! *"Oui oui oui oui!"* cried a man's voice and *"Non non non non!"* cried a girl's in answer, laughing. Well, *that* was easy to understand. That was indeed a kind of esperanto. He rose again, and in a dark spot, under an avenue of trees, suddenly plucked off the nefarious little tie and flung it away into the night. At least be rid of that, and start afresh! Somebody would find it to-morrow and wonder. As for himself —

That little cellar café looked attractive — the sort of place you saw in movies, with apaches dancing wildly. But there were no apaches, and in fact no customers at all. Oh yes, a girl at the counter on a high stool, drinking coffee. He had thought at first she was one of the staff, but he saw now that she had on a kind of tam-o'-shanter.

"Whisky," he said to the sleepy waiter, holding up one finger.

"Whisky," the waiter repeated sadly, and hobbled away behind the counter, shuffling his red carpet slippers on the stone floor. A martyr to his feet. Too bad, too bad. At the word whisky the girl lifted her coffee-glass from the counter

and turned around. Dark excited eyes, very large, very dark. Very pretty indeed, and quite young. French of course. Why so excited? Was she drunk? No no. You never could tell with these French: they always looked so excited even when sober. Besides, she was drinking coffee. She tilted her glass and drank, eyeing him over the rim. My goodness — that was a dangerous look; the kind of look that wrecks empires. Ah! she had turned away again. Perhaps she had seen that he had no necktie. Confound. *Slip-slap — slip-slap* came the old sleepy waiter, hobbling in his carpet slippers, with trouser-legs, much too long, lying in laps on his insteps. Advancing with a series of painful jerks, his activity seemed tremendous, but his progress was slow.

"Whisky," he said, putting down the glass, and almost at the same moment the girl at the counter turned and spoke.

"*Un café, garçon,*" she said.

"*Oui, mademoiselle.*"

Those dark eyes again! Too marvellous! And looking with such — with such — demoralizing good humour — into his own. He raised his glass toward her and smiled. She smiled in answer; and then, when he beckoned, she slid down from her stool and came toward him with slow steps. Black satin slippers with silver buckles. A broad scarlet sash, from which a streamer fell at one side. He rose, put out his hand, bowed elegantly, and was on the point of saying *Bon jour* (which hardly seemed appropriate) when she, smiling delightfully (and a little shyly), exclaimed:

"Hello, American!"

Well, now! What was one to say to that?

"You knew I was American? You speak English?"

She shrugged her shoulders extravagantly and sat down. She looked at him with her dark good-natured eyes, she looked down at the table, from which she picked up a dead match, and then again looked humorously at him, this time obliquely.

"Not much," she said. "A little. I can read."

She clasped her slender hands under her chin.

"You will permit me to pay for your coffee, mademoiselle?"

"If you like."

"Would you care for a glass of wine? or an *Amer Picon?*"

"No — I do not drink. Coffee only. *Merci.*"

"Coffee is bad for you. How can you sleep?"

"Sleep! I sleep all day. Till two — three — in afternoon!"

"No!"

"*Oui oui!*"

Slip-slap came the old waiter again, bearing coffee, and Henry paid for it. The waiter beamed upon them and murmured his thanks. How nice of him not to be surprised. How very nice of him, and how nice everything was — sitting here in Paris, in this apache place, with such a charming girl, and all so innocent too! It was delightful, an experience to remember all one's life. But suddenly he remembered his necktie. Ah — he would tell her about it. It would amuse her.

"I am in trouble," he said, smiling, "very serious trouble."

"You are in trouble?"

She smiled doubtfully, seeing that he smiled, but at the mention of trouble her dark eyes (magnificent!) had grown even darker, with a beautiful swiftness of sympathy.

"You are in trouble, great trouble? It would be good to speak of it?"

"Great, great trouble. . . . I have forgotten to put on a necktie."

"You have forgotten to ——?"

"Put on a necktie — a cravat?"

He raised his hand to his naked collar, parting his coat lapels. She opened her eyes very wide, very wide, and they grew intensely bright, as if whole chandeliers had been lighted in them.

"Oh!" she cried. "How droll! Monsieur has forgotten to wear a cravat!"

"Exactly — a cravat!"

She began to laugh, with a soft dove-like sound, leaning forward on the table. She put her hand on top of his, just for a second, quick as a wing.

"Oh, how droll!" she cried. "How funny it makes you look!"

"But it is serious! I can't go back to my hotel!"

"*Comment?*"

She did not at once fathom this.

"I can't go back to my hotel. . . . What would they think? It is very, very serious!"

"Serious? Ah! . . ." She stared at him, sobering, her eyes resuming their natural look of melancholy good-hu-

mour. She still smiled a little, however. "You are married, perhaps," she then added.

"Yes, married. And what would the *concierge* think?"

"Ah, I can see. It is very serious. Life and death. You will be disgrace."

"Disgrace! You bet I will."

Her eyes twinkled with delicious malice, and she was on the point of laughing again, but instead she picked up the dead match and touched with it the edge of his sleeve.

"No," she said, "I will save you. If you will be so kind and give me one more coffee."

"You will save me!" His heart gave a great bound of joy. "Waiter! *Garçon! Un café et whisky!* . . . But how?"

She waved the match before him, mysterious.

"You will see," she said. "I surprise you! Ha, ha! How funny you are!"

She gave a wriggle of delight, shaking her dark head. Was she laughing at him? But no, it was sympathetically. She tittered, and took a sip of coffee, and tittered again. Henry shook his finger at her sternly.

"You are making fun of me!" he said. "Now, now!"

"*Non, non,* but it is so droll! . . . And I will save you from this disgrace — this — how you say *épouvantable?*"

"Frightful?"

"—— this frightful disgrace! You must thank me. Yes, you must!"

"Thank you! I should say I would! . . . But how are you going to save me?"

"You have finish your whisky? All right. You go, and

wait outside, not far. In a minute I come too. It is not good to see me go out with you. *Comprenez?* I stay and finish my café."

What a delicious turn of fortune! And such a nice girl! Still, it was high time that *something* turned up, and time he was back at the hotel. What must poor Charlotte be thinking? Heavens? He walked fifty yards away from the café, and then turned and walked slowly back. Twenty minutes past eleven. Too late — far too late. Otherwise he might ask her to come out to supper with him somewhere, or to a dance-hall — what fun that would be! But no. This necktie business must be settled, and he must hurry back. Damnation. Life was always like this. Just as something nice and interesting occurred, destiny must intervene with some pressing engagement or responsibility which could not be ignored. Or else the event occurred when, as in this case, you were not in a proper state of mind for it — obsessed with something else. Too bad, too bad. And how thrilled Charlotte would be when she heard about it! But no — on second thought, she had better not hear about it. Goodness no — she would become insanely jealous, and wouldn't believe a word of it! One of her mute reproachful spells, a four days' headache, tears falling drop by drop in her secret romantic heart of hearts and then a protracted and exhausting reconciliation. Poor, poor Charlotte — life was so hard for her; and the least he could do was to try and make it a little more bearable. . . . Ah! There she was! Coming with a little skip of joy, like a chamois! How young she looked, too! Not a day over twenty-five!

"Here I come!" she cried, taking his arm affectionately. "My room is over there — behind that corner. You can climb?"

"Climb?"

"Stairs? . . . Five stairs — one, two, three, four, five — poof!"

"Well, I think I might!"

"Come, then! I go first. It is dark, a little."

They had crossed a moonlit stone-paved court and entered a cave-like doorway, and were climbing the gas-lighted stone stairs. The last flight was completely dark, and she disappeared ahead of him, her slippers going pat-pat on the dusty stone. He was trying to feel his way along the wall when a match spurted, the gas went puff, and he was flooded with light from her open door. She was standing there, with a finger on her lips; and when he had entered the low attic room, with sloping walls, she closed the door behind him.

"My friend below asleep," she said. "You like my room? Nice, eh?"

"Delightful! Geraniums, too."

"And nice curtains and a nice bed?"

"Charming!"

"Ah, you are frightful! You don't look, you don't like it, and you think only of your cravat! Egoist!"

"No, no!"

"*Oui oui!* But see — I have pity on you. Look now."

She pulled out the top drawer of a chest-of-drawers, clutching him by the sleeve. "Look!"

Well, you could have knocked him down with a feather!

Astounding! The drawer was *filled* with neckties! Every kind! Striped, plain, diamonded, knitted — two dozen at the very least! It was like Christmas. He could feel the eyes fairly popping out of his head.

"Choose one," she said, thrusting her hand among ties as one might dip among goldfish in an aquarium. "You like this one?"

She held up a heavy blue satin, luxuriously thick.

"Ah!" he cried, "a beauty! It's beautiful. May I have it? You will let be buy it from you?"

"Buy it?" She looked blankly at him. "Buy it?"

He held the tie in his hand. She turned her shoulder against the drawer and slowly pushed it shut. Taking off her tam-o'-shanter she flung it angrily on the bed. Then, leaning against the drawer, she looked at him with narrowing eyes, standing perfectly still.

"Oh!" she said, looking at him with an extraordinary intensity of detachment. "You would like to buy it."

"Why of course! Why not?"

"Certainly *not!*" she cried, stamping her foot. "You can put it on and go! I *give* it to you."

"Oh!" he stammered, suddenly perplexed. "What have I ——"

"Put it on and go! *Quick!*"

"I beg your pardon!" he cried. "I didn't mean ——"

"Here! Give it to me."

She snatched the tie, whisked it round his collar, tied it swiftly, tucked the ends under his waistcoat, and then went lightly to the door and threw it open. She pointed dramat-

ically down the stairs. As he hesitated she gave him a little push. She was smiling — ironically, cynically, with an infinite contempt.

"You will not permit me to see you again?"

"Good-night!"

"Mademoiselle, forgive me! And let me thank you!"

"Good-night!"

"You will not even shake hands with me?"

"Good-night!"

Implacable, she began slowly shutting the door. In the narrowing crack of light he descended, keeping close to the wall, which smelt of damp whitewash. His heart was beating with uncomfortable violence. . . . Well! . . . Well! . . . Who could have foreseen — who could have guessed — that it would be like that? He had offended her! She had expected — had she expected him to — make love to her? No no. It was just that he had been — had been — *too greedy!* Seeing all those ties in that drawer! . . . Oh, oh, oh! And it had been so nice talking to her, and perhaps he would have asked her to come out to supper with him ——

He stood still in the court for a moment, still breathing a little fast. The moon was shining. The light from her attic room gashed across a tiled roof opposite, and a shadow moved in the gash of light. . . . Well! He had his necktie. And it would really have been too late, anyway. Perhaps it was just as well. . . . Too bad, too bad.

CONRAD AIKEN

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DECLINE OF ARCHITECTURE

To the Editors
The Hound & Horn

Sirs:

Mr. Crombie has done me the honour of objecting to my article on *The Decline of Architecture* at almost as great length as I originally wrote it. But my own answer must be briefer and can only take the form of certain explanations which were omitted in the original article as unnecessary to readers of The Hound & Horn.

In the first place I had thought it hardly necessary to explain that my reference to "modern taste" was — at the worst — to my own; and so primarily mine — as the sagacity of my critic soon discovered — was the dilemma of which I wrote. That a certain acquaintance with the ideas of modern architects both American and European and a wider acquaintance with the doubts of many people even less practically concerned than myself with architecture but deeply interested in the art of building as in all other phases of the current stage of our civilization had led me to believe that this taste and the consequent dilemma was not peculiar to me, seemed to justify — as finally perhaps all critical writing is only justified — my particular approach.

As to the further difficulties which your correspondent finds, it would be impossible here to discuss at length either his fundamental aesthetic point that beauty is a part and not the whole of the art of architecture, or his metaphysical point — for whatever it may have seemed to him, it is nothing less — that Time is an accidental element in the history of architecture (or by implication in any other history). I can only say with regard to the first point that for me the engineering of the Gothic building masters is an important part of the total of beauty that their works offer, and that the beauty of the great works of the architecture of the past is never something sprayed on after the engineer has finished his part, as in the contemporary buildings most admired by Mr. Crombie. I fear I am no more

competent than Mr. Crombie in philosophy, yet in defense of my essential position on the second point on which we disagree, it may be remarked that Jacques Maritain, who perhaps more intelligently than anyone else opposes the conception of the world – as – history on which my article is based, holds apparently in Paris in the Institut Catholique no such illusions with regard to the possibility of recalling and recreating the glories of a past age in art as Mr. Crombie is able to nourish in Boston in the office of a distinguished and versatile *Baumeister* who, wiser than his disciples, has little concerned himself with the dilemma of modern architecture.

As to such misconceptions of fact on the part of your correspondent as his confusion of "surrealism" and "modernism," or his statement that Ruskin in the nineteenth century "permitted, nay, even applauded the building of 'Gothic' fragments in complete states of ruin purely for the picturesque effect"— a purely eighteenth-century pastime — I can but permit myself this brief mention.

In conclusion I might say that a summer passed among the works of those European architects who find in the thesis of *The Decline of Architecture* not a cause for depression but rather a tremendous incentive to make of the narrow path that lies ahead of us, within the limitations of that Time which Mr. Crombie so naïvely denies, a way as glorious as that of our past, has made me realize that if there were anything to withdraw in what I had written it would be the extreme pessimism that a winter spent surrounded by the works of Mr. Crombie and his kind induced: for the Weissenhofsiedlung at Stuttgart I found no unworthy successor of Morienval and the Capella Pazzi.

Yours, etc.

HENRY-RUSSELL HITCHCOCK, JR.

NOTES ON MUSIC

ŒDIPUS REX

A LIVING work of art is first of all an experience. The Boston audiences which heard Strawinsky's *Œdipus Rex* performed on February 24th and 25th by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Harvard Glee Club under Mr. Koussevitsky's direction are to be congratulated for having allowed themselves to respond to the occasion in this spirit. That they were able to do so is due, not only to the tremendous power of the work, itself, but also to its admirably clear and understanding presentation. (Those who heard the inadequate performance in Paris last spring will agree that Mr. Koussevitsky gave *Œdipus* virtually its world premiere.) A simple, direct response to a work of art is rare and apparently difficult today when styles, aesthetic theories, technical devices are so widely and controversially discussed.

But such a response, necessary as it is, may ignore the deeper reverberations of a work like *Œdipus*. It is only by going on to a consideration of these that one can do justice to either the music or the event.

Much has been written concerning the style of *Œdipus*, frequently heralded as a return to Händel. While formulas like this may not be misleading to musicians who are able to examine their technical and stylistic basis and willing not to force their application too far, they tempt the general public to oversimplification and false emphasis. In *Œdipus*, as in the piano *Concerto*, the influence of earlier types of music is evident, even though this influence is different in nature from what it appears to be on the surface. The source of the similarity to Händel is simple and comprehensible enough: Strawinsky has sought a form which should fulfill as completely as possible the musician's ideal of a dramatic work in which music is supreme, in which the musical architecture carries the whole weight of the dramatic action, undisturbed by the exigencies of swiftly-moving dialogue, gesture, or other non-musical elements. The result is something in the general spirit of the oratorio, of which Händel is the recognized master. It is quite possible that Strawinsky kept Händel in mind in constructing

Œdipus, and was conscious of similarities as well as of striking divergences in their approach to formal problems.

The specific resemblances to Händel, arising from this general likeness of expressive and structural aim, are obvious. Seventeenth-century oratorio was monumental in conception, dignified and stately in mood; Strawinsky achieves something similar in his treatment of the Greek tragedy. The musical gestures are of the most deliberate. Harmonically as well as rhythmically the music in general moves very slowly.

Furthermore, as in the case of Händel, the polyphony is always a result of harmonic necessity. The movement of the voices is restrained, subordinated to a harmonic conception, never becoming free enough to dominate, condition, or modify the harmonic scheme.

Finally, this harmonic scheme is, as with Händel, of the utmost simplicity, though here Strawinsky makes no new departure from his practice in former works. The result is an exhilarating freedom of development, very far indeed from the false richness characteristic of so much modern German music, which results from the attempt to reconcile a polyphonic or pseudo-polyphonic style with a complex and dominating tissue of harmonies. In *Œdipus*, the harmonic structure, simple as it is, is more elastic than in the earlier Strawinsky; the experience of the *Octuor* and the piano *Concerto* shows its print in the extraordinary continuity, the ease of transition, which characterize *Œdipus* to a far greater extent than is the case with either the *Sacre du Printemps* or *Les Noces*.

The oratorio form in its most general aspects, and the predominance of a strictly harmonic style, constitute, then, the limits of resemblance between *Œdipus* and such a work as *Judas Maccabaeus*. The divergences are at least as striking. The Baroque luxuriance of Händel's manner is wholly foreign to the musical nature of Strawinsky. With him, the "oratorio" achieves a form as closely knit and organic as that of a purely instrumental work. Its exact proportions could be mathematically demonstrated and the structure of the whole explained in the most definite musical terms. The first act could be compared to the older concerto form or to the variations of Strawinsky's own *Octuor*. The choruses, all based on the same musical material, separate the solo episodes which are conceived on lines of broad musical development. The second part consists of three highly or-

ganized episodes followed by a kind of epilogue. These episodes are proportionate to each other, and the contrasts between them are governed by musical necessities. The drama thus unfolds itself in a series of musical movements whose lines of development run parallel to it, but which preserve the supremacy of their own logic. Even the Speaker, whose role if considered as mere narrator seems an extraneous one, aids the form by marking the divisions between the episodes. The interruption of the music by the spoken word adds, too, an almost liturgical suggestion — a more profound expressive element than may at first appear.

On first acquaintance with *Œdipus* the cultured musician is likely to be baffled by what appears a hopeless mixture of styles. Glinka, the Gregorian chant, Donizetti, seem to jostle each other. A phrase in Tiresias' song evokes Monteverde, while the accusations of Messenger, Shepherd, and Chorus are accompanied by piercing sonorities, which identify the composer of *Les Noces*. Closer familiarity dissipates instead of accentuating this impression of eclecticism. What one mistakes at first for reminiscences of individual styles are seen to be formulas which belong only in the most general fashion to certain types of music. The unity of Strawinsky's style consists in the reabsorption, or perhaps rather the re-experience of these formulas in such a manner that the hearer, too, is compelled to reabsorb them and to feel them in a new way. To take a simple instance: the D minor triad, played in one of its most common positions by stringed instruments, is certainly not new to anyone, no matter how humble his musical experience. Yet, when Strawinsky uses it as the basis of the critical moment in *Œdipus*, its effect is overwhelming and immediate. One can find no obvious explanation of this extraordinary effect, and yet it is inescapable. In some way which defies analysis, the material has been re-experienced by the composer, transmitting to us the vigor and freshness of his own feeling.

At the same time, if Strawinsky does not introduce the purely personal formulas of other composers, neither has he clung on his own account to what passes today for a "personal" style; that is, the repeated use of melodic, harmonic, or rhythmic *clichés* which bear his trade mark. His art is the outstanding example of a return to principles which, unfamiliar as they are today, yet formed the point of departure for much of the greatest art of the past. Personality, in the

sense of mere idiosyncrasy, was not sought after by the eighteenth-century masters. Their emphasis was on the work rather than on its composer. Perfection of style, clarity, solidity, and equilibrium were the qualities which the musician strove to embody in his works.

It is these ideas which Strawinsky has increasingly reaffirmed during the last years. The tremendous power of his musical personality, its vigor and "closeness to the earth," are all the more intense for being harnessed and directed into impersonal channels. *Œdipus* lives a concentrated life of its own. To try to describe this life, to reproduce it impressionistically in words, would be false to the dignity, the aloofness, the authentic grandeur of the work. Let us content ourselves with our homage to the power and self-criticism of an artistic nature which, having discovered certain tempting and beautiful novelties of expression, has been able without sacrifice to renounce them in the interest of a more impersonal, more universal ideal.

ROGER SESSIONS

NOTES ON PRINTING

THE GOLDEN COCKEREL PRESS

THE Golden Cockerel is now cock of the English private-press walk. Mr. Hornby is credibly rumored to be worshipping at the shrine of the newest machine-made god, and there is no one else who has a consistent record long enough to qualify as challenger. The books from Robert Gibbings's Golden Cockerel Press all have the air of distinction that comes from careful planning and serious attention to details, directed by a thorough understanding of what is required for a good piece of bookmaking. The Press has been operating since 1922, and its output is of a sufficiently varied character to assure it a permanent place in English printing annals.

In their typography, the Golden Cockerel books have from the first been characterized by an absence of affectation, and an open-mindedness in seeking appropriate type and format for each text that has been made into a book. There are points that invite discussion, and that are open to criticism: the size of type is apt to run small, for most people's eyes, but it may be that Mr. Gibbings happens to have the sort of eyesight that sees microscopically; and his schemes for massed title-pages suggest that this is one thing he does not fully understand. But these are matters of opinion, after all. The reason that bookmaking is so enjoyable as a minor fine art is that experiments and failures are never very serious, unless one chooses to make them so. Those who embark on a venture too large to be handled unaided have only themselves to blame if they founder. Ordinarily, the experimental printing that does not quite come out right is just as

satisfactory a possession and more valuable as a typographic record than the perfect successes — if such there be.

The press work, or "machining," to be quite up-to-date in technical nomenclature, of these books is of a distinctly high order. The mechanical experts may know what it is that leads those who concern themselves most successfully with inking and impression to favor paper that is too stiff and heavy for comfortable handling and that makes neat binding difficult. This is a characteristic of the Golden Cockerel books, just as it was of Clarke Conwell's Elston Press, whose impressions approached high-water mark on the American side. Each of these presses concerned itself more with getting the best results from wood blocks, than from the type text, and, when knowingly handled, the board-like paper doubtless helps to secure the desired results.

Mr. Gibbings has likewise enlisted the coöperation of Eric Gill and of others whose output has already gone far toward justifying the hope that the present will hold its own with any of the great epochs of the past in book illustration. It is, unhappily, not altogether clear that Mr. Gibbings possesses the knack of getting the best out of his collaborators. Eric Gill has certainly not produced anything else comparable to the superb series that made Enid Clay's *Sonnets* of 1925 a notable volume.[1] In the 1926 *Æsop*,[2] Celia M. Fierness has a few cuts in the same style, white lines on solid black, of very considerable merit, but there are hardly enough of them for judgment. It cannot fairly be called an illustrated edition, and one is left wondering whether these were all the drawings she finished, or the only ones that were good enough to use.

In these lesser publications the difficulty seems to be that the designers did not take their tasks altogether seriously. It is fitting that there should be a large amount of fun, even of full-blooded sportiveness, mingled with the prosaic routine of drawing pictures and pecking at wood blocks. But the gaiety of living ought to show in other ways than in work put forth loose-endedly. The *Pigmalion* of 1926

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[1] Sonnets and Verses. *By Enid Clay.* 1925. 450 *copies.* $6.00.

[2] The Fables of Æsop. *Translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange, Kt.* 1926. 350 *copies.*

has two coloured cuts of more technical interest than artistic merit,[3] even if one overlooks the fact that each has bits of drawing that is not archaic, and would not be tolerated in a colored Sunday Supplement. Similarly Eric Ravilious contributes to Suckling's *Wedding Ballad* of 1927[4] a set of cuts that would have gone famously on a broadsheet to be sold for a trifle, like the Cuala or the Porpoise Press Broadsheets, but which are anachronistic when printed in a book on Kelmscott handmade paper. This is equally true of half of Mr. Gibbings's illustrations for A. E. Coppard's *Pelagea* (1926);[5] the other three are thoroughly satisfying as illustrations and, what is not always true in these books, are placed where they illustrate the proper text. Mr. Ravilious also did a series of wood engravings to go above and below the perpetual calendar which gives body to Nicholas Breton's characterizations of the months,[6] from his *Fantastics* of 1926. A few of these, still-life in each case, are quite perfect for their purpose.

The challenge of the Golden Cockerel is in the three larger volumes issued during recent months. Of these, *The Chester Play of the Deluge* is printed in double columns on a full quarto page in order to give room for wood engravings by David Jones,[7] which are either slightly belated modern or advanced archaistic.

The most ambitious undertaking of the Press is an edition of Chaucer's writings, of which the *Troilus and Criseyde* has been issued in what is perhaps the very best binding that any specialty press has so far put on its larger books.[8] Typographically it is a thoroughly agreeable book, except that forty per cent of the weight of the volume, in blank paper, might have been spared without aesthetic loss. The red and blue initials maintain the English calligraphic standard to which readers have become so accustomed that they are apt to overlook its importance in giving any volume the stamp of high quality.

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[3] The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image. *By John Marston. With Engravings by René Ben Sussan.* 1926. 325 *copies.*

[4] A Ballad Upon a Wedding. *By Sir John Suckling. With Engravings by Eric Ravilious.* 1927. 375 *copies.*

[5] Pelagea and Other Poems. *By A. E. Coppard.* 1926. 425 *copies.*

[6] The Twelve Moneths. *By Nicholas Breton. Edited by Brian Rhys.* 1927. 500 *copies.*

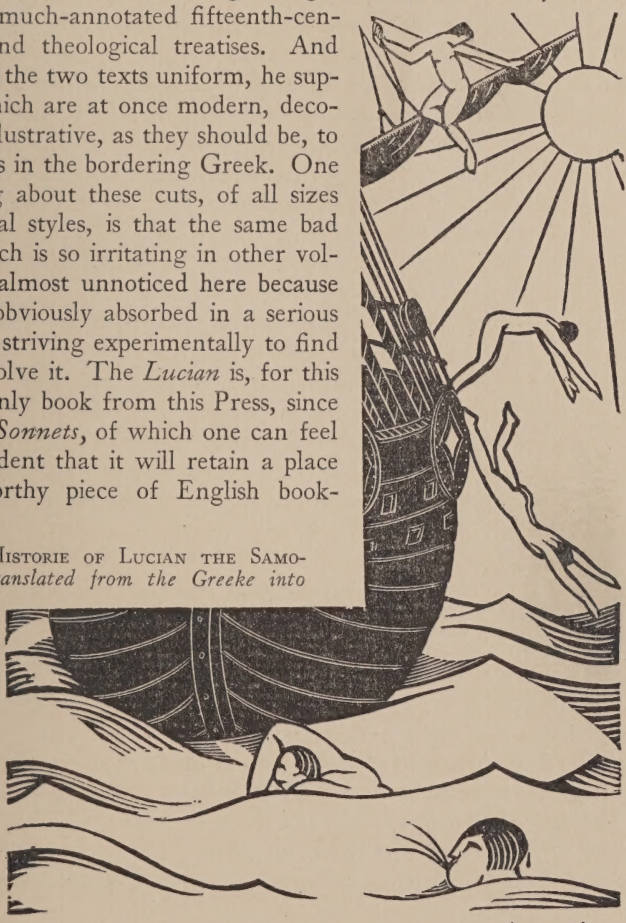
[7] The Chester Play of the Deluge. *With woodcuts by David Jones.* 1927. 275 *copies.*

[8] Troilus and Criseyde. *By Geoffrey Chaucer.* 1927. 225 *copies.*

Having gone to considerable lengths to emphasize the lewdness of Chaucer's poem, which is English Literature, the Golden Cockerel did a much more delightful thing with *The True Historie of Lucian the Samosetanian.*[9] Mr. Gibbings tried the only recent English experiment that can claim a right to be considered in comparison with what the Frenchmen are now doing. To begin with, he printed the Greek original on the same page with the English version, setting it in a small type as a border to the larger English text, after the style met with in the much-annotated fifteenth-century legal and theological treatises. And then, to keep the two texts uniform, he supplied cuts which are at once modern, decorative, and illustrative, as they should be, to fill the breaks in the bordering Greek. One curious thing about these cuts, of all sizes and in several styles, is that the same bad drawing which is so irritating in other volumes passes almost unnoticed here because the artist is obviously absorbed in a serious problem and striving experimentally to find out how to solve it. The *Lucian* is, for this reason, the only book from this Press, since Enid Clay's *Sonnets,* of which one can feel wholly confident that it will retain a place as a noteworthy piece of English bookmaking.

[9] The True Historie of Lucian the Samosetanian. *Translated from the Greeke into English by Francis Hickes.* 1927. *275 copies.*

G. P. W.



The illustrations on this and the preceding page are from Mr. Gibbings' cuts in the *Lucian.*

BOOK REVIEWS

MARCEL PROUST

1927

LE TEMPS RETROUVÉ. *Par Marcel Proust. Paris. Nouvelle Revue Française.* 1927. 2 *vols.* 24 *frs.*
IM SCHATTEN DER JUNGEN MÄDCHEN. *Von Marcel Proust. Übersetzt von W. Benjamin Hessel. Berlin. Die Schmiede.* 1927. 9 *M.*
CITIES OF THE PLAIN. *By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. New York. A. & C. Boni.* 1927. 2 *vols.* $15.00.
CHRONIQUES. *Par Marcel Proust. Paris. Nouvelle Revue Française.* 1927. 12 *frs.*
HOMMAGE À MARCEL PROUST. *Paris. Nouvelle Revue francaise.* 1927. 15 *frs.*
MARCEL PROUST. *Par Paul Souday. Paris. S. Kra.* 1927. 9 *frs.*
MARCEL PROUST. His Life and Work. *By Léon Pierre-Quint. Translated by Hamish and Sheila Miles. New York. Alfred A. Knopf.* 1927. $3.50.

The year 1927 has seen not only the continuation of the work of translating Proust into English and German and the issuance of several critical studies and collections of letters and sketches but as well the publication of the final volumes of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu,* the long awaited *Temps Retrouvé.* Some brief notice if hardly more than bibliographical seems desirable of the current state of our knowledge of Proust — and perhaps even more in English than in French. For in French even so unseeing a critic as Paul Souday, who applies to French literature the equivalent of the standards of Professor William Lyon Phelps, continues to admit, what for some years he has admitted grudgingly, that despite Proust's difficul-

ties with the subjunctive and the unsuitability of his work for the *élévation de jeunes filles*, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* has established itself already as an important monument of French literature. At the same time more distinguished and more philosophical critics such as Thibaudet and Fernandez refer to the work of Proust with as great assurance as to the proudest *monuments historiques* of the seventeenth century.

Yet in English, and more especially in the English written within the United States, the unfortunate lack of a hierarchy of values permits the treatment of matters of the intellect on the plane of matters of fashion: the very definite disappearance of the trousers of four years ago and of the crossword puzzles of the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century except in regions very remote from the active centers of civilization has led certain critics to imply that Proust would no longer be read except by Tennessee mountaineers or Oregon lumbermen. For this peculiar snobbism of the intellect, which is evidently wider spread even than English language, Proust himself in writing of it was able to suggest no antitoxin. It is not even logical since works of Thomas Mann and André Gide written well before the appearance of *Du Côté de Chez Swann* are read with avidity and praised with all the fervour of new discovery by the very discriminating leaders who find Proust so *démodé*.

Yet this question of literary modes is no matter to be dismissed lightly nor is the attitude of those who now disown Proust quite equivalent to that toward the later Victorian novelists previous to Meredith, which treats them as fit only for the reading of adolescents because in our system of education they are perforce first read by adolescents. If we are to claim from English readers some of the respect for *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* as a great though all but contemporary shrine of French literature which the French critics grant it, it is necessary to look a little at the causes of the vogue of reading Proust five years ago when savant and enchanting ladies boasted that it lay beside the Bible beneath their pillows. Such an examination excuses to some extent the more intelligent of those who would now insist that the reading of Proust was but a vogue and that vogue is happily past. For most of those who read Proust five years ago — even those who have continued to read him and have thereby found better reasons for doing so — read him for the reasons

which cause nominations to a certain Hall of Fame: "Because he was a Jew who had penetrated the Faubourg St. Germain, because he lived in a corklined apartment blackened with fumigation, because his trips to the country were made in a closed taxicab, because his *A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs* received the Prix Goncourt, and finally because he was difficult." But as Roger Fry has well shown in an article on artistic snobbism, *le monde* is but too ready to read the right books and see the right pictures for the very worst reasons, if only because it is thereby made all the easier to pass from one vogue to the next.

But those who have continued to read Proust, and above all those who have realized the necessity for a full understanding of his work and for reading the various memoirs and studies which have appeared in these last years, have come to realize that not only is the Proust of the legend — at the best the Proust of the Morand ode — as different from Marcel Proust, the *écrivain de race*, as is *le petit Proust* of Mme. Strauss' salon, but that also the Marcel of the novel (and the specific use of that name in the novel I suspect to be the emendation of a posthumous editor) is different from his creator. Therefore the dilemma exposed several years ago by Auguste Laget in *Le Roman d'une Vocation* based on the theory, which was to some extent admissible in the light of the volumes of the *Recherche* then published, that the whole purpose of the work was to tell how it came to be written can with our present knowledge be dismissed as meaningless.

. So more than ever there exists a *cas Marcel Proust;* for no longer can one accept the novel as a complete statement other than artistically. Today as much as for any other great writer the questions which surround Proust and which are to some extent being answered by able critics and students and above all by the memory of his friends must be in the mind of every one who would really read him: the validity of the theory of reading set forth (probably before the novel was even begun) in the preface to the translation of *Sesame and Lilies;* the exact indebtedness to Bergson and Freud and to English writers other than Ruskin; the precise value to be set on the confessions, particularly that *d'une Jeune Fille* in *Les Plaisirs et les Jours;* the sincerity of certain attitudes of Morel, toward *le monde,* toward *le côté de chez Jupien,* toward the War . . . not to carry

further an unconscious and inaccurate pastiche of Proust's own style.

Proust wrote of his "*construction*," toward the end of the *Temps Retrouvé*, "*Je ne savais pas si se serait une église où des fidéles sauraient peu à peu apprendre des vérités et découvrir des harmonies, le grand plan d'ensemble, ou si cela resterait comme un monument druidique au sommet d'une île, quelque chose d'infréquenté à jamais.*" Certainly we may be convinced that the great cathedral of the *Temps Retrouvé* — for only Proust's humility would find it a mere church — is destined to be no deserted dolmen; rather will it be a great house of gathering and worship of the Truth. Yet the faithful of this cathedral must come to an issue with those of that other cathedral of the mind for whose material embodiment in the great cathedrals of the thirteenth century, Proust — he who was, as Jacques Rivière said, "*sans Dieu*"— had the warmest and most intelligent admiration derived from the evangelical poet Ruskin and the archaeological poet Mâle; for once again the logical and rational, and at once human and superhuman edifice of St. Thomas Aquinas is resurgent. But it is rather with the brilliant defender of the *Civitas Dei*, Jacques Maritain, than with such blatant half-gods as Wyndham Lewis or the terrified *Defensor Occidentis*, Massis, that the reality of Proust must come to grips. Surely Proust was a *clerc* who had not betrayed, as Fernandez says in connection with Benda, "*un grand esprit qui a souffert de ne pouvoir pratiquer de trouée dans le sensible; enfin il réussit a s'échapper par la mémoire, et par là rejoignit l'intemporel.*"

In January, 1927, the *Nouvelle Revue Française* began to publish each month excerpts from the *Temps Retrouvé* and this was continued through the summer until about half the whole work (which appeared in book-form in September) had been thus presented. From the first of these excerpts in which Marcel was at Tansonville with Gilberte as foreseen in the first pages of *Swann* it was at once notable that the quality and texture of the writing was vastly superior to the somewhat schematic *Albertine Disparue* with its brusk and mechanical plot developments to which the untimely death of Proust had made impossible the addition about the central thread of narrative — itself of so little importance in this novel — of the accretions which were the most precious fruit of his method of writing. When the whole work appeared it was clear that while, had he lived longer, it

might have been fuller, more evenly and completely knit together, this was no mere piano sketch of the last movement of his symphony so like the D Minor of Franck in its cyclical construction and in the enrichment and variation of its original simple theme into a series of themes which all but belie the unity of their origin. Not since the *Côté de chez Swann* — or at very least not since the *Côté de Guermantes* — had the novel possessed quite the combination of fresh and matured richness of this final concluding section. It seems indeed possible to surmise on this account that parts of the *Temps Retrouvé* were written at the same time or immediately after the earliest volumes when it was at first proposed to issue the whole novel in but two volumes. Yet nevertheless those pages on the War and on post-War Paris in the *Temps Retrouvé* surely written but shortly before Proust's death are perhaps quite as fine as any in this amazing volume; and no simple theory of progressive chronological degeneration can be called to account — especially in the absence of all but the vaguest real information as to the rate and method of composition of this work which took fifteen years to publish and no doubt at least as many to write — for the very considerable differences of quality. Moreover we have the testimony of the legend for what it is worth that in his last agonies Proust retouched the passage on the death of Bergotte which occurred in a comparatively early volume: like a cathedral — of which analogy we have seen the force in another connection — the work must have advanced all of a piece and not by a completion of one part after another, although there was necessarily in a general way some movement from the beginning to the end such as one day may with the greatest profit be studied for the effect of the passage of time on the writings which have told us most of the importance of those effects; in this final actual sense not only the personages but the whole work of Proust was "*dans le Temps.*" But of the importance of the *Temps Retrouvé* as the crown of Proust's work I can do no better than to quote from Benjamin Crémieux, the critic who has shown since his admirable study in *XX^e Siècle*, written I believe while Proust was still alive, the finest comprehension of the theory of the involuntary memory which the *Temps Retrouvé* proves as he so correctly judged to be central to the *Recherche du Temps Perdu:* " . . . *ces deux derniers tomes ouvrent sur l'oeuvre tant de perspectives nouvelles que l'ensemble s'en trouve modifié et sa*

signification élargie et haussée. Pour dire tout d'un mot, l'oeuvre négative de Proust s'y change en une oeuvre positive. Mais il serait injuste que l'éclaircissement nouveau de toute l'oeuvre qu'apporte le Temps Retrouvé *fit negliger les admirables pages qu'il contient sur la guerre à l'arrière, les premières, où un auteur ait réussi à dominer le monstrueux sujet et à garder ses distances en le décrivant."*

In the spring appeared the translation of the second volume of *Auf der Spuren der Verloren en Zeit, A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs,* as *Im Schatten der Jungen Mädchen.* This was an adequate version but, as *Der Weg zu Swann* had been, perhaps lacking the peculiar happiness of Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's translation at its best. In December appeared Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's English translation of *Sodome et Gomorrhe,* protected against the censorship by an absurdly high price and the somewhat inadequately euphemistic title, *Cities of the Plain.*

Also in the fall appeared the volume of collected early articles of Proust called *Chroniques,* especially valuable for its studies of actual salons from which the great salons of the novel were imagined and for certain sketches of *choses vues* which later found their place enlarged and orchestrated in the *Recherche.* Of less importance but still of interest are certain notes which prefigure the *A la Mémoire des Eglises Assassinées* in *Pastiches et Mélanges.* But the concluding studies, one on the style of Flaubert which indicates with what delicacy the style of Proust with its infinite subtlety in bringing out the passage of time by variations in the relation of tenses must eventually be analysed and another on Baudelaire which gives a further indication of Proust's interest in the alliance of effects of sound and sense and as well in the comparison of Baudelaire and Marcel suggests a direction of approach not yet taken in those regions of the *Recherche* which Anglo-Saxons have somewhat hypocritically preferred to neglect. I cannot agree with a certain subtle and charming *lectrice* that these *Chroniques* are but a set of laboratory notes; rather have they the freshness and charm of drawings, and while there can be no question of the final superiority of finished paintings to the studies for them, yet for the connoisseur who knows the completed work, such drawings whether of old or of modern masters have a peculiar seduction in which these of Proust are not lacking. In addition they have a considerable documentary value — into which I am incapable here

of going — for the fullest interpretation of the man and the artist.

But in addition to these most important works, to these desirable translations which it is hoped will be continued, the year 1927 offered less than the preceding two in memoirs and critiques of Proust. The most important was the issuance, as the first of a series of *Cahiers Marcel Proust,* of a new edition of the *Hommage* which first appeared as a special number of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* at the time of Proust's death, with the addition in this issue of certain translations from the *English Tribute* and from other less important foreign studies, of a portrait by Proust of his host the Prince Leon Radiziwill, and of an excellent unpublished photograph. Furthermore there appeared a brief booklet in which were included the somewhat stupid reviews of Paul Souday over a period of some fifteen years; and in English an excellent translation of Leon Pierre-Quint's *Marcel Proust: Sa Vie, Son Oeuvre* which while lacking the remarkable critical judgement of Crémieux or the intimacy of such memoirs as those of Robert Dreyfus, is yet the completest account both of Proust's life and his work that so far exists. Regrettably there were no publications so interesting as the uneven but charmingly illustrated collection of notes published by the *Révue de la Capitole,* or the very fine and broad work of Bénoist-Méchin on *La Musique et l'Immortalité dans L'Oeuvre de Proust,* both of the year before; nor collections of those curious letters which bring before us so vividly and intimately the living figure of Proust. At the end of the year appeared a study in German by R. E. Curtins which has not yet reached America. A French translation of this and an important series of letters to Mme. Scheikévitch are announced to appear this spring, as also during the course of 1928 a dictionary of the characters of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu.*

HENRY-RUSSELL HITCHCOCK, JR.

AMERICA

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1783-1917. *By S. E. Morison, M.A. New York, Oxford University Press, American Branch.* 1927. 2 *Volumes.* $10.00.

Mr. Morison's two volume work, written primarily for Englishmen, is important for American readers. It is not easy to gauge exactly how much the British know about our country. In many ways they understand us better than we understand them. As a nation they have watched us with friendly interest, apprehension, envy, and incredulous condescension ever since the late war thrust us upon them. Their newspapers print far more news of us than ours do of them. Prohibition, fundamentalism, our so-called imperialism — whether it be motion-pictures, Nicaragua, or world finance — all these they watch closely. Yet how little we understand or heed their Prayer Book debates, or their critical labor troubles!

But, if we except the Revolution and the years since 1914, it is fair to believe that Englishmen know very little about our history. The task of presenting it to them intelligibly calls for a nice detachment, but it affords a fine scope for the unbiassed historian.

Mr. Morison is well equipped for this task. He handles the English, as distinct from the American idiom, with genteel ease. He really enjoys elucidating our quaint, vigorous, obscure slang. Thus "hog and hominy" in a footnote becomes "pork, bacon and a preparation of maize." He has sketched with some fulness the physiographic and social complexions of the various states and sections. This gives him a chance for some of his best epigrams. Unlike a number of those in Mr. Trevelyan's recent essay on English history, they are rarely so "pat" as to be unsound. He has an academic grudge against New Jersey — "which has been compared to a barrel tapped at both ends by New York and Philadelphia." He rubs this home in the next volume — "New Jersey — an amorphous state, half bedroom to New York and half to Philadelphia."

As a New Englander he can safely say — "The Adams family have generally been right, but they are uncommonly disagreeable about it."

If Mr. Morison explains what is often obvious to an American, he always contrives to be refreshing. He has his private cynicisms — "Advertising had not yet exalted mendacity to the status of a profession, but with psychology as handmaid it helped to build the great department stores of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago."
Yet whatever his whims he consistently manages to avoid talking down to his British readers, and maintains a level that is meant for the sophisticated reader.

But the task of interpretation between one great country and another is more than the primary explanation of philological and geographic differences. More than any possible enterprise it sets the question squarely, what is historical impartiality?

For a decade and more the status of philosophical history has been equivocal. The once dominant school of scientific history, like nineteenth-century music and other Germanic culture trends, seems to be yielding to something more specifically French. One thinks of Bernard Faÿ. At the extreme pole of the reaction lies historical solipsism, an impasse from which there is only one logical retreat, through the imagination. Skepticism of ultimate, irreducible truth may still be satisfied with the historical *hypothesis*, provided it has imaginative vitality. History has tended to fluctuate between the equally untenable extremes of dogmatic objectivity (Ranke's proud humility "*Ich erzähle es wie es geschah*") and pure art. It is at the mean of a controlled, synthetic *imaginativeness* that it probably must rest. This just and lofty position has been reached before — by Gibbon and Thucydides in isolated genius, and perhaps by Tacitus and others. Our age must make it a stable, permanent property of thought. Thus the return to Gibbon, which like the return to Bach in music has been clearly marked, may be symptomatic. But perhaps Spengler has laid the true cornerstone of future historical structures.

Modern history abjures the mere picturesque use of the imagination. Certain romantic historians of the last century, led amiss by Walter Scott, elaborated to the point of sheer fiction the vivid scenes of history. Mr. Morison does not forget the eye; his picture of the Lincoln-Douglas debate is fraught with color. But he safely avoids the extreme path of Michelet which ultimately leads to the adolescent picture book.

Modern history, too, renounces direct philosophizing in set pas-

sages. Relativism has taught us shyness of all our tenets. This does not mean that we throw out all ideas. But we are careful to present them organically — through implication and *style* — and even then with careful intellectual reserve. The historian is still entitled to grind his own axe. Politics in the higher sense is never forbidden. Indeed from Augustine and Orosius to Clarendon and beyond, the best history (insofar as it stood above mere annals) was frankly prejudiced. The great historians of the eighteenth century (those who were not mere literary hacks) whetted their swords on the dull surface of a maladjusted Christendom. Nineteenth-century utilitarianism, which shadowed history as well as politics and art, drew sap from many roots in the soil of Adam Smith and Hume. Often it was straight party history — and not bad at that, as in the case of Macaulay's Whig apologetic. But it could only claim impartiality on the fallacious Victorian premise, the confusion of liberalism with truth. Like the eighteenth century it had its great inviolable principles, such as the sanctity of human life and conscience. Yet even these notions, grand and steadfast as they sound, we now recognize to be temporal and spatial like their makers. This is the reason why the giants of nineteenth-century thought, such remarkable men as Buckle and Mill, are "dated."

Mr. Morison is perhaps a liberal, but in a better sense. He has a gentleman's feeling for fair-play, and a keen standard of professional conduct. Thus, with no sense of class, but with a true chivalry he can condemn such a case of arbitrary injustice as the official treatment of the Pullman Strike. It was the peculiar vice of such writers as S. R. Gardiner to preach to their characters in the light of Victorian morality. Mr. Morison sometimes points out weakness and mistake, and even tells what his characters should have done, but he is careful to choose cases of direct incompetence and criminality.

History has beheld the successive failures of religious, rationalist, metaphysical, anthropological, economic and other exclusive theories. There seems then to be but one sure refuge, the imagination. It is in this harmonious interplay of controlled fact and imagination that Mr. Morison's volumes are remarkable. To give a unity to American history that shall be more than economic, more than social or political, that shall be historical in the highest meaning, is an important achievement. More than this, to invest the theme with a certain

grandeur, an epic generosity which is neither jingoistic blurb of "manifest destiny," nor the specious lore of statistics — that is something of an artistic triumph.

This higher quality may be sought in three things, in greatness of men, magnificence of setting and breadth of events. We must not exaggerate. The pattern of American history is woven of sublime and ridiculous threads. Heroes we have had, and fatuous freaks. But Mr. Morison is a respecter of persons, and no muck-rake. He is best — congenitally perhaps — when he treats of rectitude and strength. Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, even Hamilton take on the glint of timelessness. Lee "was a great and simple person like George Washington, with a character so pure and well-rounded as to offer no flaw or protuberance for the historian's scalpel . . . He might make a mistake but he could do no wrong." But Mr. Morison is also provided with a quiver of irony, and he knows how to punctuate bombast and sham. Daniel Webster gets a handful of much-needed shafts. Indeed it is in his treatment of persons that Mr. Morison is his surest self — eager in his idealism, yet always caustic, reserved, alert, shrewd.

He leaves us with a feeling, then, that America has produced her share of noble figures. Comparison with England through this period may even add to our satisfaction. The age of Victoria bred no true heroes. There are no parallels to Lincoln and Lee. Disraeli for all his competence is cheap, Gladstone is a Victoria in trousers. We must go back to Castlereagh for an approach to greatness, but many figures like Owen and Place fret the scene with pettish self-importance.

In the setting of our history there is little glamor. Since 1800 our towns have been hideous — our countryside beautiful more by accident than design. Even as antiques our costumes, manners, language give us no real pride. Such sordid phrases as "know-nothings," "plug-uglies," "carpet-baggers," "mugwumps" carry us back to Stuart days when Whig and Tory were just as graphically vulgar. The Industrial Revolution smudged us as it sooted England. Size availed us nothing; if we look for amplitude we find it only in an idealized projection of the Frontier, as England has sought a bootless romance in the story of her Imperial push. But neither Bret Harte nor Kipling has been able to create an illusion of great themes.

In the events of our history we meet with much disillusionment, too. Our foreign policy has rarely ennobled us. Incidentally Mr. Morison is at his best on international relations, especially during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period. His conspicuous knowledge of European governments at that time enables him to deal praise or blame to England, Spain, France, and America with disconcerting justice. He has an almost professional sense of diplomatic propriety and fraud.

Economic development is a limited test of national greatness. During most of our first century we simply followed in England's wake, with the customary provincial lag of about one generation. This coefficient of backwardness for a long time governed all our life. It still seems to obtain in the intellectual sphere, though in economic pursuits we have caught up and even forged ahead. Mr. Morison in one of his best chapters draws a picture of those terrifying decades after the Civil War, which initiated our present great surge. He is at ease in economics, and works statistics judiciously. He shows us the Empire Builders, the Feudal Chieftains, the squalor of a disorderly and barbaric *laisser-faire*. He makes us believe that it was "the most picturesque age America has ever known." But those were costly riches that were won, because America, as Mr. Morison shows, had not learned to profit by mistakes, by her own or other nations'. Waste was our symbol of Progress.

But if we have a truly great theme in our history it is surely the Civil War. Mr. Morison is no more than just when he devotes nearly a quarter of his whole work to those important years, and still more to the study of its causes and results. He has pushed the causes of the struggle farther and farther back, through earlier assertions of nullification and states' rights, back to the inception of the Republic — a very important study.

But more than this, the events seem noble and worthy in themselves. We are left with a feeling of true drama, of the inevitable, of a conflict between national fate and national free-will. In the ending there may have been disillusionment and triviality, rather than true catharsis, but for a moment the nation seems to have been walking on the heroic stage. Mr. Morison has shown it splendidly at that moment.

DANA DURAND

CARICATURE

MOTHER INDIA. *By Katherine Mayo. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1927. $3.75.

In spite of the considerable element of truth in Miss Mayo's book it is impossible for one who knows India well to regard it as other than a work based on prejudice and imagination rather than on an unbiassed, critical judgment. The mind which conceived it is journalistic, impressionistic, and unhistorical. Errors of fact, misunderstandings, and unfair use of quotations have been pointed out in considerable number by many critics of the book. A careful analysis of her statements and a proper evaluation of her conclusions would require a book as large as *Mother India* itself. I would refer the interested reader especially to Alden Clark's excellent article in the *Atlantic* for February, 1928. Ratcliffe's review in the *New Republic* for September 21, 1927, and Cornelius' article in *Current History* for December, 1927, may also be consulted. Dhan Gopal Mukerji has gathered together in his book *A Son of Mother India Answers* (Dutton and Company) many of the scattered criticisms which have appeared concerning *Mother India*. So much of this little book is good that one will easily overlook an occasional sentimental exaggeration. I refrain from referring to other reviews by Indians since they might be suspected of patriotic bias, and will remark only that the files of the *Indian Social Reformer*, which is perhaps the soundest and most progressive paper published in India, might be consulted with advantage.

For over twenty years I have been engaged in the critical study of the Sanskrit language and literature, and in a careful survey of the history of Indian civilization in all its phases. During the years 1920 and 1921 my wife and I spent a year in India, travelling widely and coming into close contact with Indian life in many different places. My professional connections as a Professor of Sanskrit gave us opportunities such as the average tourist does not have. My wife naturally was interested in seeing as much as possible of the life of the women and children, and was closely connected with several Indian organizations which were engaged in social service. Neither my previous study, nor our personal experiences and observations in India

tend to give any support to the sweeping generalizations made by Miss Mayo. We are both of the opinion that there is just about as much happy home life in India as there is in America, and that the lot of the Indian woman, hard as it may be in some respects, is not nearly so hard as it is imagined to be by many western critics.

Miss Mayo's carefully culled quotations prove nothing. They are often unfair and misleading. They could be matched by an equal number drawn from other speakers and from books by competent observers who express exactly the opposite point of view. She quotes casually from the Indian *Census Reports*, but it is evident that she has not read even these important documents carefully or has misunderstood what she read. A careful reading of the *Census Reports* themselves would have been sufficient to deter her from making several of her sweeping generalizations. The only valid evidence presented in the book consists of the things which she actually saw with her own eyes, and the things reported to her by reliable witnesses. The greater portion of the book consists of hearsay gossip, personal prejudice, and generalizations from very insufficient evidence. I doubt if more than ten per cent of her evidence could stand a critical examination in a court of law by a judicial mind. One who is arraigning a whole nation on capital charges should present one's case in such a way that it might withstand the most searching counter-examination. This is a mock trial rather than a serious case at law.

No fair critic can deny the great poverty of India, the low standard of living, the illiteracy, and the narrow and superstitious outlook on life on the part of the masses. Unsanitary conditions, contagious diseases, and ignorance of the most elementary medical matters are widespread. The early marriage of women, the seclusion of women practised by many castes, the treatment of widows, the handling of childbirth, the improper care and malnutrition of children, and the attitude of the higher castes toward the outcastes may well be made the subject of severe criticism. In all of these matters the truth is bad enough without gross exaggeration and misrepresentation. A book which treated these matters in a judicial spirit might do much to hasten reform. Miss Mayo fails utterly to do justice to the many influential organizations, both Western and Indian, which are working hard and with considerable success to improve social conditions.

In a newspaper report of a recent address made by Miss Mayo in

New York it is reported that she said, "Isn't it unfair to say that the book is lopsided? The book is only about a segment, and that the physical segment, of Indian life." She does not yet realize that she has not been dealing even with the whole of that physical segment of Indian life, but merely with a small segment of that segment. Many of the particular cases which she quotes as typical are not typical at all. Even in India they would be classed as criminal cases, and could be matched by criminal cases in this country.

The whole book seems to have owed its inception to Miss Mayo's violent antagonism towards those Indian lecturers in this country who depict India as a purely spiritual country which is immeasurably superior in its civilization to western civilization. She is reported to have said recently in the course of a lecture in New York that the principal object of her book was to bring home information to counteract "the pseudo-propaganda circulated here about India and the great deal of irresponsible material brought to us." In this feeling of annoyance she is quite justified, but why should misrepresentation be met by misrepresentation?

There never has been a people which has devoted itself, as a whole, exclusively to spiritual and non-worldly ends. India is no exception. Spiritual ideals and other-worldliness have been very strong in Indian civilization, stronger than in the West, but these spiritual elements have formed only one factor of Indian life, and a much less important factor than is generally supposed. Indian civilization has always been controlled by precisely the same combination of elements that has controlled western civilization. In spite of its emphasis on spiritual values India has been no more successful than the West has been in striking a perfect balance between the ideal of a spiritual life and the necessity felt by most people for leading a life of worldly activity. Indian civilization has been much less spiritual than is commonly supposed and the West has been much less materialistic than India thinks. But in her violent antagonism to a certain kind of Indian propaganda in America Miss Mayo has been led to be very unfair to Indian life as a whole. Anyone who reads *Mother India* ought to read Sister Nivedita's (Margaret Noble's) *The Web of Indian Life* (Longmans Green) and E. Stanley Jones' *Christ of the Indian Road* (Abington Press). The truth about India lies somewhere between these books and *Mother India*. India

is not so ugly as it is depicted by Miss Mayo nor so beautiful as it is depicted by Miss Noble.

Miss Mayo's method of attack leaves her open to a flank attack such as that of C. S. Ranga Iyer's *Father India* (Selwyn and Blount). This is a very weak book, worse if possible than Miss Mayo's, and seems to mark the beginning of a mud-slinging contest. The whole book is based on extracts from Ben Lindsey's *The Revolt of Modern Youth*, which depicts the sexual excesses of young Americans, and is backed up by careful statistics. Would any judicious critic maintain that this book tells the whole truth about American civilization? And yet it deals with a segment of the physical life of the American people just as *Mother India* deals with a segment of the physical life of the Indian people, and Ranga Iyer draws general conclusions from this "segment" of American life similar to the general conclusions drawn by Miss Mayo from a "segment" of Indian life.

Why cannot criticism be combined with appreciation instead of with derogation? To my mind Miss Mayo's book is either dishonest or muddled and unfair. The suppression of two words in a quotation from Tagore, thereby leading the reader to believe that Tagore himself actually believes a thing which he really is denying looks intellectually dishonest. But the generally muddled and unfair character of the book as a whole leads me to put a more charitable interpretation upon this and some other misquotations.

Emphatically the book does not tell the truth about India. It is a cartoon. A cartoon must be so close to the truth of the subject depicted that that subject is immediately recognized, but the truth must be so distorted that it becomes ludicrous or amusing.

WALTER EUGENE CLARK

THE ENEMY

TIME AND WESTERN MAN. *By Wyndham Lewis. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Co.* 1928. $5.00.

Mr. Lewis is an artist in two kinds — painting and literature — and we might make a fable that the circuit of our times caught him up and tangled his talents in a hard knot from which he has been trying to extricate himself, and incidentally the rest of us, for the last ten years. Hence there is a prophetic earnestness and a prophetic confusion and hurry about much of his critical writings. In this book he displays with great fervour and seriousness, with an almost self-foundering weight of knowledge and thought, the full intricacy and essential nature of the knot.

This book is such a tumult of doctrine, observation, insight and aside, that anything like a fair resolution of its contents would swell a volume and baulk the reader's appetite. Mr. Lewis has ransacked so much disorder and confusion for his subject-matter, it is no wonder the critical order he attempts sometimes strains and gasps, often overtakes and hides itself in an avalanche, and on occasion obfuscates itself entirely in polemic and distortion. But — and this is a very important but — nothing in the book, whether true or untrue, apt or irrelevant, lacks interest. Mr. Lewis has superlatively the talent for starting hares in the reader's mind; and some of them run in otherwise trackless warrens. That is, as a philosopher, he is a new type; the type of the artist; with a sensibility, a method of intelligence largely his own. But he is thus individual not from a love of self (which would have made him common) but from the necessities of the problems which strike him. These, though I think he would deny it, are the problems of ethics as they strike the artist (not as they strike the moralist); and the problems of quality as they are raised by the confusion of science and common sense.

His main thesis has to do with the concepts of time and space, the oppositions which current ideas round these concepts furnish, and particularly with the contemporary misapplications of the concept of time in literature and art. He points out with veracity and much detail that many of our most important attitudes towards experience

have been radically altered by what he calls the time-philosophy. And Mr. Lewis' contention is that the resulting shift of emphasis destroys the validity of these attitudes themselves; especially attitudes towards art and common sense.

What the time-philosophy is Mr. Lewis does not wholly define, but, among others, the names of Spengler, Whitehead, Russell, Alexander, and Bergson are intended to be representative. And the element in the various philosophies of these gentlemen to which Mr. Lewis most objects is the faculty for construing ordinary experience as bits, events, relations in the flux of time *only*, at the expense of concreteness and qualification. He does not object, I think, to the application of such a structure, however mathematical, to the realm of physical, in the scientific sense, matter, but only opposes its conversion to other fields. Or perhaps the real objection is still further away: to the results of such a false conversion in the minds of "Popular" thinkers. For instance, the new type of romanticism in literature, which has been inspired by a misinterpretation of the value of Freudian psychology and by the recent physiology of the nerves and glands:— where the accent is all on bits of sensation and their almost technical relations between point and isolated point; and where the qualifying whole is supplied by an adulterated convention at best, and sometimes not supplied at all. Mr. James Joyce's *Ulysses* is partly an example; and his so far only serially published work is more of one. And Miss Stein's labours wholly so. *The Travel Diaries of a Philosopher* may be considered in this connection.

What has happened, roughly, is this. There are two main ways of considering experience. One is in its scheme of relations, which is the way of science, and tends at its extreme to a mathematics. The other is in terms of its qualities, which employs the intelligence to register wholes, and ends in art or poetry. One is the abstract or intellectual habit; the other the concrete or intelligent. One defines or indicates structure and assists manipulation; the other defines feelings and is a free activity. In practice the two are and peradventure confused. What Mr. Lewis complains of is an ill-arranged junction.

In the last century biology, psychology, and physics provided for the first time a fairly complete structure for the world and for the mind: complete from the standpoint of science, that is. The most

casual inspection of that structure makes clear its cognitive limits. But lately those limits have been denied and a philosophy has sprung up which would substitute uncritical analogues of science for the faculty of concrete intelligence in the fields of common sense. Naturally, this substitution has been made largely in theory; and sensibility has been not so much replaced as vitiated. Hence we at once successfully manipulate matter with science and totally misunderstand its individual instances by applying the analogues of science to them — producing a wholly specious world of points and relations, of introspection and solipsism. The paradigm might be risked that the distortion of one faculty into another always issues in romanticism. In philosophy the movement begins with the once discredited Bergson, whose ideas have now been restored to great honour, as Mr. Lewis points out, by relativity in its literary or non-scientific capacity.

This movement had considerable impetus in that the growth of science demolished, in its process, much of the intellectual structure in which our emotional attitudes were poised. So that we are at present either without a scaffolding or jerry-built.

Mr. Lewis calls this philosophy one of time and opposes to it the "spatialising instincts of man." He shows "time" in the hands of Spengler, for example, become a great mystical hocus-pocus, or *élan vital* for the world. And he comments justly that its presence continually causes the substitution of the personal for the impersonal, the private for the public; with the odd consequence that the individual tends to disappear in the solipsism of hot sensation.

Lewis is an individualist of the Aristotelian order. Hence his feeling against the time-philosophy amounts to the drive of terror; as if his own mind suffered under it constant irreparable injury. The time-philosophers become villains, bugaboos and nightmares; and the amazing insight into life of any sort offered by the current concept of space-time, when disciplined to relevance, is ignored.

The problem may be otherwise stated. Inspection of both Mr. Lewis and his antagonists shows that the object of his terror is only a form of dialectic. Dialectic is susceptible of disposition and alignment, not of destruction. The dialectic in question is an excellent technique for physics and mathematics — for the world as a series of relations; and has issued in a way of thinking amounting to an elaborate faculty. This faculty postures as a philosophy, whereas it

is only one element of a philosophy; and that is what frightens Mr. Lewis — the success of its posture. It has been used as a philosophy where the kinds of measurement it affords are either insignificant or give a grossly false emphasis — as in history, politics, art, religion, and commonsense.

If, as many think, science has erased many of our intellectual convictions, and if, as I. A. Richards asserts, beliefs are hardly possible, it is only because either our convictions were skin-deep and not worth holding, or else we have allowed science to upset matters with which it can have no legitimate contact. Mr. Lewis is concerned to restore the intelligence and the sensibility by adverse criticism of any such misapplications of science; and all that he objects to as the result of time-philosophy may be laid to the practice of an insufficient dialectic. Which does not diminish the difficulty but makes it easier to handle.

As to Mr. Lewis' judgments on James Joyce, Ezra Pound and company, they are valid only from Mr. Lewis' attitude; are reversible from even a slightly different attitude. But that is no matter; good art sometimes exists in spite of the artist and what he thinks about it; and it doesn't follow that imitation be recommended. What Mr. Lewis is judging is the *kind* of literature, the *kind* of idea, and the *kind* of technique. He is not, in this essay, primarily interested in the works themselves. What the reader has to decide is whether he can accept the total attitude which makes these criticisms possible; when he will make his own minor corrections.

Mr. Lewis is interested in making art possible and in making good society possible from the point of view of the artist. The attitude which he attacks — the romantic-scientific, sensational, and naturalistic habit of soul — is also suffering adverse inspection in other quarters. Notably by the neo-thomist group in France; by Mr. Babbitt in this country, by Ramon Fernandez, and Henri Massis, whose *Defense of the West* has just been translated — by these last gentlemen from a somewhat different angle than that of either the the neo-thomists or Mr. Lewis' *Time and Western Man* may be correlated with the work of these authors: with the result that a very definitely "intelligent" attitude emerges, at least tentatively, upon which to erect thorough-going critical structure.

R. P. Blackmur

SHORTER NOTICES

CAVOUR. *By Maurice Paléologue. Translated by Ian F. D. Morrow and Muriel M. Morrow. New York. Harper & Brothers.* 1927. $5.00.

The American public seems to grow very fond of biographical literature; and as a consequence we have had lately a generous supply of new biographies, both original works of American writers and translations from foreign languages. We notice also that the biographies which have claimed a higher success among the "best sellers" are those which purport to give primarily not a strictly historical account of the political, military or literary achievements of their heroes, but rather to delineate the individual traits, or as the phrase goes, to "reveal the inner man," to lay bare the sources of his inspiration by delving into the secrets of his private life, his love affairs, his petty vices, in other words, the hero *en pantoufles*.

To this class of biographies belongs, at least in part, this new book on Cavour the great Italian statesman who was "the architect of United Italy." I say at least in part, because even the achievements of the political career of Cavour, which are described and discussed with many interesting details in this book, are often used to throw light on the character of the man, and in their turn are often explained in the light of his way of thinking, of judging and of acting. The devious ways to which Cavour had to have recourse to secure the success of his plans for the independence of Italy, his readiness to play a double game at the same time, and his ability to emerge unscathed from extremely critical situations do not find a benevolent judge in M. Paléologue, who never hesitates to brand as unethical the methods employed by Cavour. And yet M. Paléologue himself, in portraying the man such as he appears in his private life, cannot and does not deny that outside the political field, Cavour was a man of noble character, loyal to his duties, and a gentleman through and through. How then does the inner man explain the statesman? It seems to me that many biographers of Cavour (especially non-Italian writers) in dealing with the much-discussed problem of Cavour's political Machiavellism fail to realize the importance of two capital points in the history of the man and of his times. First,

that Cavour above all and throughout all the dramatic events, all the difficulties and perils of a short but very agitated career, was and remained loyal and faithful to the great cause which he had made his own, the cause of the independence and the unification of Italy. Not one of his opponents and bitter enemies could prove that Cavour's policy was ever dictated by his personal interests or by party motives which were not best suited for the realization of the great program of Italy's freedom. Second, and this seems to me to be still more important, we must not forget that Cavour was confronted with a system of European politics in which double dealings and underground manoeuvres were the rule and not the exception. There was no possibility of playing the game in any other way. The other European and Italian powers that Cavour had either to gain to his side or to defeat were not innocent lambs which could easily be overcome by cunning; they knew well and used without scruple the methods of political Machiavellism. An open and straightforward policy would never have accomplished anything when one was confronted with an Austrian Empire in which the tradition of Metternich was a sacred thing, or with the Bourbons of Naples and Modena who freely violated the most sacred oaths, or even with the Popes who defended their temporal power by clothing it with a dogmatic character. They were beaten at their own game by Cavour: he had no other choice.

M. Paléologue, to be sure, does not entirely overlook these considerations, but he does not give them the weight which they deserve in his final judgment of the moral character of the great Italian statesmen. There is also another point which is not sufficiently emphasized in his book, that is to say Cavour's unflinching loyalty to the conception of a liberal modern state. On this point Cavour never accepted a compromise. Confronted with enormous difficulties in both internal and foreign policy, embarrassed by the generous but foolhardy exploits of the revolutionary and Mazzinian parties, and on the other hand under the pressure and the menace of Austria and of the reactionary political and religious powers of Italy, Cavour never lost his faith in liberal institutions, never had recourse to dictatorial methods of government, even when they seemed the only way of silencing dangerous opposition and embarrassing agitation, or of pleasing the great powers of Europe. "Even a child could govern with martial law," he used to say; "give me a free Italy and with a liberal gov-

ernment I will make of her a great nation in ten years." This loyalty to the democratic conception of the state is the outstanding characteristic of Cavour's political mentality and it has been duly emphasized in a recent work on a large scale by a French historian (Paul Matter, *Cavour et l'Unité Italienne*, 3 vols., Paris, Alcan 1925-27). This was also well brought out by William Roscoe Thayer in his masterly biography of Cavour (*The Life and Times of Cavour*, 2 vols., Boston, Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1914) which still remains the best work on the subject in the English language.

The biography of M. Paléologue, brilliantly written and very well translated into English, is certainly a remarkable book full of interesting details, and will be read with great profit by students of modern history. The claim of the translators that "the present volume is the first in which an attempt has been made to portray the lineaments of the man as well as the statesman" is really unjustified, but this does not make the book less interesting or less useful.[1]

G. La Piana

The Days of the King. *By Bruno Frank. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York. Alfred A. Knopf.* 1927. $2.50.

Contrary to the publisher's statement, the three episodes on which Herr Frank has built his study of Frederick the Great are not fiction but fact. They are told, it is true, with all the appurtenances of the short story, but their foundation is soundly historical. Indeed the chief value of the book lies in its achievement of an authentic, an entirely unclouded, picture of a great man, although its value as literature runs a close second. There is pathos and drama in these sketches, as well as a sympathetic but never-faltering devotion to the truth. The author has thrown on the Benevolent Despot of Prussia a Roentgen ray of impartial but nonetheless human inspection, and in so doing has produced a charming book and has added another tier to the edifice of negative chauvinism which contemporary literature is erecting.

V. F.

[1] The love affair of Cavour with the Marchioness Giustiniani (pp. 46 ff) was the object of a special study by H. Nelson Gay, who came into possession of several of her letters to Cavour (*Cavour e l'Incognita*, in *Nuova Antologia*, Feb.-March, 1926). That the Marchioness exercised a great influence on Cavour seems unwarranted by the facts. (See *Nuova Rivista Storica*, Sept., 1927, p. 579.)

ALL AT SEA. *By Osbert & Sacheverell Sitwell. London. Duckworth.* 1927. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell have written one of the few really modern comedies. After *Before the Bombardment* of Osbert Sitwell, with its mildly Victorian satire and its long descriptive passages, after Sacheverell Sitwell's seventeenth-century verse and erudite studies in the Baroque, it is quite startling to find these two collaborating on a play reminiscent of Tzara. One is further thrown off the track by Osbert's preface. In it he employs Whistler's technique to dispose of an unfriendly critic; he adds a new proof of Spengler's time cycle; he describes the interesting experiment of "Façade," which consisted of Miss Edith Sitwell reciting her poetry through a megaphone to incidental music. The whole is amusingly discursive, but gives no suggestion of the originality of the comedy it precedes.

However, the play itself, laid on a trans-Atlantic steamer as the most fitting symbol of modernity, is at last a new kind of comedy, since it depends not upon situations, or epigrams, or characterization, but only upon the exhilarating speed of its tempo. It is kinetic nonsense, the method of Mr. Lardner and Mr. Benchley carried to its logical conclusion. To increase the speed the slow development of character during the course of the play is given up, and short descriptions in the Dramatis Personae are used. The types are very broadly drawn, and they speak in the most obviously characteristic manner. The plot is purposely absurd. Peter Leach, "a self appointed entertainment and luxury tax," masquerades as a Russian Countess and an Anglican clergyman to meet his divorced wife, at one time an American chorus girl, who after her divorce married an American copper king and is now a cultured widow. They ultimately remarry. Many of the individual lines are annoyingly banal; but the whole, if it were properly played, would move so swiftly that it would be impossible to notice the separate details.

Much of the dialogue has the rythmic quality of Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Fragment of a Prologue,* as when, in discussing British doggedness, the following occurs:

Starbord: They just shut their eyes.
Jameson: And clinch their teeth.

Starbord: And dig their toes in, Mr. Jameson.

Jameson: And stand firm by the colors, Captain Starbord.

and so on with subtle variations of rhythm. Or there is the amusing play of alliteration in the discussion of wives, for which "a real clinking cliquot" is the motive. In these pyrotechnics of words and meters there is the possibility of a new development in comedy.

The play was acted in London, but was not successful, because the actors could not play in a fast enough tempo. It should be performed by something superhuman. The vitaphone would be the perfect instrument. Words and actions could then be coördinated at twice the speed possible on the stage, and the play would be seen as the hysterical phantasmagoria it was written to be. Thus it would express "that swift and constant movement in every direction, both in terms of actual distance and of sociology" characteristic of modern life, a chaos the tragic implications of which Mr. Joyce has so skilfully caught, and of which the comic possibilities have just begun to be appreciated. Of the comedy of the future Miss Edith Sitwell has said "This terrible gaiety is nothing but a rope ladder up which we must climb to escape from bottomless pits." The ordered social life of the last generation was able to find amusement in epigrams, but for the Dadaist there is only the possibility of laughter at his own frustration in a chaos he has inherited.

JOHN WALKER III

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. *Chosen & Edited by Bliss Carman. New York. Oxford University Press, American Branch.* 1927. $3.75.

The admirable series of Oxford Books has been at last increased by the inevitable addition of a book of American verse. Quiller-Couch achieved very desirable selections in his anthologies of English and Victorian verse, while those of French, German, and Italian are no less ably collected. Perhaps Quiller-Couch, as an Englishman, was considered unsuited for the present work, but the compromise arrived at in choosing Bliss Carman, a Canadian, as editor was unfortunate. Not only does he appear ignorant of early American verse and modern poetry, but his selection from the nineteenth century must have been culled from grade-school readers, while he completely ignores the

body of the more indigenous verse which so enriches American literature. The conservative editorial taste of J. C. Squire or Louis Untermeyer would not only have been more comprehensive but also more intelligently discerning in a volume of such official presumption.

The present editor places first the only anonymous ballad in the book, *The Yankee Man-Of-War*, and his earliest poet is Philip Freneau. Although American verse up to the middle of the last century has slight claims to be added to the monument of permanent poetry, nevertheless earlier works might well have been included in a collection, primarily of historical interest. Readers would have been grateful for the 23rd from *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, c. 1690, or one of Dudley's *New England Elegies* or part of Maylem's *Conquest of Louisberg*. There is no contemporary ballad to mark the birth of our nation — and where is "Yankee Doodle"?

Mr. Carman has included Whitman's *My Captain*, omitting any part of *The Body Electric*, or *At the Last, Tenderly*. He has also ignored interesting verse by the Salem mystic Jones Very and the novelist Hermann Melville. He must have seen evidences of the recent interest in American balladry, in the Negro Spiritual, in songs of barber-shop, barroom, mine shaft, and ranch. The inclusion of *Frankie and Johnnie*, *Casey Jones*, or *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, would have given distinction and significance to the great drab mass of nineteenth-century verse.

When he comes to the twentieth century there has been leeway for a choice, and Mr. Carman, himself a poet of the old school, sees fit to include only that which has direct traditional links with the nineteenth century. Ezra Pound, to be sure, is misrepresented by his jingle *An Immorality*, and Amy Lowell is at home in the polite company, but the exciting figures, the figures which threaten to lift American poetry from a dependent position, have been excluded to a man. Henry Van Dyke, Louise Imogen Guiney, Willa Cather, Don Marquis, Joyce Kilmer and Christopher Morley are all here, labelled and dated, washed and dried. But Eliot, Aiken, MacLeish, Jeffers, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, John Crowe Ransome, are conspicuous by their absence, testifying in their universal exclusion to the limits of Bliss Carman's interest and the consistent standard of his editorial taste and ability.

L. E. K.

MY LIFE. *By Isadora Duncan. New York. Boni and Liveright.* 1927. $5.00.

Isadora Duncan recounts the story of her quixotic career in an honest but effusive fashion; extravagances, which with most of us would be absurd affectation, become genuine; and we are made instantly and constantly aware of the fact that the author has kept unswerving faith with herself. It is this that gives the book its value, for it preserves her as the tradition of her dancing, which in the hands of her imitators has become pretty well emasculated, could never do, from the irrevocably complete death of a dead actress. The book also possesses the potentialities of an excellent autobiography — few men or women have lived as intensely, as dramatically or as completely as did Isadora Duncan — and yet for certain obvious reasons it fails to realize them. For by her very nature the author was incapacitated for the task of presenting a logical and integrated account of her experiences.

Her art, the dance, was apparently an accidental discovery and its development an emotional rather than an intellectual process. It is true that she considered her inspiration to be derived from the Greek; that she studied carefully the figures ornamenting Greek vases and attempted in that way to reconstruct what she believed to be a lost Hellenic art; but the soul and the spirit of the dance, as she conceived it, was an emotional abandonment, moulded and reduced to conform with the requisites of symbolic representation. And her love of this freedom led her to an abhorrence of the classical ballet with its rigid, conventional movements and its impersonal forms of expression.

Her life, bound up as it was with expression in the dance, was even less dependent upon the guidance of reason. It too was an emotional inspiration, an orgasm, influenced neither by system nor logic but attended by an almost incredible good fortune. She left her birthplace, San Francisco, for Chicago, New York and London successively, persuading managers and audiences alike of the soundness of her theories by the sheer force of her intense sincerity. On the continent, she rapidly gained a reputation; students in Berlin took the horses from her carriage and drew her in triumph down *Unter den Linden;* in Vienna she was acclaimed with boundless enthusiasm as she danced the beautiful Blue Danube; in Greece, the fountain-head of her in-

spiration, she found the land of her dreams and romantically determined to dwell there evermore; there on the waterless hill of Kopanos she commenced to build a replica of the Temple of Agamemnon; finding this impracticable, she returned to Vienna with a troop of little boys with whom she hoped to revive the old Greek chorus; forced to despatch these rapidly back to Athens because their voices began to change and because not enough ripe olives and garlic could be found for them, she returned to individual dancing; she organized a School, bore three children to as many lovers and accepted an offer from the Soviet government to teach the children of Russia to dance. This and more. The majority of her schemes were fantastic in the extreme; but with the aid of a seeming divine providence, as fast as they were conceived, circumstance provided for their fulfillment. She longed for a millionaire lover who would finance her school for her and in two days he appeared in her dressing room. Thus, again and again.

As her life, was lived, so her book is written — grand, diffuse and unreasonable, it leaps in a high, fine way from emotional peak to peak never once stopping to draw a considered breath. Taken fragmentarily, however, this makes excellent reading. For example, her meetings with Rodin:

"He gazed at me with lowered lids, his eyes were blazing, and then, with the same expression that he had had before his works, he came toward me. He ran his hands over my neck, breast, stroked my arms and ran his hands over my hips, my bare legs and feet. He began to knead my whole body as if it were clay, while from him emanated heat that scorched and melted me. My whole desire was to yield to him my entire being and, indeed, I would have done so had it not been that my absurd up-bringing caused me to become frightened and I withdrew, threw my dress over my tunic and sent him away bewildered. What a pity! How often I have regretted this childish miscomprehension which lost to me the divine chance of giving my virginity to the Great God Pan himself, to the Mighty Rodin. Surely Art and all Life would have been richer thereby."

Although this book is unsuccessful artistically, in that the author failed to give it a necessary coherence and to exhibit any selective ability (for it is heavily padded with rubbish), yet it maintains a lofty intensity and fidelity which is hers alone. And the fact that it is

utterly without humor is undoubtedly largely responsible for the unwavering maintenance of that intensity, inasmuch as humor is a sort of humility in the face of things as they are, a recognition of fallibility. Once and once only does a possible trace of that humility appear — and even then it may be of a purely unintentional and coincidental origin. But when she writes: "Nothing seems to exist save in imagination, and all the marvellous things that have happened to me may lose their savor because I do not possess the pen of a Cervantes or even a Casanova" — then it is nice to believe that she saw herself with open eyes, tilting at her great gay windmills and gathering in some inexplicable way gains and regal rewards for her trouble.

PHILIP OWEN

ART STUDIES: MEDIEVAL RENAISSANCE AND MODERN. *Edited by Members of the Departments of the Fine Arts at Harvard and Princeton Universities. Cambridge. Harvard University Press.* 1927. $7.50.

A fair portion of this number deals with Architecture. The article of M. Oursel advances still further the much-current idea of Burgundy's importance in the Middle Ages — an importance due not so much to originality as to the assimilation of ideas to be carried to a logical conclusion.

Apostolados by Miss Shipley collects very conveniently our knowledge of this sculptural iconography in Spain, adding several little-known instances (mostly of later date), although her study of the ultimate origin of the motive is none too satisfactory.

The ingenious suggestion of Mr. Abbot for explaining the ease with which El Greco reproduced his paintings in varying sizes is extremely amusing but too complicated (as illustrated by his own figures) to have been practical.

Withal *Art Studies* retains its policy of sound, dignified archaeological scholarship departing little into the unusual. We lack in America the conflicting chauvinistic impulses of Europe in the study of medieval art so that we cannot accept any of their varied types of scholarship but preferably must build up an individual one, the chief element of which will be the lack of chauvinism.

MARVIN ROSS

SHORTER NOTICES

ROMANTIC AMERICA. Picturesque United States. *By E. O. Hoppé. New York. B. Westermann Co.* 1927. $7.50.

In this magnificent volume Mr. Hoppé has surpassed his *Unknown England*, despite the increased complexity of the subject. He has succeeded in presenting the most pictorial scenes of the United States by condensing into a little more than three hundred photographs what might well fill ten volumes. Mr. Hoppé is more than a photographer: he is an artist, for his harmony of lines, his blending of tones, and his choice of scenes are extraordinary. New York, the larger cities, the sleepy southern towns are well represented; the Painted Desert, Monument Valley, the Garden of the Gods, the falls of the Yellowstone and other National Parks, the deserts, snow-capped Rockies, the great rivers, the mesas, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Indian remains, and golden California are all faithfully shown. One of the most important reasons for the success of the volume lies in its characterization of the industrial organisms of the United States — the heart and pulse of the country.

One might be critical in judging certain omissions, of the Tennessee River, the Delaware Water Gap, the Japanese maples of Washington, D. C., the caves of West Virginia, but he is so stunned by the great mass of real American scenery here reproduced that he soon forgets, in his enthusiasm for the rest, these few hiatuses. Upon closer scrutiny a certain lack of finesse in the choice of several pictures, particularly those of Kentucky, Utah, and Harvard College, is apparent, but in so comprehensive a volume it would scarcely be fair to carp at these comparatively infrequent shortcomings.

W. C. B., JR.

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES AND THE CONSTITUTION. A Review of his Twenty-five Years on the Supreme Court. (Dunster House Papers, No. 4). *By Felix Frankfurter. Cambridge. Dunster House Bookshop.* 1928. 75*c*.

It is said that there are no atheists at the Harvard Law School: those who do not believe in God, believe in Holmes. Professor Frankfurter in this article rationalizes (it might be said *justifies*) this faith. As a setting against which to display the grandeur of Mr. Justice

Holmes' achievement, a statement of the inherent problem and complex process involved in the labours of the Supreme Bench introduces the article. It is as concise and illuminating on the subject as any to be found. Two types of adjudications requiring different bases for judgment and in which "reason has different scope" flow from the multitudinous claims presented for the Court's consideration: *First*, those which definiteness of constitutional provision or historical compulsion remove from individual judgment. *Second*, those which the "convenient vagueness" of the clauses of the Constitution and the governmental theories upon which it is based subject to the shifting influence of the political, social, and economic good (or bad) sense of the determining court. Indeed, words like "liberty" and "property" and phrases like "due process of law" are pregnant with judgments "upon the whole appalling domain of social and economic facts."

While most of Mr. Justice Holmes' predecessors were men of "seasoned and diversified experience in a work-a-day world, usually in public life," not so with him. After years as a scholar and a judge on the Massachusetts Supreme Bench, Mr. Justice Holmes came to the Supreme Court on December 8, 1902, at a time when government, fearing the effect of mounting complexity on the life of common men, pressed into unfamiliar areas — "the high tide of the Roosevelt era."

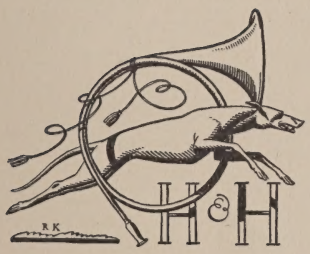
Professor Frankfurter by unusually apt quotation from the opinions displays not only the kernels of wisdom, but the grace and elasticity of phrase by which Mr. Justice Holmes has disclosed them. One of the finer suggestions of the discussion is that indicating the worth of dissenting opinions in defining the scope and limits of the broad assertions of the majority.

With such poise has Professor Frankfurter written his discriminating analysis and careful appreciation that comment and quotation fit harmoniously together — no mean accomplishment. While it is yet too early to evaluate his true contribution to the mosaic of the Constitution, Mr. Justice Holmes is revealed, in the pleasant glow of this article, as one who, eluding the perversity of prejudice and refusing obeisance to temporary expediency, has recognized the compensating value of experimentation and the terrible frailty of tradition.

STUART M. WRIGHT

THE HOUND & HORN

A HARVARD MISCELLANY



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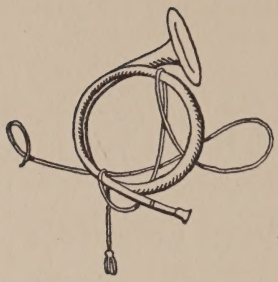

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Jere Abbott studied the Fine Arts at Harvard last year. During the past winter he has been in Russia occupied with the development of Soviet films. *The Mastodon* is reproduced from a photograph taken directly on sensitized paper without the use of a plate or film.

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THE
HOUND & HORN
A HARVARD MISCELLANY
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COMMENT

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT

WITH this number THE HOUND & HORN concludes its first volume. It was begun as an attempt to provide a great university with a medium of expression worthy of the most imaginative, creative work that university fosters or influences. If it has failed in degree of maturity, and has been limited by personal claustration and the trying practical details that attend even the slightest genesis, the editors feel that it has succeeded at least in part, by filling a need. The increasing excellence and rightness with which this need will continue to be filled is largely dependent upon experience gained in growth and in ever widening editorial connections.

As a miscellany THE HOUND & HORN is not the organ for a clique, nor has it axes to grind. But since the editors have entered into a spiritual alliance with the standards of a philosophical criticism already formulated by some of their elders and betters, they may be said to be working towards an end. That end is the establishment of a sound criterion of values in a time when there is great confusion of values. In the microcosm of a university, which has at least universal implications, the results of such an experiment should be illuminating.

A correspondent has protested against our grammar. '"It is them,"' he writes, 'got by the proof readers.' The sentence in question occurs in Mr. Blackmur's paper on T. S. Eliot, Vol. I, No. 3, pg. 189, ll. 17-18, where we read: 'Poetry makes no assertions about its contents; it is them.' We are aware that there have been misprints in THE HOUND & HORN, but this is not one of them. Mr. Blackmur chose the accusative deliberately, and succeeded in getting it through despite the proof readers. If one requires authority for this usage, we refer him to *The Dance of Life*, by Havelock Ellis, Boston, 1923. On pg. 147 Mr. Ellis has this to say about the substitution of the accusative case for the predicate nominative:

PREDICATE NOMINATIVE

'It is sufficient to mention one: the nominative use of the pronoun "me." Yet, surely, any one who considers social practice as well as psychological necessity should not fail to see that we must recognise a double use of "me" in English. The French, who in such matters seem to have possessed a finer social and psychological tact, have realised that *je* cannot be the sole nominative of the first person and have supplemented it by *moi* (*mi* from *mihi*). The Frenchman, when asked who is there, does not reply "Je!" But the would-be English purist is supposed to be reduced to replying "I!" Royal Cleopatra asks the Messenger: "Is she as tall as me?" [Antony and Cleopatra; Act III, Scene III, l. 11]. The would-be purist no doubt transmutes this as he reads into: "Is she as tall as I?" We need not envy him.'

T. S. ELIOT

II

ERIGER en lois ses impressions personelles, c'est le grand effort d'un homme s'il est sincère." — So runs the epigraph to the first essay in *The Sacred Wood,* which is called, very much to our present purpose, *The Perfect Critic.* If we knew what laws were, and could all agree as to their validity and application — or if our ignorance of these matters was total — we might describe the criticism of Mr. Eliot or of any other critic in a paragraph, add a period of commendation, and have done. But our knowledge is only interrupted by our ignorance; and there is no set of theories more contentious, no principles existing in such wayward isolation, as those of literary criticism. With the result that if the critic does not jade us he supplies us with stimulation and excitement, with almost anything, surely, but criticism. We have thus a necessity beyond the criticism of literature; we are ramified entirely in the criticism of critics, and end, each of us, where we began — in kissing, without zest, our favourite cow. We can show no more contempt — or possibly, sympathy — for the judgment of others than by repeating Mr. Beerbohm's Greek: "ὅστις τοῖα ἔχει ἐν ἡδονῇ ἔχει ἐν ἡδονῇ τοῖα."* — each looking, meanwhile, at his neighbor's heifer.

No critic but confesses somewhere to his impotence in this respect. Even Mr. Eliot can step aside in mid-career and say, with an air of incorrigible seriousness, "Our valuation of po-

*"For people who like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like."

etry, in short, depends upon several considerations, upon the permanent and upon the mutable and upon the transitory. When we try to isolate the essentially poetic, we bring our pursuit in the end to something insignificant; our standards vary with every poet whom we consider. All we can hope to do, in the attempt to introduce some order into our preferences, is to clarify our reasons for finding pleasure in the poetry that we like."

Mr. Eliot indicates, I think, the only exit when four pages further in the same essay (that on Dryden) he discloses these observations. "The poet who attempts to achieve a play by the single force of the word provokes comparison, however strictly he confine himself to his capacity, with poets of other gifts. Corneille and Racine do not attain their triumphs by magnificence of this sort; they have concentration also, and, in the midst of their phrases, an undisturbed attention to the human soul as they knew it." This resolution consists in, or at least involves, the discovery of morals, of representative significance, in the values assignable to literature.

Art is ethics in action and has all the intimacy of going off to sleep; it is the action of the soul. . . . It is enough here to indicate the existence of this idea; later, it will furnish the main dish of this essay.

The quality which makes Mr. Eliot almost unique as a critic is the purity of his interest in literature as literature — as art autonomous and complete. Hence the power and penetration of his essays — the fullness of his point of view — the disciplined (and thus limited) fertility of his ideas. Personal taste has its influence but is not paramount. He may or may not suffer from a romantic morality; may adhere to the

tory principle in politics, and the catholic regimen in religion — or be both whig and protestant: these connexions are private and cannot much prejudice his business as a critic. This separation of interests is accomplished not by an arbitrary divorce of forms but by an honest recognition of limits. Mr. Eliot's purity of interest has been the chief taint on his reputation as both critic and poet; the accusation of sterility is common, and his very lively, even agonised mind is sometimes described as without interest in human life; whereas the right indictment will be more technical, that his choice of limits has been a little imprudent, that his essential virtue has been pushed a little beyond the extreme verge of the appropriate. Literature the most sophisticated, the most refined is yet very much in the raw: the most intimate because the most controlled contact with the feelings and emotions other than those personal to us: and every critic, in his criticism, must needs save himself from submersion. Some critics make a new work of art; some are psychologists; some mystics; some politicians and reformers; a few philosophers and a few literary critics altogether. It is possible to write about art from all these attitudes, but only the last two produce anything properly called criticism; criticism, that is, without a vitiating bias away from the subject in hand. The bastard kinds of criticism can have only a morphological and statistical relation to literature: as the chemistry of ivory to a game of chess.

Mr. Eliot has chosen to be a critic, and because the profession is unpopular and scantily membered, has used much of his time in emphasizing the limits of his task and in setting up a handful of principles and definitions suitable to the control of his material. Naturally, everything depends on the

general problem of order and structure. Most of his principles are ideals of form (and a given form is only a manifest order). Most of his definitions are of distinctions and contrasts of the modifications of form. The approach is invariably technical; I mean the matters touched on are always to some degree generalised characteristics of the work in hand. No overt attack is made on the "contents" of the work directly; the marvel and permanent value of the technical method is that, when prudently and fully applied, it results in a criticism which, if its implications are taken up, provides a real and often immaculate judgment on those "contents."

Possibly a special sense of the word "technique" is here understood. A little has already been said on the subject in the earlier section of this essay. The real technique of an art is in the modes of registering feelings and creating emotions. It is not the possession of any one man but the affect of a more or less general sensibility. We judge a poet by the intensity with which he expresses the emotions cognate to the sensibility of his time — not the intensity of the emotions, which matters only to the individual, but the intensity of the artistic process. Upon which M. Ramon Fernandez comments: "It follows that the parts of a work should not be related to such or such feeling of the author's, but to the totality of the work, and the work itself to the totality of works in its order." M. Fernandez further comments apropos Eliot's general ideas on the method of the poet that he has an "anxiety to transpose the integral experience of man," and a "conception of the hierarchy which brings him to instaurate what others suppress or forget."

Again if the following phrases taken from Eliot's paper

on Marvell are considered as an attempt to expand the theory of technique, they will have an explicit force and use denied to them in their capacity as mere general observations. "We can say that wit is not erudition; it is something stifled by erudition, as in much of Milton. It is not cynicism, though it has a kind of toughness which may be confused with cynicism by the tender-minded. It is confused with erudition because it belongs to an educated mind, rich in generations of experience; and it is confused with cynicism because it implies a constant inspection and criticism of experience. It involves, probably, a recognition, implicit in the expression of every experience, of other kinds of experience which are possible."

Byron's misanthropy was part of his technique, not of his "philosophy" so far as we are concerned. Similarly with Keats' view of the Greeks, or Swinburne's sweets of sin. Swifts' Houyhnhnms and yahoos increase their savage contrast if they be considered as *technical* devices for the definition of emotion. In Shakespeare certain of the characters exist as part of the technique, as witness the character of Enobarbus and the astonishing emotion defined with it.

On another plane, such things as the dying speeches in Elizabethan drama, the nature-effects in poets such as Cowley or Gray or Rossetti, the five-o'clock feeling in Mr. Cummings and certain of the Georgians, are conventions of the most technically useful order. What cannot be conventional (and allow the appearance of poetry) are the feelings which warrant the particular instance of the convention: and this is the sure test for false feeling in poetry.

Another sort of technique lies in the state of language at

a given time and the relation of language to the feelings which it denotes, and its equivalence or disproportion as the case may be to the sensibility then current. Hence Mr. Eliot observes the great importance of the fact that in the year 1600 French prose was already mature — an exact equivalence had been obtained; and that English prose was not. Montaigne could not have written in English, but he could be translated.

Music and painting are ordinarily free of "ideas" and the correlations of science; and these matters can be more firmly established in those arts by a little inspection. It is easy to see, to take an obvious example, how the paintings of G. F. Watts fail by the substitution of a literary idea for the original feeling which that artist never possessed. It is not so easy to compare Thackeray and Flaubert and to prove that Thackeray's lesser stature is due to an analogous failure. Flaubert possessed what Thackeray to a large extent did not, a fresh feeling for language — a feeling at once for the precision and the indefinable suggestive qualities of words as they take hold of and signify things. It is the difference between conventions which are inspired continuously and with each use by a particular experience, and conventions which, inspired only by themselves, become empty simulacra, effective only by the fictions of intercourse. Art is not much concerned with intercourse but with intelligence; it is prone to no exigence but that of the facts. And as for proof of the artist's allegiance we do not need Sterne's letters to show his agonised fidelity to his feelings, nor Eliot's essays to show his: we need only read the *Sentimental Journey* and the *Waste Land.*

It will be observed that technical criticism of this order has the merit of being altogether literary. Every other consideration is subordinated; and being subordinated takes its appropriate place. It does not cheapen intelligence, it heightens it, to limit its field; its penetration is increased by the diminution of opportunities. The essays on Jonson, Marlowe, Blake, and Dante in *The Sacred Wood* are essays of this order. But a full estimate of Marlowe is implied, is even logically articulated, by the consideration of the tone and tempo of the blank verse of *Tamburlaine* and *The Jew of Malta.* Some of this estimate is worked out by the introduction of a theory of ferocious farce and the isolation of the quality of feeling, the quality of distortion, belonging to it. Some of the estimate is left *in parvo,* for the imagination of the reader familiar with Marlowe to supply; but the imagination is directed.

Mr. Eliot's essays are never without point to present problems in style or feeling; which is always the mark of the good critic, that the past is alive as it bears on and exists in the present. This quality arises only from the critic whose angle is technical and whose material is the facts in the work under consideration as they are relevant to literature as such — and not the same facts or others contorted to the interests of psychology, philosophy, or general good will.

Mr. Eliot has made his choice as a literary critic out of what one supposes were the necessities of his mind, of any well ordered mind. Yet he is practically alone not only today but in the past. A fragment of Arnold, a little Coleridge, a little Dryden, and now and then Dr. Johnson; and of these perhaps only Dryden's interest was serene and whole. From

the rest, as they are valuable in this connexion, we have less than fragments. Hence the occasional superstition that Mr. Eliot is essentially sterile, that he is out of touch with human life.

Mr. Francis Fergusson, in an essay published in the *American Caravan* dealing with Eliot's impersonal theory of art, makes the accusation very plain. I extract a few sentences from their context. "The only significant thing in the world for Mr. Eliot is art; no wonder his theme can only be the struggle to create, and that he presents the spectacle of a man doomed by sterility in the effort to make art out of art . . . The kernel of Mr. Eliot's position is his inability to see man the free being which is in all humanly significant figures . . . By preferring a literary tradition to a human background he has limited himself to form . . . Deprived of any sympathetic connection with the world outside poetry, he can only mount to an ever narrower and less significant field of thought."

So far as this is metaphysics, one sits somewhat in another corner; so far as it describes Mr. Eliot, it is, if one thinks of it, impossible in a literal sense and can be a valid description only of intentions and emphases in Eliot's mind.

What is a "literary tradition" but a more definite "human background"? As for "man the free being" there are those who believe that the only freedom consists in the recognition of necessities and the submission to control. And so on. But the general indictment while not found true has yet a taint of cause. It is not, however, a cause which Mr. Fergusson mentions. It is this, that just as Eliot attacks literature proper from a technical angle, so the frame of his theory is made as abstract as possible; and for the same reason — to make it

more supple, to make it *inherently* imply more. Interest in and connexion with human life were thereby increased, granted, even, something of the purity of the abstractions themselves.

Take for example the essay to which Mr. Fergusson resorts, *Tradition and the Individual Talent.* Eliot is a classicist and this essay is simply his own most abstract statement of the classical dogma. Recourse to dogma, when the dogma is critically held, is not the sign of an opinionated or sterile mind but of an active intelligence in need of a principle of control; it may be the sign of a realistic mind, a mind interested in its object without wishing to be lost in it, a mind which neither identifies the universe with the self nor the self with the universe, but distinguishes the difference as well as the connexion between the two.

The inveterate tightness and concision of the style of Mr. Eliot's essay make it almost necessary — to give the cogent strength of its argument — to quote it entire. I leave the burden of cogency to the individual reader and detach a few ideas and phrases.

If we approach a poet without prejudice for what is individual to him, "we shall often find that not only the best, but the most individual parts of his work may be those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously." This suggests the sort of tradition in which Mr. Eliot is interested. But tradition "cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labour." It involves the historical sense, which "compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe . . . has a

simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his contemporaneity." The necessity that the poet "shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not one-sided. . . . The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them . . . For order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slighty, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new."

This is a fragmentary formulation of Mr. Eliot's dogma of tradition. The relation of the individual poet to such a tradition is a necessary result and concomitant of the attitude which recognizes the tradition. The main principle is this: that art demands more from the artist than the artist, *as an individual*, exacts from his art. Precisely as the poem is not able to exist aside from its connexion with other poetry, so the poet must continually surrender himself "as he is at the moment to something which is more valuable . . . The poet has, not a 'personality' to express, but a particular medium, which is only a medium and not a personality, in which impressions and experience combine in peculiar and unexpected ways. . . . It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life, that the poet is in any way remarkable or interesting. His particular emotions may

be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of the people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life.... The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all.... Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality." We wish to find expressions of "*significant* emotion, emotion which has its life in the poet and not in the history of the poet." And, if I may quote again what so many have quoted before me, "It is not the 'greatness,' the intensity, of the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place that counts. ... The difference between art and the event is always absolute."

Properly understood, these dogmas of an impersonal and traditional art, far from divorcing poetry and life, ought rather permanently to establish the only connexion possible between them; — to make both in a high sense more germane to the mind — which is not, after all, except diminutively and pejoratively, either poetry or life.

Other dogmas might permit mature poetry; but these guarantee to exclude the immature. By the adoption of such dogmas we lose the right, as we think it, to a great deal of loose "self-expression." We lose our natural talent for being ravished by every stray emotion and each successive dream. But we permit ourselves these great losses only because of the depth and delicacy of our interest in emotions. We dis-

cover that our poetry has, because we do not leave it in the anarchy of the flux, a far more direct contact with the emotions, the passions, and the person. If we look for the individual in any field, we shall not find it in the specious alone; what is specious is undefined and incoherent, is inchoate by necessity; to discern the individual requires the presence of an order, a direction, something very like a purpose, to which all the data subscribe, and in relation to which they shall be defined. In art this is an emotional unity for the given work; and is an intellectual unity, a tradition, for the body of works of a given kind. The business of the critic will be to preserve contact between the emotional unity of the individual poem or picture and the sum of the tradition. Whatever dogmas he may erect will be in the interest of these unities. If he is a philosopher also, he will take the matter of "self-expression" for granted and apply himself to the consideration of art as a measure, a judgment, and a definition of experience.

When we wish to define we do not wish (except ideally) an exact tautology, an entire identity; because we should then possess a duplication which in the degree of its success would leave us where we began. We wish a symbol, some sort of general formulation of significance. An apple does not define an apple except to itself. In art, the definition of an apple would be an arrangement of its qualities as they entered our feelings and were adjusted by already existing feelings of a relevant variety: what we would end with would be an emotion about that apple, of a highly qualified order, which yet did not inhere in the apple itself. It would be an emotion appropriate to art and not to produce-dealers. But it is originally and incorrigibly important that the particular

apple should have been directly felt, perceived; not as free sensation, which is impossible, nor with an idea of action, which is irrelevant, but for the sake of its being and meaning. The artist's native talent will be for perceiving apples, and everything else, in this way: his equipment will be the technique of transmuting his perceptions, his feelings, his experience, into a kind of objective emotion. Only in this sense does art create the object it contemplates. Otherwise, in every rhetoric of reality, the eye is on the object *in the beginning*. The object may not be recognisable as such when it comes out in a poem or a picture; but it will be something much more important — a definition, in the terms of art (of feeling and emotion) of that object. Your romanticist thinks he can do without objects, or use only strange objects, and persist on novelty alone. Or to the contrary he believes that the objects can take care of themselves, and his poem will be comfortable and prosperous if he stuffs it up with the first objects that come to hand. He is an adept at sensation and intuition but he knows nothing about experience. Your mature artist is distinguished by his adherence to experience, as it is conceived apart from its flux and seen in perspective and in order.

To quote the last sentences of Santayana's essay on Goethe's *Faust:* "To be miscellaneous, to be indefinite, to be unfinished, is essential to the romantic life. May we not say that it is essential to all life, in its immediacy; and that only in reference to what is not life — to objects, ideals and unanimities that cannot be experienced but may only be conceived — can life become rational and truly progressive? Herein we may see the radical and inalienable excellence of romanti-

cism; its sincerity, freedom, richness, and infinity. Herein, too, we may see its limitations, in that it cannot fix or trust any of its ideals, and blindly believes the universe to be as wayward as itself, so that nature and art are always slipping through its fingers. It is obstinately empirical, and will never learn anything from experience."

Mr. Eliot's great deficiency, according to Mr. Fergusson, is that, in his present position, "he can only mount to an ever narrower and less significant field of thought." He is "deprived from any sympathetic connection with the world outside poetry." And so on. If the interpretation I have made of Mr. Eliot's dogmas is correct the essence of Fergusson's indictment is false. Those dogmas rather insist on a connexion, whether sympathetic or not, with the world, a connexion all the more thorough for refusing to be lost in it. Only by insisting that art is not life can art express life.

The difficulty with Mr. Eliot's ideas is that they have been put rather one-sidedly. We have on one side a rigid and exquisitely formulated doctrine of method. We have a thoroughly satisfactory conception of the artist as a responsible technician, and we are told what that technique should control. But the account is always on the technical aspect of the feelings and emotions of which art is made; very little is said directly as to standards for the judgment of these feelings and emotions. "Art-for-Art's sake" seems just around the corner, an awkward ghost. Awkward because inherently out of place in this regimen. But if the present examination of Mr. Eliot's dogmas bears up I think they will be found to have stated, though indirectly, a very satisfactory scheme of values. A talent for significant experience is a prime prereq-

uisite for any intensity in the process of expression. The earlier part of this essay attempted to show Mr. Eliot as a poet putting his sensibility to work and to establish as a working principle for the construction and judgment of poetry the standard of the intelligence. Such a standard involves the closest possible contact with experience consonant with significance and value.

But what is important here is to show that Mr. Eliot's critical work in some measure sets up and supports such a standard. Mr. Eliot has, in other words — and this is what some of his critics deny — aligned his method of technical approach with the moral world. The effort in this direction has been more articulate since than previous to the publication of *The Sacred Wood*, but it was to be found even in that volume, and especially in the essay on Massinger, which will be employed as my chief example. Only, a recent shift of emphasis makes the effort easier to distinguish.

The general position of a critic, or of any mind aware of its responsibilities, is liable to change when the impetus of thought is altered in mode or intensity; but the change, in an interested mind, will usually occur along a line the chart of which only ignorance prevents us from predicting. The past will not be destroyed nor its sense often confuted; but understood with a different emphasis, reproportioned by the present interest so as to maintain its usefulness. If the change turns out well we call it growth, and say it represents an increase in the depths of personality, the dimensions of sensibility.

In a review of Herbert Read's *Reason and Romanticism* and Ramon Fernandez' *Messages*, published in the *Criterion*

for October, 1926, Mr. Eliot articulated such a change of position. The articulation was accomplished with an energy so dense that it has not yet been exhausted; when it began a controversy even now intermittently proceeding, which has included Fernandez, Middleton Murry, Father D'Arcy, Charles Mauron, and T. Sturge Moore as participants. The matter in dispute is the opposition of intelligence and intuition; Mr. Eliot being, as against Mr. Murry, on the side of the intelligence. Mr. Eliot makes these observations of his two authors. "Both, instead of taking for granted the place and function of literature — and therefore taking for granted a whole universe — are occupied with the inquiry into this function, and therefore with the inquiry into the whole moral world, fundamentally, with entities and values." Mr. Read and M. Fernandez reject in consequence of this inquiry the work of Marcel Proust because of *l'absence de l'élément moral chez Proust.* Such a judgment, says Mr. Eliot, is "a point of demarcation between a generation for whom the dissolution of value had in itself a positive value, and the generation for which the recognition of value is of utmost importance, a generation which is beginning to turn its attention to an athleticism, a *training*, of the soul as severe and ascetic as the training of the body of a runner." Mr. Eliot then proceeds to distinguish between the generation (our own) "which accepts moral problems and that which accepted only aesthetic or economic or psychological problems," and outlines the divergent attitudes towards moral problems expressed by Mr. Read, the metaphysician, and M. Fernandez, the ontological psychologist. The reader is referred to the works of these gentlemen.

We are not here interested in Mr. Eliot's dialectic; but in the assertion of an ideal, and in the connexion of that ideal to the body of literary criticism. Hence the sentences quoted require an alignment, which the author does not make, with other essays. They require even an interpretation.

In an earlier essay on *The Function of Criticism* these sentences occur: "I do not deny that art may be affirmed to serve ends beyond itself; but art is not required to be aware of these ends, and indeed performs its function, whatever that may be, according to various theories of value, much better by indifference to them. Criticism, on the other hand, must always profess an end in view, which, roughly speaking, appears to be the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste."

To perform the complete transition between the ideas embedded in these last sentences with the idea that this generation accepts moral (as opposed to *merely* aesthetic or psychological) problems would be to confront the chief dilemma of the artist and his critics with something very like a solution. This is the dilemma variously construed as the relation of art to morals, of the individual experience to the total judgment, of the content of art to that which in "reality" it does (or does not) represent. It is also the question of the possibility of a dogma of external authority which the artist is so much concerned, not to obey, but to discover; and to which he everlastingly feels the necessity to adhere — and feels, as a rule, and at this time, in vain.

Mr. Eliot is in the process of making such a transition and is perfectly competent to distinguish the implications of his own thought. But he does not always aid his readers, and

of late he tends rather to take up his implications outside the field of literature altogether and lingers rather in religion. But it is not difficult to re-import such of his ideas as we need into the realm of our own interest.

Thus, the semblance of an attitude, at least a tentative solution for our dilemma, will be provided if we place beside the sentences quoted above a third set chosen from the essay on *Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca.* Mr. Eliot is quarreling with Wyndham Lewis over that gentleman's statement that Chapman and Shakespeare are the only *thinkers* among the Elizabethan dramatists. "It is this general notion of 'thinking' that I would challenge. . . . We say, in a vague way, that Shakespeare, or Dante, or Lucretius, is a poet who thinks, and that Swinburne is a poet who does not think, even that Tennyson is a poet who does not think. But what we really mean is not a difference in quality of thought, but a difference in quality of emotion. The poet who 'thinks' is merely the poet who can express the emotional equivalent of thought. But he is not interested in the thought itself. We talk as if thought was precise and emotion was vague. In reality there is precise emotion and there is vague emotion. To express precise emotion requires as great intellectual power as to express precise thought." To which should be added this from the essay in *The Sacred Wood* on Dante: "Dante's is the most comprehensive, and the most *ordered* presentation of emotions that has ever been made."

The distinctions expressed in these quotations and the ideal of practice implied in the last, form Mr. Eliot's most important contribution to literary criticism. Their literal truth need not concern us — though I think it could be provision-

ally established. What is the pressing *energy* here is the attitude towards the nature of poetry and its responsibilities.

It is an attitude (and a theory emerging from the attitude) which attacks chiefly the facts about the contents of art in their most concrete terms. For Mr. Eliot this array of facts has evidently generalized itself, and has enabled him to perform judgment as to the *moral value* of Massinger's plays, for example; and to determine, besides, for his private self, precisely what constitutes moral value in a work of art.

If we examine the essay on Massinger with such of the ideas quoted above as can be kept in mind, we may be able to account for his judgment and discover the principles on which that judgment can be formulated.

Mr. Eliot's essay was evidently prompted by the appearance of a scholarly work on Massinger by Cruickshank. He quotes Mr. Cruickshank to the effect that Massinger was "typical of an age which had much culture, but which, without being exactly corrupt, lacked moral fibre," and announces this quotation as his text: and sets out to find cogent reasons, or facts, to support the judgment.

The facts which Mr. Eliot presents almost all have to do with the use and abuse of sensibility — with the modes of perception, the modes of expressing perception, and the substitution, by Massinger, of something other than his own perception.

"One of the surest tests," says Mr. Eliot, "is the way in which a poet borrows. Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal; bad poets deface what they take, and good poets make it into something better, or at least something different. The good poet welds his thefts into a whole of feeling which is

unique, utterly different from that from which it was torn; the bad poet throws it into something which has no cohesion." Mr. Eliot then places next one another passages from Massinger and their "originals" in Shakespeare and Webster. As a result of these comparisons he finds cause for observations such as the following: "Massinger's is a general rhetorical question. Shakespeare's has a particular significance. . . . A condensation of meaning frequent in Shakespeare, but rare in Massinger . . . Massinger gives the general statement, Shakespeare the particular image . . . Massinger's phrase only the ghost of a metaphor." And so on. "We may conclude directly from these quotations," he adds "that Massinger's feeling for language had outstripped his feelings for things." The language of Middleton, Webster, Tourneur, had a talent "for combining, for fusing into a single phrase two or more diverse impressions" where "the metaphor identifies itself with what suggests it. . . . With the end of Chapman, Middleton, Webster, Tourneur, Donne, we end a period when the intellect was immediately at the tips of the senses. Sensation became word and the word was sensation. . . . It is not that the word becomes less exact. The decay of the senses is not inconsistent with a greater sophistication of language. But every vital development in language is a development of feeling as well." Massinger's verse "is not a development based on, or resulting from, a new way of feeling. On the contrary, it seems to lead us away from feeling altogether." So much for the "technical" defects of Massinger.

The judgment of Massinger's moral fibre is similar, in fact the analogue is startling. "What may be considered corrupt or decadent in the morals of Massinger is not an alteration or

diminution in morals; it is simply the disappearance of all the personal and real emotions which this morality supported and into which it introduced a kind of order. As soon as the emotions disappear the morality which ordered it appears hideous . . . Massinger dealt not with emotions so much as with the social abstractions of emotions, more generalized and therefore more quickly and easily interchangeable within the confines of a single action. He was not guided by direct communications through the nerves . . . Marlowe's and Jonson's comedies were a view of life; they were, as great literature is, the transformation of a personality into a personal work of art. Massinger is not simply a smaller personality; his personality hardly exists." . . . He "looked at life through the eyes of his predecessors, and only at manners through his own."

Comparisons are indeed odious. Consider Mr. Galsworthy's latest novels and plays under the light of these observations on Massinger. Compare the *language* of, say, Herman Melville and George Eliot with an eye to discovering in which was "the intellect immediately at the tips of the senses." Apply the whole judgment to the works of W. D. Howells, Edith Wharton, and Henry James: James increases his eminence, and his extraordinary moral value, precisely because his talent for *feeling* was so thoroughly developed; Howells and Mrs. Wharton sink just because their moral codes very often prohibited feeling, made whole classes of feeling impossible. In making these observations you have performed moral judgments on literature on grounds which are altogether literary. A great confusion is gotten rid of: in the arts, moral values have nothing to do with the preoccupations of professional moralists, but concern, first, a technique of

language, and, second, a technique of feelings which combine in a sensibility adequate to a view of life.

Whether Mr. Eliot's observations on Massinger can be made to contain the basis of a general theory supplemental to and modifying the theory of tradition and the individual talent, is at least highly interesting. Consider again with these observations the quotations drawn from the essay on Shakespeare and the review of Read and Fernandez.

These notes present themselves very tentatively as being in the direction of such a general formulation. We are looking for a method of criticism whose approach shall be technical, in the terms and in the interests of literature as an art — not as an exercise in science of dialectic. Only so shall we be free of preoccupation and prejudices. Only so shall we reach the moral values where our last interest lies.

We take Mr. Eliot's distinction between thought and feeling in poetry. We do not wish "thought" in poetry unless it is "felt" thought, unless it is not thought at all. The distinction is arbitrary. Thought defines relationships as formulae and makes a shorthand, a blueprint of its subject matter. The definition of an emotion establishes a very different sort of unity; it places or condenses perceptions of quality (including the *quality* of thought) together so as to form an emotion. Both have a unity of structure. The structure of thought is schematic, dialectic; the structure of an emotion is felt; is organic. The definition of an emotion, for the purpose of art, will have nothing to do with its origins in the glands but will concern its origins in associated feelings. The definition will be in the most concrete form possible to the medium—which is language when words are taken as surds of feeling.

Interest does not lie in free sensations, but in perceptions, in feelings which have been adjusted to other feelings and made intelligible. Here the problem of representation enters. What is represented is not the object in physical reality (if any) but the object in the imagination; the object as conceived for its qualities and significance and moulded with other objects. The object is emotion. Emotions in art are never reproductions of experience, but its result. Art judges as well as expresses its field. Representation is ideal, but the ideal must have a "real" reference; must be *of* something.

Art is itself experience. It is a transmutation of ordinary experience into so precise a form that it cannot be redefined qualitatively, and must be understood as the expression of sensibility. An adequate sensibility conforms to ordinary experience as its only original source and inspiration. But it modifies ordinary experience in so far as it is conventional (that is, makes general symbols), traditional, and impersonal. Its particular experience is individual but the general frame is the result of collaboration. Emotions continue under the same names and specious characters, but the feelings which produce their specific instances are unique. Else convention substitutes for emotion instead of being filled by it. In poetry the difficulty is to maintain the proper equivalence between the feeling for words and the feeling for things; when the unity of emotion will take care of itself. To establish such an equivalence implies an adequate sensibility.

Sensibility makes all that is intelligible to it germane to the spirit in the sense that it forces its own terms on experience and gives it a concrete and significant character.

Moral value in art will then depend on the degree in which the sensibility is truly adequate to its subject, and, precisely as much, on the degree in which the sensibility is kept fully on the stretch to dispose the material which experience supplies to it. Poverty of experience would prohibit value and ensure sterility after the first initiation; as in love. Sensibility, if it is to establish values, must not exceed its object. Any object is appropriate to art provided only it is made sufficiently intelligible; — if it is sufficiently allied to the intelligence to give it actual significance. It is at this point that the "intensity of the artistic process" (as that is differentiated from the mere intensity of the emotional object) becomes important. Technical superiority when real, and directed upon the real world, involves moral judgment, because it establishes value upon the object of necessity.

The failure of ordinary systematic moralities could be shown in their inadequacy to judge such works as *King Lear;* where it is the intensity of the fusion of the emotional elements that makes the play intelligible and *valuable.* It follows, almost logically, that any conflict, any triumph, defeat, despair, or glory, any *movement* of man as he is conscious of himself and his environment is a good subject for art; and if that chosen movement is made intelligible in the terms of art it will possess moral value — because it represents the most concrete fate and character in an ideal form in itself ultimate.

The necessity for great art is the necessity of completeness, the necessity of a complete attitude towards life. A philosophy is not necessary — as in Shakespeare; or if present is not used as a philosophy — as in Dante. But a view of life cannot be absent. It will depend, in the artist, on the presence of

real emotions and a unity between them. Every system of morality is equally excellent, if it is alive; if all feelings are permitted under it, and all are valid to their objects. Hence the necessity of change; for moralities are the briefest of conventions and live at the ends of the nerves. The intellect must be kept always "at the tips of the senses." In art all values are eternal for their time; but the times are always way ahead of our thoughts.

There is no more a *stare decisis* in the judging of literature than in judgments at law. The learned court is, presumably, in possession of all the facts as they concern the case under consideration; whereby he is enabled to apply, and modify to the necessity of the moment, the full body of precedent. He sees the case before him as isolated, but to be fitted into an existing system. On the other hand, the critic of literature, no matter how learned, is never in possession of all the facts; because those facts are such as to be insusceptible to a frame of logic — they concern the feelings and amount to an emotion, and can be seized only by the imagination. The case exists not only isolated but in a sense complete; and the problem is not to fit the case into a rigid body of precedent, but to mould the already existing *corpus* and the individual case together, so as to form a fluid and coherent whole. It is a problem of order. Law tempers its formal excesses with mercy and sometimes wisdom; literary criticism can only depend upon insight to govern the rigidities of its prejudice and the extravagance of its rules. All this difficulty comes because the critic cannot temporise, must aim at the facts, and is compelled to a thorough going honesty. With *insight* the mode of first contact as well as last resort,

and with only the principles of taste between, how can a literary judgment be anything but the most daring — the judgment of a soul? and the most uncertain — the judgment of a moment? We should say, perhaps, that literature is its own judge; that we have, as critics, only to recognize and to elucidate — to expose and arrange; and so let judgment come of itself. But to judge is a necessity of the spirit as it touches the world, and one of its finest triumphs; and it is better, surely, since judge we must, to educate and bring thoroughly into consciousness the insights with which we judge. This is to make a structure of the intelligence, to acquaint our intuitions with their neighbors and predecessors, and to instruct the absent minded intellect, on every occasion, in the doings of the senses. We shall need great genius — that incalculable constant, intelligence at its utmost.

Hence most great criticism occurs in the mind of the artist at the moment of creation; hence the merit of Mr. Eliot's remark to the effect that Shakespeare had a very extraordinary *critical* mind; and hence the fact that there is almost no *permanent* judgment to be found in any criticism other than that embedded in works of art. For the rest we can make statements about works of art and invent theories to govern their arrangement; and if the critic has a good eye for facts, has the insight to connect them, and the intellect to arrange them, the kind of judgment we desiderate will sometimes be implied, as it were, under his words, if not expressed. Something very like ideal law would then be articulate in the back of the mind; a kind of consensus of, and prophetic instinct for experience; so that if we could not make eternal judgments, still we should know what they would be like if they did appear.

Mr. Eliot is, on his own plane, very much such a critic; both as a practising poet and in his consideration of other poets. He has a very highly developed sense for the facts pertinent to his obligations. A talent which would have made him an admirable scholar, had he not also been given the rarer faculty for finding his facts taking their place in a scheme much more important than the sum of those facts. His most remarkable criticism and his most trivial equally carry that mysterious weight of authority — which is really only the weight of intelligence. For the intelligence is powerful just to the extent that it discerns and submits to the authority of facts, and its work is permanent just to the extent that it is able to conceive an authority beyond the facts and independent of the self. Such a discipline may prevent an easy tranquillity and certainly increases the labour of the mind; but it has this advantage, that the criticism which it produces assigns values other than the personal, and gives the reader, not the experience alone of sharing Mr. Eliot's experience of poetry, but of examining the poetry itself. The rarity of such a mind will be observed in the degree that the reader is familiar with English and American criticism. Mr. Eliot's labours in the restoration of interest in literature as opposed to the interest in opinion and psychology deserve all our gratitude; his work on the theory of literature requires all our collaboration; his criticism of individual poets makes some of us feel that criticism had hardly ever been consistently written before.

It might be advanced as one of the strongest proofs of the validity of the doctrine that the whole of poetry has a simultaneous existence, that Mr. Eliot's criticism of the poetry of

the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has had a wide and notable influence on the poetry of many men writing today. It is also notable that with the exception of an early pamphlet and a late review on Ezra Pound, a paper on Henry James, and a note on Paul Valéry, Eliot has made nothing but the slightest remarks on contemporary poets. His investigations have been limited to the Elizabethans and their successors with the addition of Dante, Blake and Swinburne. Whenever this interest becomes modern it turns to the works of other critics, which is excellent; or to the ramifications of the Thomist movement and its analogues — and these are not, as M. Fernandez points out, quite to the spiritual baking of our generation. Yet, says Mr. Eliot himself, we criticize the past only in order to understand the present. So far, he has performed only half his job; he has made a present possible, but he has not yet put it in order.

To conclude this essentially random discussion with even a provisionally formal estimate of Eliot as a critic would be both unnecessary and ridiculous. It is easy, and no doubt irrelevant, to say that his chief contribution so far has been the nebula of doctrine around his concrete observations. To define those doctrines closely would be another matter, not as easy; there are the essays themselves. I have accented the purity of his interest in literature; I have perhaps distorted his idea of the definition of emotion and its imputation of value; I have made intelligence the criterion of possibly much more than there is warrant for in his assertion that he "is on the side of intelligence." All this because I feel that at the moment these are the most important parts of his work. Other views are possible. No attention, for example, has been

given to the validity of his express judgments of *Hamlet*, of *The Jew of Malta*, etc., or of his implied judgment of Milton or of the nineteenth century. The skill of the technical approach, the insertion of the small wedge, the fertility of the compressed observations, have hardly been indicated. Nor has much been said of the excessive limitations of this particular method of criticism — of which the most considerable is that through its use it is almost impossible to touch what we call the *content* of a work of art except by implication, or indirectly and as if with an ulterior purpose. Mr. Eliot has been very careful to *imply* as much as possible; the method is inexhaustible, and it represents an extreme mode of criticism, but it is not the only mode. The other extreme, from a similar point of view, is in the essays of Ramon Fernandez. Herbert Read occupies an intermediary position — where the attitude is accented more on the dogmatic side. The general point of view, which is what is important, is that of this generation — which accepts moral problems and judges them by the intelligence. A consultation of the various books of these gentlemen should present opportunities to the collaborator, even to the disciple, but none to the sectary.

R. P. Blackmur

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BINDING: Blue marbled-paper boards. On the front cover there is a white paper label printed in black: THE | WASTE LAND | T. S. ELIOT, the whole being surrounded by a border of asterisks; other copies have a white paper label printed in black: ——— | THE WASTE LAND | —— | T. S. ELIOT | ———

VIII 1924 HOMAGE TO | JOHN DRYDEN | THREE ESSAYS ON POETRY OF THE | SEVENTEENTH CENTURY | T. S. ELIOT | PUBLISHED BY LEONARD AND VIRGINIA WOOLF | AT THE HOGARTH PRESS, TAVISTOCK SQUARE | LONDON, W. C. I | 1924

COLLATION: 14 x 21.5 cm. Pp. 48, consisting of blanks (pp. [1]-[2]); fore-title, verso publisher's advertisement (pp. [3]-[4]); title, verso blank (pp. [5]-[6]); dedication: TO | GEORGE SAINTSBURY, verso blank (pp. [7]-[8]); preface, verso blank (pp. 9-[10]); table of contents, verso blank (pp. 11-[12]); text (pp. 13-46); blanks (pp. [47]-[48]). All edges trimmed.

BINDING: Heavy buff paper. Printed in black on front cover: THE HOGARTH ESSAYS | HOMAGE TO | JOHN DRYDEN | T. S. ELIOT | (drawing by Vanessa Bell) | THE HOGARTH PRESS. White end-papers.

NOTES: Contains the following essays:
John Dryden
The Metaphysical Poets
Andrew Marvell

IX 1925 POEMS | 1909-1925 | *By* T. S. ELIOT | FABER & GWYER LTD | LONDON (publisher's device) MCMXXV

COLLATION: 12.5 x 19 cm. Pp. iv+100, consisting of blanks (pp. [i]-[ii]); fore-title, verso blank (pp. [iii]-[iv]); title, verso printer's notice (pp. [1]-[2]); dedication: TO | HENRY WARE ELIOT | 1843-1919, verso blank (pp. [3]-[4]); table of contents (pp. 5-6); half-title to *Prufrock,* verso blank (pp. 7-[8]); text (pp. 9-36); half-title to *Poems* 1920, verso blank (pp. 37-[38]); text (pp. 39-62); half-title to *The Waste Land,* verso blank (pp. 63-[64]); text (pp. 65-85); notes (pp. 86-92); half-title to *The Hollow Men,* verso blank (pp. 93-[94]); text (pp. 95-[99]); blank (pg. [100]). Signatures: [A]-G eight leaves. Untrimmed.

BINDING: Blue cloth. There is a buff paper label on spine printed in black with a black border: POEMS | 1909- | 1925 | . | ELIOT. White end-papers.

NOTES: There was also a large-paper edition on handmade paper, limited to eighty-five copies, numbered and signed by the author, of which seventy-five were for sale. It bears a notice opposite the title-page, and is bound in white cloth lettered in gold on spine. The regular edition was reissued in 1926, and bears a notice of reissue on verso of title-page.
Contains the following poems:

PRUFROCK (1917)

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock
Portrait of a Lady
Preludes
Rhapsody on a Windy Night
Morning at the Window
The *Boston Evening Transcript*
Aunt Helen
Cousin Nancy
Mr. Apollinax
Hysteria
Conversation Galante
La Figlia che Piange

POEMS (1920):

Gerontion
Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar
Sweeney Erect
A Cooking Egg
Le Directeur

Mélange adultère de tout
Lune de Miel
The Hippopotamus
Dans le Restaurant
Whispers of Immortality
Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service
Sweeney among the Nightingales

THE WASTE LAND (1922)

THE HOLLOW MEN (1925)

X 1927 THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION | SHAKESPEARE AND THE | STOICISM OF SENECA | (An Address read before the Shakespeare Association 18th March, 1927) | BY | T. S. ELIOT | LONDON | PUBLISHED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION | BY HUMPHREY MILFORD, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS | AMEN HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, E. C. | 1927

COLLATION: 15.5 x 24.5 cm. Pp. 20, consisting of fore-title, verso blank (pp. [1]-[2]); text (pp. [3]-17); printer's notice (pg. [18]); blanks (pp. [19]-[20]). All edges trimmed.

BINDING: Bound in grey paper. Title-page on front cover.

XI 1927 JOURNEY | OF THE MAGI | BY T. S. ELIOT | (design by E. McKnight Kauffer) | DRAWINGS BY E. McKNIGHT KAUFFER

COLLATION: 12 x 18.5 cm. Pp. 8, consisting of blanks (pp. [1]-[2]); reproduction in black and two colors of a design by E. McKnight Kauffer (pg. [3]); text (pp. [4]-[5]); publisher's advertisement (pg. [6]); blanks (pp. [7]-[8]). All edges trimmed.

BINDING: Bound in yellow paper. Title-page on front cover. The back cover contains a publisher's notice: This is Number 8 of | THE ARIEL POEMS | Published by Faber & Gwyer Limited | at 24 Russell Square, London, W. C. I | Printed at The Curwen Press, Plaistow

NOTES: There was also a limited edition of 350 copies bound in thin

boards covered with yellow paper and lined with white. The front cover is identical with that of the regular edition. There are twelve pages instead of eight, the additional four consisting of a blank sheet bound around the others. The notice which appeared on the back cover of the regular edition is here printed on pg. [9], and on pg. [10] appears the following notice: *This edition on Zanders' hand-made | paper is limited to 350 copies | This is No.* Otherwise the editions are identical.

Mr. Eliot has also contributed introductions to the following books:

I 1924 LE SERPENT | PAR | PAUL VALÉRY | WITH A TRANSLATION INTO | ENGLISH BY MARK WARDLE | AND AN INTRODUCTION BY | T. S. ELIOT | PUBLISHED FOR THE CRITERION | BY R. COBDEN-SANDERSON | 17 THAVIES INN | LONDON (1924)

II 1926 SAVONAROLA | A DRAMATIC POEM | *By* CHARLOTTE ELIOT | *With an Introduction by* | T. S. ELIOT | LONDON | R. COBDEN-SANDERSON | 17 THAVIES INN, E. C. (n. d.)

III 1927 SENECA | HIS TENNE TRAGEDIES | TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH | EDITED BY | THOMAS NEWTON | ANNO 1581 | With an Introduction by | T. S. ELIOT | LONDON: CONSTABLE AND CO. LTD. | NEW YORK: ALFRED A. KNOPF | 1927

IV 1928 OF DRAMATICK POESIE. An essay, 1668, by John Dryden, preceded by a Dialogue on Poetic Drama by T. S. Eliot. Small folio. Boards, with a linen back. 525 numbered copies. Also 55 copies signed by T. S. Eliot. This book is announced for publication shortly by Frederick Etchells and Hugh MacDonald, publishers of the Haslewood Books.

VARIAN FRY

TEWA 1927

I

THE dance of Antelope and Snake was done:
Below, grey dust in streams behind them,
Cars moving westward in the desert —
The sated curious returning home.
We had seen them crowd the dancing priests
Against their altars, heard them laugh
And spit and clink cold soda bottles
And now — the dying music of their throttles.
The last dust stirred and settled into twilight.
A crier in a distant village called,
And the voice swung supple through a lightless desert
To final fusion with the images of sleep.

Red stone that flames before the coming sun
Hung overhead, and in the dawn cool shadows
Traced the carven mesa trail up steps
Made smooth as flesh by climbing feet.
We climbed and found there dogs and naked children,
Flies and acrid scent of aging dung.
At ten the dancing would begin, the Dance
Of Butterflies.

II

Stencil, sharp against the sky: men stood
Along flat roofs above the dancing floor;
While from secret chambers underground

Arose reluctant chanting and the throb
Of ceremonial drums.
With slow arms moving overhead, drawing
From the sky imaginary rain.
Old men advanced; and after, children dancing.
We come
Butterfly girls
Butterfly boys
Dancing for you to see us
You'll hear thunder
See lightning
Rain falling
Water in the fields.
We'll laugh
Singing of rain
Happy this day.
The rain
You'll see rain
Blowing east.
The rain
You'll see rain
Blowing south.
The rain
You'll see rain
Rain everywhere
Rain falling
Rain in fields
Fields of corn
The green fields
Happy fields.

We come
Dancing for you to see us.
Overhead the tight, unruffled sky;
And in the south beyond the Dancing Buttes
White clouds and roll of autumn thunder.
Three days they danced there and exchanged slight gifts —
Blue sheets of bread, black corn and painted bowls;
There was laughter in the village — everywhere
Laughter ringing — and conviction of cool rain.

III

Then moved we westward with the moving sun —
Returned the sated curious home.
But in deaf ears still throbbed the ceaseless drum,
Still rang the song of spring, of youth and all
Things springing; in blind eyes still burned
The vision, death and resurrection, joined
In eyes of old men, singing, smiling, dreaming.
These that contemplate the void advancing
Have seen the miracle, have seen the life
That springs regenerate in the fields, coming
For a chosen time and following forever.
These saw the earth grown young again, with young
Grass thrusting upward, water swelling in the ground
And voice of children singing in the wind.

PHILIP OWEN

TEARS FOR THE COWARD

WHENEVER he had looked at the slender, white vase, he had been filled with a breathing exaltation, as if a bird were beating its wings in his heart. But, tonight, there was a conspiracy of mournful sounds in his room: the wind rustled a few red leaves onto the carpet; the frayed curtain swished over the window like water; and the choir in the cathedral across the street sang

Quidquid latet adparebit
Nil inultum remanebit

slowly, distantly, reverently, but with a gravity almost prophetic.

Let him escape, in whatever way he would, from poverty, from encumbering marriage and all the degradation, let him seek freedom even in vagabondage, this earthly music had warned him, this rustling wind had sighed over him, he would nevermore be free.

Only, in his heart, there was a waterfall of wings. The slender vase held the salvation he had longed for, irresistibly demanding freedom. No wind should fetter him with sighing; no music should manacle him. The Lord his God had spoken, saying: Let my people go.

A new cascade of leaves crackled to the floor, rustled a little, dolorously, and was still.

In the living room downstairs his wife was talking with a friend. Their dusty voices rose past the music and the vase with an insistent bitterness.

"You know how it is, my dear, some men are never satisfied with anything. Now, take for example . . . "

He had never known such an elegant thing as a divine dissatisfaction or an agony of soul — only an engulfing indecision and a hesitation, a moving toward this and away, toward that and away, a very malady of lingering which infected his will.

Suddenly the choir rang out:

Quem sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix iustus sit securus?

So, in the dark aisles of cathedrals sinners wailed and cried aloud to be forgiven and their crying passed into the music of the choir and they were forgiven, no doubt; but for him whose hand was unsteady, who could not say with the whole of his heart "This is the road I will take," there was no crying aloud, no battering heaven with his pleas, only a great despair.

"They pinched and scraped, but of course it was no use. Things only went from bad to worse, and for a time . . . "

And behind the words, like a contrapuntal refrain, he could hear,

You know how it is,
My dear,
Some men are never satisfied
with anything

The irony and bitterness of that refrain pinned him tight: they made him feel like a doctor hearing the diagnosis of his own fatal illness.

He listened a moment; the choir was intoning:

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla

A scream of fright arose from downstairs, silencing the choir, and he heard in rhythmic awe and horror:

"Suicide? . . . Oh my dear . . . horrible . . . horrible . . . "

He walked quietly to the window, sat down on a chair facing the cathedral, and began to breathe thickly and heavily. For a long time, longer than you remember, or want to remember, you have groped along a dark wall, smooth and unending, where shadows are and voices rise and you continue to grope and feel and suddenly there is a staring hole, a nothing to your touch, and you begin to breathe heavily and thickly and you go quietly to a window and sit down on a chair facing the cathedral. A drop of sweat glistens on your forehead and you say to yourself, Here in desperation is an escape larger than all other escapes. (Wrathfully, terribly, the hymn surged and thundered; then softened, then echoed, then blended with the dying wind.)

There he lay in evening dress, sunk in the richness of his rug; closed were his weary eyes. For moments, the room was full of reverberations, sound on sound; then the door bulged in. There were little gasps and shrieks.

"Oh, he's dead, go fetch a doctor!"

Quietly they shrink in. Someone ought to be saying: Who'll go and tell the Missus?

They were all silent.

His retainers formed a little arrow-head about him as he

lay in his room, quiet and motionless. The King has died! Long live . . . No, no, they edge away, they bate their breath, they ogle intently. Poor fellow, he's dead.

He is as pale as grass with a generally earthen, mouldy air about him.

"Who'll go and tell the Missus?"

At last, the dramatic proprieties! In the will: To him who said "Who'll go and tell the Missus?" I bequeathe the sum of . . .

Not a one of them moves. What idiots! Can't they see he's very dead, calculated, moribund?

There is a hush, there is a pause, a moment not a moment but ten thousand million years. Approacheth the stricken one: Madam, your husband, being pale as grass and generally mouldy, is now the food of earthworms.

This is my husband Agamemnon, dead by the deed of this right hand, the deed of a just doer.

One long, full moment she stands at the threshold, staring at the mouldy dead. "Suicide? . . . Oh my dear! . . . horrible . . . horrible . . . " She falters to a chair, but just before crumpling into its waiting depths, a pathetic, little figure in grey, she summons up the last of her remaining strength and whispers: "Oh, my two poor, little children!" The retainers rub their eyes, the bravest among them will shed a tear. Sobs . . . sobs . . . as if they would break that fragile, little heart; as if they would wrack that tender, little body . . . sobs . . . sobs. She lifts a tear-stained face, suddenly old and pathetic: "and I'm about . . . to have another."

In unison, the retainers sway backward and forward, two lines of them facing each other, their tears dropping rhyth-

mically. The little lady buries her head in her lap and weeps and weeps. And there he lies, slightly greenish, in evening clothes, on the richness of his rug. Twenty tears from twenty eyes drip instantly to the floor. And there he lies, she weeps, he lies. The retainers sway in unison, sniffle, and let fall great tears in unison. A paroxysm, brief as it is intense, shakes the brave, little figure, deep in the great armchair. Will some one please clean up the weepings?

The room is filling up with tears. "Edith, lift your feet or you'll catch a cold, you've got two to think of now, you know, two to think of now."

Up from the richness of his rug, slight as a chip, he must rise. The farther end of the room grows bright, the window turns to flame. Hesitantly, palely, he floats toward the glory, green in his evening clothes, grassy and cold. On the stairs gruff voices sound. Serenely he floats onward.

The coroner enters splashing into the room. "Hi there! Don't let him get away! You see, Madam, I've got my duty to think of."

She looks at him with unspeakable scorn, turns to the world and in firm, self-abasing renunciation declaims: "Let him go! Who knows the better way?"

Out toward the light, floating on his back, the current gently carries him; a golden ray falls on his face, pale and greenish; the water rises, strewn with Autumn's leaves, a funeral cortege.

(Up to their knees they stand in tears. The little figure in grey turns to the window. God, how blind she is!)

Out into the light he floats, earthen and mouldy, grassy and cold; out into the flame, into the glory. There is a mo-

ment of sheer whiteness, of the sun and the snow, the angels' choir, the music soft, then, on the tears of the living hath the dead floated off.

Vale vale igitur vale iterum vale
Vale!
Vale!
Vale!

He sat staring through the darkness of his room at the great cathedral, whose walls a moment ago had been high and gaunt and terrific with chanted songs, but now, as in the haziness after rain, grey and soft in the vagrom moonlight, possessed of a gentleness which brought tears to his eyes and made him turn away. In the next room, his two children were asleep, breathing — he could hear them — tenderly and softly, a peaceful regularity of rising and falling softness, broken, a moment only, by a restless tossing, sinking now on long waves of sleep, breath by breath, into rest. A feeling of deathless pride entered into him when he thought of the small bodies warm under the rumpled covers, their hair falling gently on the pillow. These were his self's continuation, his high hostages to the world; and yet, he could give them none of the small pleasures they wanted, no toys, nor the shoes, the clothes they needed. He fingered the frayed edge of his coat; he thought of his wife, swollen and deformed with the flesh of his flesh, poor girl.

There was a thunder in his ears: "God is dead. He died of pity." He looked around, terrified. There was no one in the room.

He could feel a sea of tears eating away the ground beneath his feet.

Suicide was a luxury, strayly suggested; but vagabondage, any escape whatever from the night pressing down on him, the mist through which he could see no rising sun, no day, no light triumphant — were these less extravagant than suicide? or less ironically impossible? His two children were asleep in the next room.

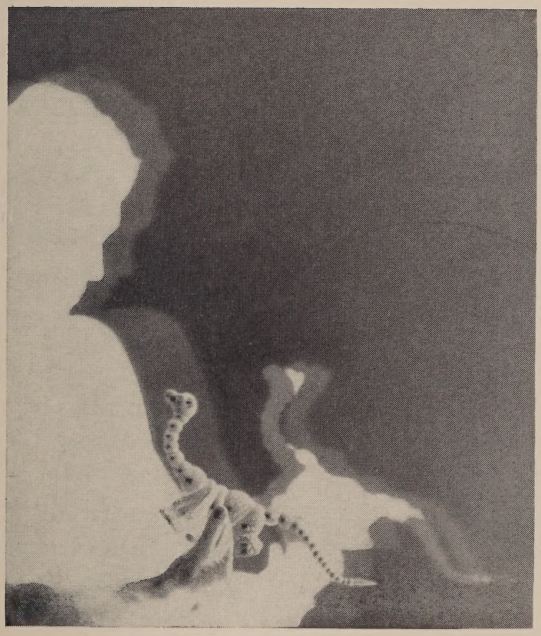
Shaken with a desperate trembling, he turned to the vase, as in appeal, with all his weaknesses naked and crying; and grasped it between the palms of his hands, standing so, utterly quiet, hearing nothing but the wind rustling beyond his window, the resonant chanting of the choir and a sudden thrumming in his ears and eyes, uncontrollably wild and demanding. He turned to the window.

Between the window and the wall, between the window and the darkened street, down, down, down, forever, the white vase hurtles, a moment gleams, then crashes on the cobblestones below.

There is a beating of wings, as of a bird in flight, a beating of radiant wings.

Goodbye, my love, goodbye, goodbye.

ALLAN R. ROSENBERG



The Mastodon

Jere Abbott

CROSSING

IT was evening when we came to the river
with a low moon over the desert
that we had lost in the mountains, forgotten,
what with the cold and the sweating
and the ranges barring the sky.
And when we found it again,
in the dry hills down by the river,
half withered, we had
the hot winds against us.

There were two palms by the landing;
the yuccas were flowering; there was
a light on the far shore, and tamarisks.
We waited a long time, in silence.
Then we heard the oars creaking
and afterwards, I remember,
the boatman called to us.
We did not look back at the mountains.

J. R. OPPENHEIMER

THE RETURN

THE garden was the same when she returned. The house, too, was familiar as things are in a dream, down to the sunken levels of the steps.

She was glad to open the door herself and find the hall empty. Any servant's commiseration would have made the return too bitterly actual. She wiped a veil of dust from the mirror and stared at her own pale, impassive face as at a stranger. After all, she *was* one, now. It had never been hers, this house with its garden and all the animals; it had been theirs, his. She saw a coat of his hanging near the mirror. She had to hold herself from physically invoking him by its touch, for she would, she sensed, become a lingering ghost, unable ever to leave, if she once vividly felt him there again. This short return must remain a dream or its poignancy would be too clinging.

So she took off her hat, powdered her pale features before the mirror, and rang for the maid.

"I'll be spending the afternoon. What I don't settle now, I'll write about later."

She walked up the stair, slowly, trying on the mask of her fortitude. She would see to her own things first, then to his. The February sunlight streaked the floor with ashy gold as she came in to her old room. Mechanically she tagged things with directions firmly printed out. All the while her mind was circling, hunting, in the bare ruin of her future. Him she evaded for the time. She had achieved a numb peace about his death that she knew to be temporary, but which was as yet her only shield. She held it defensive-

ly before her when she turned at last into his room where great uncurtained windows looked out on the garden. She laid labels on his things, not daring to touch them. Her shield was now only a thin mist of tears. She looked down into the pale formality of hedges and old trees outside. It was incredibly empty and dark. The trees writhed in their stripped agony between the banks of thorn. The grass was like wrinkled, running flame in the low light. On the flagged terrace veils of snow shifted, thinly. The scene lived before her dark as a woodcut cunningly composed of slashed lights and shadows. The sun moved, a visual hallucination on a blank page of sky, and sank. She shivered in the twilight cold, and pressed her face harder against the window pane as if to lessen her burning loneliness. Outside in the angular perfection of the garden there was at least a trenchant cold to cut away her memories. She had come, not to see his things — his little personal belongings and pets — but to find some pain great enough to make its conquest a purpose for the future.

She tore open the window and stepped onto the narrow sill, leaned on the iced railings and breathed the frost. The garden was fixed and empty in the cold. Boughs did not even grind against each other, for the air was still. Presently she scarcely shivered. The cold possessed her and the ache of his absence faded. She stood empty as the garden — frozen. He had belonged to it, as to her. She waited as if the secret of its continuance might become hers. She no more believed or disbelieved in immortality than did the garden. Her happiness had been as short as its brilliancy and she could imagine no new spring. Her rare shudders

were no more than a wind shaking dead limbs. She was so numbed that the thought of him, and sunlight, and happiness, were distant and without warmth. When her tranced eyes saw him in the garden, a chill hand seemed to be laid on her heart. She knew he was not there. He could not move so silently across the brittle snow. No moonlight could make a real face so white. . . . How could he look like that?

The raised face in the moonlight shone like a stone, moved into shadow and went sighing.

With believing horror she cried to herself that if she had not doubted he would have stayed for her in the dead garden.

She stumbled away from the window and closed its doors. Before she left, she made up carefully, red on white, in front of the dusted mirror. The maid thought her more beautiful and gallant than ever when she went saying

"I'll take that old coat of Mr. Fyfe's. It's very cold and I've nothing else."

J. S. C. GREENE

CHANT DISSIDENT

J'ai cueilli ce brin de bruyère
L'automne est morte souviens-t'en
Nous ne nous verrons plus sur terre
Odeur du temps brin de bruyère
Et souviens-toi que je t'attends

THE sober musicroom revolves. I wonder
If the castration of our lives can sunder
Our Is from the keep of Was. If you were here,
How should I ever know that what we were
We are not? (Presto! nothing up my sleeve.)
Faith? But a brat of the Salem clipper-riggers,
This for reliance? And how could you believe,
A lady reared on Medford rum and niggers,
My judaskiss of precarious acquiescence?

Our vital thesis: candour must anatomize
The heart's vagaries; so, competently dismember
All of our dear trivial intimacies,
All of our perilous playwords, truer to us
Than truth, though in untruth (they'll not remember
A friendlier hospice from a less rational time);
Dissect our adjectives of that forgotten May,
Our necessary bias.

We must say
Or this or that irrelevant, provide
A conventional stillicide,

A clairvoyant grimace in stereotype to represent
Canned ardour, porcelain agony, secular kisses
Parthenophile.

A rapt experiment
In sententious coproballistics, logophile
For God for Country and for Yale, but vile.

No artifice that I concèntrate words.
For love of dark I would not quench the sun.
We crib ourselves: we are ourselves the girds
Of this distortion. Here is dissonance begun
Within protharmony, no less that laughter
Muffles the perverse clash.

I will not wash
My hands in Madison Square:
οὐ γὰρ ἦν ἑτέρα παὶς, ὦ γάμβρε, τοιαύτα
Not though full many a Jones assemble there.

Here is our common arcane: this is yours alone,
A river darkening in the early Spring,
Death's figured tripsis, just the grandest thing
You ever saw. And this also is yours,
The amber cadence of the violin,
The silver spiraling canon, J S Bach
Is simply the swankest music. Heavy hours,
Technic the recto, innocence obverse,
Long years the prelude to a tea-verein.

CHANT DISSIDENT

The ping of a snapped gut: the toothful grin
Approves the anchovy. God enters in
The sullen flautist squealing to rehearse.
Not fast enough; too swell for words, slow down,
One two a false introit, two one I'm sorry
Bursts like a startled chrysalis, two lumps
Dal segno, just a taste don't worry
The stain will fade at C, or is it D?
A purple gown
Is black in electric, one two I'm awfully sorry
Really I'm dense this afternoon, another cup
For Mrs now the coda, speed it up;
Reading this awful clef, you might as well
Have lemon, bravo bravo that *was* swell.

A tune. My christlike pimply face appears
Smirking across the golden barriers.

Shall I say
That I remember sunsets that were cute
With clouds of golden chicle? Shall I mute
The informative strings in any other way
That you will understand?
And after all how can we hope to think
The shortest path, given two wavering points,
The I, the You, both scrambling to unlink
Sense from the sensitive, juncture from the joints?

Lulukins, kiddo, this alky will make you older,
Older than what you was, and twicet as wise.

Funny: you know the time the old man dies
And it hits me right between the eyes,
And I almost took the count, like as if I'd croaked
Myself and then got up and walked around
Deader than all hell? Well, God, they wa'n't a sound
Nerve in my body then; I felt I wasn't here
But gone along with him.

You then: the fixed metonomy of my being.

There was a guy lived under me one time,
And he was always half-shot, what with dope
And rotten gin; and oncet he bummed a dime
From me as I was coming home. A welt
Big as an egg half shut one eye,
His mug was all blood and his clothes was ripped to hell:
God, he was a mess, he was. And I says to him, Well,
Who won? But when he spoke
I seen he must still of been stewed, because all he says was:
There was a Rose: I lost it: I must die.

I laughed to split a gut. You should of seen
That god damn bum bewail the epicene
Rose! Him with a Rose! for Christ's sake, all
He had was a little rosary nailed to the wall,
And it was bloody, too, where he'd butted his head.

Nobody asked you to, dear sir, he said.

. . . λόγος τέλειος. Greek. The Word made perfect. .

CHANT DISSIDENT

Ipswich sheathed in electric ice, the sting
Of northern javelins, the slithering clang
Of brass in cruciform, the stark deathditch,
Green branches on the cruel snow to hide
The emptiness prayed down to the worms inside:
In exitu Israël de Ægypto:
Was it not I? (*His body to the ground,*
Poor old greyhead! Back to the womb, James. Home.
Lullay my unknown love.)

Did I not know?
The north wind doth blow.
The north wind doth blow.
Out through the gate the slow cortège must go,
Three Chryslers and a jitney in a row.

Three Chryslers: and my splitting head upon your shoulder.

And a jitney.

. . . Fire is argent: thirty tinsel flames once hanged
A fool and spiked another to a tree.
Twice fifteen flickering darts rain down from higher
Than I can see, than you can reach, and we
Invent apocalyptic tongues. The dire
Chaos of a new Pentecost dismays
Our Easter innocence; a thousand voices raise
Wrenched alleluias, and our souls' division
Mocks the late anastasis of decision.
When Israel came out of Egypt's land
The flaming shaft in your transfigured hand

Splintered the stuttering night and guided home
The agonist from his tomb.

The strings are the heart's impulse; the bow is fire.

My own a twelvemonth past: no certainties
Surer of what will be. Our stammering dies
Ultimately, mine in you and yours in me:
Can we say This is all, if Liar Liar
Shouts in our eyes?

DUDLEY FITTS

Drawing

Robert T. Davis

Drawing

Robert T. Davis

NOTES ON PAINTING

HOLLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

IN the almost forgotten days before cubistic furniture, symbolistic satire, and significant form, when Meredith was considered daring and Shaw vulgar, Dutch painting of the seventeenth century was much sought after by American collectors. The same honest sincerity that appealed to the homely Dutch burghers of the seventeenth century caught the eye of the American burghers of the nineteenth. I like to think of them behind their brown stone façades, dining heartily off canvasback and Burgundy and occasionally casting a sympathetic eye on the feasting peasants of Jan Steen or Van Ostade hanging on the walls. The well rounded loan exhibition of Dutch painting at the Fogg Museum not only allows us to peer behind the portières of Dutch domesticity, but also reveals a phase of American collecting now well nigh past.

Holland produced no national painting until the seventeenth century, when she was truly a nation and freed from the Spanish yoke. Her culture was based on her political and commercial power. It was a culture which was born of her struggle for independence. The Dutch painters of the fifteenth century, while important contributors to the development of painting north of the Alps, belonged to the Flemish rather than to the Dutch tradition. In the sixteenth century, Holland, in common with the rest of central Europe, was dominated by the debilitating influence of Italianism. The political independence won in 1609 and the consequent commercial prosperity gave rise to a rich middle class, nationalistically conscious and willing to purchase paintings portraying national life. The Dutch Church did not demand altar pieces and the houses of worship with their bare white walls were undecorated by mural paintings. As a result, the easel picture became the most popular means of expression. Painting was done for private individuals and the pictures were designed to enliven the private dwellings of the middle class. Landscape, genre themes, portraiture, and still life reached their fullest forms of independent development and were passed on to the world. With the almost unique exception of Rembrandt, no religious subjects were rendered. No phase of Dutch life was too

insignificant to find a place on their canvases. A suspicious wife, the visit of an amorous doctor, neighbors gossiping in a court yard, a bit of low-lying landscape, friends playing cards, ships riding at anchor, a vase of flowers, all were depicted with a keenness of observation, sympathy, and consummate skill that made up somewhat for the lack of imagination.

The most prominent place in the exhibition is naturally occupied by Rembrandt. His development is splendidly illustrated by four paintings, lent by Sir Joseph Duveen, and the fine collection of drawings and etchings of the Fogg Museum. No other Dutch painter attempted such a wide range of subjects. He painted religious and historical themes, genre, landscape, still life, portraits, all with equal success. In his sympathetic study of human nature he resembled Shakespeare whose interest in the gamut of human emotions was paramount. In his paintings, the subtlety of facial expression, the aloof sympathy and understanding make an appeal almost as strong as the masterful draftmanship and harmonies of colour and composition.

The portrait of Saskia, signed and dated 1633, recalls the famous group of the artist and his wife painted about three years later and now in the Dresden gallery. The earlier work is somewhat softer in modeling and weaker. It is a youthful picture, as is shown by the green tonality inherited from the generation of Frans Hals. It was painted the year before Saskia actually became Rembrandt's wife, and shortly after he left his native Leyden to practice his art in Amsterdam. It was only in the later years of his career that Rembrandt, along with his familiar golden tonality, developed the breadth of handling and insight into human nature that place him among the greatest of artists.

The *Self Portrait* shows Rembrandt at his best. Another version of the same picture in the Dresden gallery is signed and dated 1657, so that we know this work was executed when the fortune of the artist was at low ebb. In 1656 he went through bankruptcy proceedings and all of his effects except his paints and palette were sold. With his housekeeper and son he moved to miserable quarters in the slums of Amsterdam where, for the rest of his life, he continued work with an ever increasing vision and accomplishment. The portraits of this period contain great breadth and maj-

Wash Drawing — Adriaen van Ostade

Landscape

Solomon van Ruisdael

Portrait of a Lady — Gerard Terborch

esty of form. The poses are all simple and all elaboration of detail is omitted. The figures gaze at the spectator with sad veiled eyes which conceal a far away mysterious inner life. Such a picture is the *Head of Christ* painted about 1659. The model was just another beggar from the ghetto but Rembrandt has lifted him out of his squalid surroundings and has given him far-seeing wisdom and a reserved benevolence.

The followers of Rembrandt were able to capture the vocabulary of the master but they did not have his great message to give the world. Nicholas Maes (1632-1693) wisely confined himself to portraiture and the technical problems of space composition. He entered the shop of Rembrandt in 1646 and as late as 1650 we find him drawing after the master's pictures. He is best known for his studies of old women, a characteristic example of which is seen in the pen and wash drawing of the Fogg Museum. Adriaen van Ostade (1610-1685), although not actually a pupil of Rembrandt, uses the brown tonality and strong chiaroscuro of the master. The restrained good nature of his scenes of family life and convivial peasants has made him a great favorite with collectors. He is represented in the exhibition by a typical pen and wash drawing which is not only characteristic as to subject matter but also illustrates his care and skill in the portrayal of an interior and the accidental arrangement thereof.[1]

In the third quarter of the seventeenth century the so-called little masters flourished and painted the ever changing spectacle of Dutch life. The landscapists, recognizing the emotional qualities in the low-lying expanses of their native country, rejected the high horizons and tapestry-like arrangements of the earlier painters which had been popularized by Joachim Patinir more than a century before. The *Landscape with a Cottage* by Pieter Molyn (1595-1661), now owned by the Metropolitan Museum, with its subtle transitions from the rich warm brown foreground through bands of yellows, greens, and blues to the silver grey of the clouded sky, is a moving piece of colour composition. In the large landscape by Solomon van Ruisdael (1600-1670),[2] lent by Messrs. Knoedler, the bold form of an over-hanging tree cutting at right

[1] See reproduction.
[2] See reproduction.

angles the diagonal lines of the clouds shows the skill of the master in composition. The picture is an early one under the influence of Jan van Goyen, and is somewhat softer and thinner than his mature works. The *View of Dort* of the Detroit Institute of Art is about contemporary and is painted in much the same manner. Both pictures show the ability of the artist to paint the effect of sunlight on clouds for which he is justly famous.

The illusionistic portrayal of space was the technical problem to which Pieter de Hoogh (1632-1681) devoted his talents. He was a valet by profession but during his maturity his works are equal to the best productions of Holland. His careful observation of reflected lights and colours and his knowledge of perspective, both linear and atmospheric, give his figures a convincing existence hardly attained by any other artist. The *Interior* belonging to the Detroit Institute of Art illustrates his characteristic method of composing his scenes with a dark room through which the spectator looks into a brightly lighted space beyond. The completely satisfying use of blue, red, and yellow in close proximity is found in many of his pictures. The painting lent by Sir Joseph Duveen, a late work of Pieter de Hoogh, is an illuminating example of the period when his compositions were somewhat crowded and the shadows black and hard.

The interiors of Gerard Terborch (1617-1681) are quite restricted in palette, the artist confining himself largely to yellows and blues, a colour scheme that he may have inherited from Vermeer. His interest and skill in rendering the surface textures of stuffs intrudes upon the illusion of reality of his pictures. This can be seen in the *Music Lesson* belonging to Sir Joseph Duveen where the high lights of the yellow satin jacket and white dress are too bright to fall within the confining boundaries of realism. The *Portrait of a Lady*[3] from the collection of Mr. Samuel Sachs is characteristic of another phase of his art. He painted a series of portraits of full length figures, usually dressed in black and standing against a grey background. Mr. Sachs' picture illustrates the master's habit of glazing thin delicate shades of local tone over a silvery underpainting which results in a beautiful cool tonality and an enamel-like surface finish. The grey background is made inter-

[3] See reproduction.

esting by a gradual transition from a warm to a cool neutral tone.

Hendrik van Vliet (1612-1675) was one of a group of Dutch painters whose interest in space led them to the painting of architecture, especially the interiors of churches. Unlike Steenwijck and the men of the first half of the century who worked out a formal composition and deep perspective with the vanishing point well within the picture, Van Vliet and his contemporaries used quite accidental arrangements, with great complication of planes and light, in a manner typical of the Baroque. Such a work is the little *Interior of a Dutch Church* lent by the Detroit Institute of Art. The artist has filled the building with people, again illustrating the Dutch horror of space unrelated to humanity.

No exhibition of Dutch painting would be complete without an example of still life. The picture from the Metropolitan Museum represents this phase of the school which had such a profound influence on French painting from Chardin to Manet. The work is painted somewhat in the manner of Kalf. It is rendered entirely in yellows and browns, however, and in colour more closely approximates the restricted palette of Van Beyeren.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century influence from France brought to a premature close the flowering of Dutch painting. In regarding the period as a whole, we are struck by the great number of gifted individuals that the country produced. No separate centers of artistic activity arose as in Italy. Rather, there developed a few great artistic personalities around whom the painters gathered, and above whom towered Rembrandt. Dutch painting was purely local in theme, but the sincere and accurate portrayal of a people whose joys and sorrows, aims and ideals, were the same as those of all lands and in all periods causes it to have an appeal far wider than the narrow limits of the little country where it was produced.

CHARLES L. KUHN

NOTES ON SPORT

CREW

ROWING has always been a very popular and keenly followed sport at Harvard. Until very recently, however, actual rowing in eights centered almost wholly around a select few who ultimately formed the university crew. But by degrees, due to the increase in undergraduate participation in athletics, whether compulsory or voluntary, as well as to the increase in the college enrolment, the number and variety of crews has grown considerably. At present, discounting those men who exercise in wherries and singles, there are about two hundred and fifty men rowing in eights. Yet even with this increase in activity on the Charles River, the varsity squad, from which the University and second University eights were selected, remained more or less separate and aloof from the rest of Harvard rowing. Carefully guarded by the Graduate Rowing Committee and coached by some one selected by this Committee, varsity crews were developed from year to year with but a very occasional recognition of ability developed outside of this inner circle. The personnel of the varsity crew was determined very early in the spring with but little chance for careful observation and keen competition. Success or failure against Yale on the Thames was the sole criterion for a season, the drudgery of preparation for this event being taken as a matter of course. That this situation was a source of trouble and unpleasantness is obvious. Conflicts over the relative merits of oarsmen and coxswains were bound to arise between the head coach and his subordinates; the lifeless drudgery of the early season was irksome to the crewmen; and the chances of advancement for members of class crews were slight, thereby limiting the appeal in this branch of sport. Matters came to a head at the close of the early season races in 1926 when, at the request of the varsity men themselves, the head coach was removed and the freshman coach was created the temporary head of Harvard rowing. The University crew did not defeat Yale that June, but the Junior varsity triumphed decisively. When the Crimson oarsmen met early in the fall of 1926 to initiate the new season, Ed Brown, the man who had whipped a successful second varsity into shape in three weeks, was the head crew coach at Harvard.

From the beginning of his regime, a year ago last fall, the new head coach has had supreme power in all things pertaining to rowing. Unhampered by the Graduate Rowing Committee, which had been abolished the previous June, he has been free to judge his men on their rowing ability alone and to boat his crews regardless of their affiliations away from the boathouse. Under the new system every man, oarsman or cox, starts from scratch regardless of past record or experience. During the fall there are no varsity crews, the entire upper class squad being divided into crews with respect to weight. Races, upstream or in the basin, are held at frequent intervals not only to enable the coach to gauge his material but to enliven practice and preserve a spirit of friendly rivalry, thereby eliminating any drudgery. At frequent intervals strokes and coxswains are shifted from crew to crew in an effort to allow all the oarsmen to select their own pacesetters and helmsmen. Even the number sevens and number sixes come in for their share of judgment by their fellows. From the start, this method of selection, in coöperation with the coach, has functioned without a flaw, complete satisfaction being prevalent in the boat from bow to stern. The fall season comes to a close early in November with a series of interesting and generally closely contested races.

Formal rowing is resumed at the opening of the second semester in February, with workouts in the tank three afternoons a week. But from November to February the coach may be met in the tank for individual instruction; here many minor faults are overcome and new technique acquired. A new feature of the 1928 winter season was the inauguration of a training school for coxswains under the guidance of a former University steersman.

The start of actual work on the river is never on a set date owing to the vagaries of the weather along the banks of the Charles River, but the middle of March generally sees the initial appearance of the "Leviathan" followed shortly by the entire Harvard navy of shells and launches. During the first few weeks spring practice is very similar to work in the fall. The squad is divided into a heavy group and a 150-pound group. By the beginning of April the crews have been in several races and the first rearrangement of crews is made grouping the better oarsmen together. At the same time strokes and coxes are shifted every few days and each crew

also tries out various shells. The make-up of the first two boats is fairly well established by the beginning of the Spring recess, when intensive training, that is, rowing twice daily, is indulged in for a week. Freshman and 150-pound crews follow this method also. There was no practice for the heavy crews this spring during the vacation, since it was felt that these crews were not sufficiently advanced to benefit by such intensive work, the recess coming earlier than usual. On the Monday following this break, the line-up of the two varsity eights was announced and training rules and training table began at once. Longer paddles and frequent short brushes at a high stroke form part of the program as final decision is made by the men on shells and oars. Thus, throughout the early season, the make-up of the crews is constantly in a state of flux, competition is keen, and when about a week before the first outside meet the line-up is announced, each man concerned feels that he occupies that particular position because he has earned it in open competition. And in the main, the same sentiments are entertained by the crews' well-wishers.

The slogan of "athletics for all' emanating from the office of the Director of Athletics strikes a responsive chord in the present Harvard rowing program. Besides varsity competition, races with other institutions are held for the 150-pound varsity and seconds; the winning upper class crew meets a similar aggregation from Yale; the third varsity goes annually to the American Henley; and there are outside races for the first and second freshman crews, the first year 150-pound crew, and winning dormitory crew race against local schoolboy eights. And to each crew competing is given a suitable insignia or award. This number of chances for outside competition, more than in any other sport, readily accounts for the thirty Crimson crews that swarm over the Charles River every afternoon.

One of the most outstanding characteristics of the new rowing regime is the high spirit that prevails among the oarsmen throughout the season. Nothing could be more conducive to preserve an unbroken morale, a condition so essential to athletic success. Rowing any kind of a race is exceedingly strenuous work and must in itself be taken seriously but at no time is the spirit of play absent at present. The coach employs various means to attain this condition

which, though fairly simple during the early season in Cambridge, becomes quite a problem. Frequent informal races and short brushes; light training rules until well along in April; showings of crew motion pictures; all of these aid considerably. And at Red Top, two reel comedies and the services of the waiters are enlisted to provide evening entertainments. I quote from a prominent sports writer of New York who visited the Newell Boathouse last spring; he remarks, "I've never seen such an amazing situation at any rowing camp. The camaraderie here at Harvard is in striking contrast to the military precision maintained at Yale's crew quarters. I'll be interested to see how Ed Brown's experiment works out." The results of the "experiment" were readily recognized by those who saw the race on the Thames last June. At the same time that this undergraduate feeling is making headway, the rowing alumni rapidly are falling into step behind the present system. Ample proof of this was to be had at the testimonial dinner held in February for last year's victorious crew, which was sponsored by some of the more active of the older rowing men.

The outlook for the coming season is distinctly pleasant. On the University crew the four stern men are all veterans of the four-mile race. Three of the bow four have had past experience in racing both in Cambridge and at New London, and the work of the remaining man, a newcomer, is readily on a par with his crew mates. The 150-pounders are veterans from bow to stern, and the quantity as well as the quality of the freshman oarsmen is very encouraging. As this article goes to press, no races have taken place, but optimism rules. 1928 is an Olympic year — should Harvard show up well in the early season races, there are indications that after the Yale race in June, Ed Brown will direct his attention to the Olympic tryouts in July. Rowing at Harvard is in splendid condition.

CARL H. PFORZHEIMER, JR.

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICAN PROSPERITY: ITS CAUSES AND CURE

AMERICAN PROSPERITY. Its Causes and Consequences. *By Paul M. Mazur. New York. The Viking Press.* 1928. $2.50.

American Prosperity, Its Causes and Consequences, by Paul M. Mazur (Harvard 1914), is one of the outstanding contributions to knowledge of the economics of the market-place from the pen of a business man. Mazur writes from the vantage point of participant-observer. A member of an important banking house, Lehman Brothers, he is in fine position to comment on the rising tide of wealth. It is a non-academic study of the production (acquisition?) of wealth, unburdened with footnotes.

The author assumes prosperity; he does not set out to prove it. Now this assumption can be made and well utilized even though many would dissent from the author's hypothesis. The special sense in which he uses prosperity is a simple one. Prosperity to Mazur is the recent increase in total income (purchasing power) of the nation; he does not concern himself, he especially excludes from his purview, the dispersion of the increased income. His words are interesting. "A consideration of the character of division of the income may be interesting and, from a social point of view, important, but such a consideration would divert the stream of discussion from business to sociology. . . ." Now it seems to the reviewer that the pragmatic point from which the author has written and his toughmindedness would suggest to him that while he may in his office or in his study exempt the dispersion of wealth from discussion, life itself surely will not sign on such a dotted line. The moment one speaks in a subtitle of "its causes and consequences" distributive economics must enter the stage and can not so cavalierly be directed to the wings and then to the exit. This is especially unfortunate first because of the author's occupational attachment and

secondly because we are hearing again as in 1920 (the period spoken of by the author as the "Long Arctic Night") disputes as to the number of unemployed. This is important for this unemployment is called the *New Unemployment* and the only new feature of it is that it is accompanied by increases in production. To him who is unemployed it is little consolation to hear that prosperity is abroad in the land and that he is out of work through technological alterations. Mr. Mazur's judgment accordingly would have held great interest on this point, since this type of unemployment may be one of the consequences of our prosperity.

One of the most interesting and suggestive chapters in the book is headed *The Puzzle of American Prosperity*. Here Mazur lists the following main causes.

1. Coolidge, the confidence resulting from his administration, his economy and tax reduction, his policy of non-interference with business;
2. The Federal Reserve System and orderly money markets, together with incipient booms nipped in the bud;
3. The charts and predictions based upon them issued by statistical services. The author does not ascribe a great deal of weight to such services and holds that "even if all or most business men were letter perfect in the texts issued periodically from the headquarters of these services, what business leaders did with what they read would be the cause of prosperity or depression."
4. Increase in purchasing power through decline in prices while wage rates and payments have been essentially stationary. The author subscribes to the productivity theory of wages;
5. The unsettled and unwholesome conditions in Europe comprising a ready market for our productivity;
6. Low stocks together with the curtailment or cessation of production resulting from the destructive liquidation of inventories in 1920-1921;
7. The policy of hand to mouth buying;
8. The willingness of labor to become more productive rather than to permit the lowering of wage levels;
9. Sales efforts necessary to overcome the resistance of the con-

suming public which had through the Liberty Loan drives learned to invest by seeing the price of the United States Bonds fall below the price they paid for them through reasons which the masses assuredly do not penetrate;

10. High pressure advertising which reflected competition between manufacturers of the same commodity or between different services and functions — "supplantive competition" in the words of David Sarnoff;

11. Better distribution based upon this new advertising; from copywriters market experts were born, sales quotas set for city, county, and state which the ultimate consumer would be expected to satisfy without knowing what that quota was; all done frequently with military set-ups (The reviewer cannot help wondering whether army experience should not have been listed as a cause by the author), quotas being frequently set up with great precision and great statistical ability, as for example in the case of General Motors (the author does not mention these sorts of statistical services);

12. Since wear alone made replacement too slow for the needs of industry, the term obsolescence was incarnated — we formerly called it style or modernity. We are now to purchase, if the advertisement in a recent weekly accomplishes its aim, portable typewriters to match our pajamas or lounging robe;

13. The extraordinary extension of instalment purchasing — buying out of income or on the budget plan — reflecting an extraordinary change in the folkways. Mr. Mazur ascribes a great deal of our prosperity to this new expression of acquisitive mimicry;

14. The extraordinary pace of the building industry to fill the gap caused by the war, the development of the South as an industrial center, the tremendous suburban development made possible by the automobile;

15. The American business man. "Men may smile at the American Babbitt — the go-getter who platitudinously and sometimes illiterately says he believes in America and

> busily bends his shoulder to the task of building business bigger and better. But upon the shoulders of that Babbitt rests the system that has afforded the very time and the very inclination for the smile of the scoffer." One may readily understand this glorification of the entrepreneur in a volume which excludes distributive economics as sociology.

The list itself is extremely suggestive and bold. It is more. It is serviceable. Mr. Mazur does not claim for it finality or inclusiveness. He would be the first to admit additions and he will probably in later editions of the volume — it is destined to be a "sell-out" — add some more.

Mr. Mazur makes another distinct contribution in the volume. He shows how mass production (which is the result of the aim to and needs for lower production costs) inevitably leads to high costs of distribution. There is the nub of the problem. Are we to buy and wear what we like; to buy and consume what we want; or are we to be compelled under the twin aegis of standardization and mass production to acquire and use what some bureaucrat determines is good for us, with reference perhaps to vitamines, chiropractice, Freud, or even Auguste Comte? The reviewer has little doubt which way America will travel of the two ways proffered. Unquestionably, Mazur has rendered a service through this exposé.

There are a few places in which the reviewer would want to differ with the author but in none more than where Mazur writes that "economic history reveals cycles of prosperity and depression following each other from 1873 to 1914 with the regularity of time and tide," (page 248) and "with the assistance of the Federal Reserve System we may expect freedom from the unwarranted and annoying financial panics of the past, and we may anticipate the replacement of a seven years' cycle by more frequent restrictive measures and, it is hoped, by infrequent difficulties which changing world affairs bring to our industrial machine" (page 250). The reviewer is of the belief that the great preponderance of the evidence is opposed to the fact of periodicity of business cycles.

MAURICE B. HEXTER

SYMBOLS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA

HENRY CLAY FRICK: THE MAN. *By George Harvey. New York. Charles Schibner's Sons.* 1928. $5.00.

NEW WORLD VISTAS. *By James Wood. New York. Brentano's.* 1927. $2.50.

Henry Frick and James Wood are so different that they might serve as symbols of the American and the European ideal. Frick devoted himself to a life of activity with little reflection or introspection, and activity as an ideal is a characteristic of America which has no prototype in Europe. Mr. Wood, on the other hand, embodies that gnostic point of view so antipathetic to Americans, as the philosophical writings of a typical American, Henry James, prove. They are both exaggerated types — Henry Frick was so completely extroverted that he dictated his diary in the third person, and the essays of Mr. Wood are so personal in their symbolism as to be occasionally incomprehensible — but this exaggeration makes the effect of two distinct cultures more immediately appreciable; and though Mr. Wood's influence on European culture will probably be negligible, Mr. Frick, at least, was instrumental in the formative period of American civilization. He and his associates found a nation of wood and left it of steel. This was their contribution toward the tremendous transformation brought about by the Industrial Revolution — a transformation so complete that Bertrand Russell once said there had been nothing analogous to it since the beginning of the Agricultural Age. As these "New World Vistas" opened up, Mr. Wood described the impression they made upon a very refined sensibility.

Henry Frick, however, completely lacked Mr. Wood's acuteness of emotion, which would only have hampered him in achieving his entirely objective aim. This aim at first was symbolized by a million dollars, and in order to acquire what then seemed such an unheard of sum, Frick sacrificed everything in his nature extraneous to his purpose. Nevertheless, there remained a pathetic desire for

beauty shown by his delight in calligraphy even when making out the bills of his grandfather's distillery. If eventually he was able to give expression to his aesthetic desires, he did not do it graphically, but in a far more abstract manner. The asceticism of his apprenticeship, when he worked sixteen hours a day, narrowed his interests for the rest of his life, but it gave him a singleness of purpose which alone enabled him to achieve his ultimate success.

Mr. Mencken once said of the business man: "He is the only man who is forever apologizing for his profession. He is the only man who always seeks to make it appear when he attains the object of his labors, i.e., the making of a great deal of money, that it was not the object of his labors." But Mencken fails to realize that there are men like Frick with whom this is not a pretense, even subconsciously. Frick was an energist who expressed himself by an objective activity, but his ultimate aim, to create order out of chaos, to force unity out of diversity, was purely aesthetic. What is the corporation, but the desire of the classical spirit to subordinate the parts to the whole?

There was inherent in Frick's character a desire for organization. It is the same urge which a painter feels when he creates a perfect example of organization in lines, planes, and masses, as for instance, the *School of Athens*, but in the case of Raphael a long tradition simplified many of his problems. Frick, however, had no resources, except the Roman Catholic Church, which could give an example of perfect business organization. Nevertheless, by increased efficiency he made the Carnegie Steel Company outdistance all of its competitors here and abroad until through the help of Morgan and others he was able to form the huge monopoly he must have dimly perceived as an ultimate object. It was because it was disruptive to his organization that he fought the Homestead strike so implacably, not because the demands of the workers were impossible to fulfill.

When Berkman attempted to assassinate him, Frick played his most heroic rôle. Bleeding from five wounds, he helped to overcome his assailant. Meanwhile he was the only one to notice that Berkman was chewing something, which was discovered to be enough fulminate of mercury to blow all in the room to pieces. Refusing to stop his business, he sent telegrams saying that this incident would not affect his attitude in the strike; then, declining

an anaesthetic, he helped the doctors locate the bullets in his body. While he was lying at home critically ill his little son died. Yet in two weeks he was back at his office, unguarded, as determined as ever to break the strike. Beside such strength of character, the escapades of a Cellini seem almost trivial.

Unfortunately, Mr. Harvey writes so badly that he will antagonize many readers. Although his biography is the usual official eulogy, he misses whatever real greatness Frick may have had. Nevertheless, merely an accurate account of a personality so instrumental in creating the industrial civilization, which is rapidly supplanting a preceding Mediterranean culture, is revealing. Frick's chief amusement was going at a terrific speed. He secured the most daring chauffeur in France, and until roads became crowded with cars he spent his time racing from one place to another. Wit did not appeal to him, and he rarely laughed. But most illuminating of all was one of his favorite sayings, "Don't tell the little girls fairy tales, teach them real things."

There is perhaps some connection between Mr. Wood and Henry Frick. Mr. Wood sat one evening with his brother's radio accidentally left going when suddenly he heard someone announce that he would try the experiment of relaying a concert from Pittsburgh, U.S.A. Not knowing where Pittsburgh was, Mr. Wood consulted an Atlas. Thus, half a century later, the scene of Henry Frick's activity catches the mind of an English artist. America had been a symbol to him for a long time of something mysterious, yet easy and powerful. Before he could sleep at night, it would beat on his mind as a wave, seeming to possess many things he lacked and desired, but it is quite vague, as are the other symbols in the book. This hazy symbolism, varying from the complete incomprehensibility of the story called *The Box* to the dimly perceived symbols of destiny in *Buoyed on the Dense Marine,* and *The Duck,* — is the weakest part of an otherwise successful combination of story, essay, and autobiography.

At times Mr. Wood's passive receptivity seems a limited egoism, and one is uninterested, but there are other places where one feels vaguely one has experienced the same emotion and can enter into it again. The contact, however, between author and reader is unusually indirect for literature. The appeal of the book is so defi-

nitely to one's visual senses that the result is the uncertain sensation of sympathy one often has before a romantic picture. I am not quite sure about Mr. Wood's occupation, but there seems to be some actual connection with the graphic arts. If he were honest with himself, I should imagine he might be a modern Israels or Mancini.

Mr. Wood's essays, however, compensate for any intellectual interest they may lack by his amazing ability to write. "Over everything the firelight flooded — merrily sweeping and twinkling — racing and flooding over the room, curling beneath the furniture with lengthening and shortening fingers — silently covering both the figures which seemed still as if entranced amid the bright movement, on the woman's face a slight look of surprise and on the child's face a look of the night outside, the muffled gleam of fever and of chaos." This may sound very like a nineteenth century critic describing a contemporary painting, as many of Mr. Wood's descriptions do, but the image is undeniably effective. There is a connection in other parts of the book with the stories of Katherine Mansfield, but Mr. Wood is more successful than Miss Mansfield in conveying a certain richness of personal experience, though he lacks her directness and objectivity.

Henry Frick and James Wood might be postulated as attempts to prove conflicting ethical theories. The energism of one, or the gnosticism of the other, which is preferable? Certainly today Frick is the popular hero and Wood the more and more exceptional survival, but in the past civilized men have always esteemed the contemplative above the active life. Will these "New World vistas" which America is opening up permanently change European values? Mr. Frick's contribution of steel has at least the semblance of permanence, and one agrees more with Wyndham Lewis than with Spengler that the "scientific age" has so completely changed world conditions that repetitions of the past are impossible, and yet there are some analogies which are strangely disquieting.

JOHN WALKER III

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

LAWRENCE AND THE ARABIAN ADVENTURE. By Robert Graves. New York. Doubleday, Doran and Co. 1928. $3.00.

Now that the war is over interest has been transferred from the mystery of Lawrence, the Arab leader, to the mystery of Lawrence the man. Yet even as a graduate of Oxford he remains almost as inscrutable as when he was riding his racing camel across the windy stretches of Arabia.

It is this Lawrence which Robert Graves has attempted to describe. That he has, in a large sense, failed, is not altogether his fault, for he has written a very delightful and entertaining story with the material at hand. He dwells at some length upon Lawrence's pre-war life — the life of a perfect individualist — and then gives the details of the Arabian adventure, laying special emphasis upon the mental conflict in which Lawrence found himself constantly involved.

He draws his information from his personal acquaintance with Lawrence, and from the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. This book Lawrence wrote after the capture of Damascus in an effort to clear his mind, and to leave an accurate account of his personal motives in the affair. The manuscript was stolen from him on a station platform, possibly for political reasons, and he was forced to rewrite the whole work from memory. It was then privately published, and to meet the expense of the somewhat elaborate edition many of the more harmless and less personal parts of the book were gathered together into an unconnected hodge-podge — the *Revolt in the Desert*.

Naturally Graves cannot use much of the material found in the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, so his book takes the form of a somewhat shallow psychological examination of Lawrence in addition to an account of his experiences in Arabia. That it is much the best book to date upon the subject there can be no doubt, yet the reader is constantly aware of the shadow of the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* lurking in the background. For in that book the key to the situation seems to lie, and until Lawrence's death permits its publication, no

answer to the many questions which have arisen can be given, save by a sympathetic understanding of the unusual qualities of the man. This is well illustrated in one of the few places where Graves feels that he may quote from the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and it shows quite clearly how hollow and false is the popular abridged version. The following quotation is from the closing passage of the *Revolt of the Desert* and refers to the last days Lawrence spent in Damascus:

'Later I was sitting alone in my room working and thinking out as firm a way as the turbulent memories of the day allowed, when the muezzins began to send their call of last prayer through the moist night over the illuminations of the feasting city. One, with a ringing voice of special sweetness, cried into my window from a near mosque. I found myself involuntarily distinguishing his words: "God alone is great: I testify that there are no gods but God: and Mohammed is his Prophet. Come to prayer, come to security. God alone is great: there is no god — but God."

'At the close he dropped his voice two tones, almost speaking level, and softly added, "And he is very good to us this day, O people of Damascus." The clamour hushed as every one seemed to obey the call to prayer on this their first night of perfect freedom.'

As the account was originally written in the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* there then follows this sentence:

'While my fancy, in the overwhelming pause, showed me my loneliness and lack of reason in their movement, since only for me, of all the hearers, was the event sorrowful and the phrase meaningless.'

Without this last sentence, the paragraph becomes a mere description; with it you obtain an insight into the tragedy of Arab freedom, in which Lawrence played a leading rôle, though he had come to realize, especially during the last years of the revolt, how hollow and fraudulent was his part.

Yet what were the motives which kept Lawrence fighting through two years of continual hardship, and why were these motives so suddenly extinguished after the fall of Damascus?

Since the time when he tramped, entirely alone and in the middle of summer, up and down the caravan routes of Syria — a thing

quite unheard of — he has been constantly thrown with the Arab tribes. This close association with an eastern race, combined with his own somewhat mystical nature, has brought him a large measure of oriental sympathy. Even as a boy in school, Lawrence had dreamed of the revolt of the Arab tribes against the suppression of the Turks, and later on his growing knowledge of the Arab temperament led him to sympathize even more deeply with their position. By being excessively rude to his superior officers when stationed in Cairo, he obtained a leave of absence and went down the coast of Hejaz looking for an Arab chief sufficiently fired with enthusiasm to lead the tribes in his projected revolt. Feisal alone of the four sons of old King Hussein of the Hejaz seemed to possess the qualities of faith and leadership necessary to hold together the naturally unfriendly Bedouins, and with Feisal Lawrence set out to stir up the spirit of revolt.

Yet even as he sat around the camp-fires of the Bedouin chiefs, night after night, arguing, persuading, and holding up the conquest of Damascus as an end, he wondered secretly how it would turn out. There was no way open but onward, so closing his mind to the deception which he saw himself furthering, he plunged ahead.

Mr. Graves draws the picture well. Despite the handicap of a height of only five feet and five inches, Lawrence was able to command the respect of every man with whom he came in contact. On the many and long forced camel-rides, which his guerilla warfare tactics necessitated, he stood the heat and the thirst and the exhaustion as well as the hardier Arabs. He once got up from a sickbed, with a high fever and a back covered with boils, to ride camel-back over six hundred miles with hardly a single halt for rest. In the skirmishes which were constantly taking place along the line of the Pilgrim Railway he acted with an utter disregard for his own personal safety, yet with every care for the safety of his Arab followers. The result was that before long he had collected a personal body guard of devoted Arabs who have been described as being the wildest and the most bloodthirsty group of daredevils ever collected in one band.

Once Damascus was conquered and the Arab government set up, he suddenly left Syria and returned to England. The disillusionment was complete; he saw only too well the double-dealing poli-

cies of France and England. There had been too much of the barbaric warfare between Turk and Arab where quarter is rarely given, and above all he felt his whole relation with the Arabs to be a hollow fraud. In his introduction to *Arabia Deserta* he speaks very highly of Doughty's faculty of retaining, although in dress and appearance entirely Arabian, his British mind and his British attitude. For this is an ability which Lawrence admires intensely, because through his own association with the Bedouin tribes he became half-Arabian. His sympathies were even more strongly oriental than were Doughty's or Blunt's, and his asceticism was very Arabian, yet he could not but be aggravated at the lack of rational intelligence on the part of the Arabs.

His attitude had become nihilistic, neither Arabian nor British, and he found his position lonely and intolerable. Damascus saw the culmination of these feelings, and Lawrence gladly took the opportunity for a temporary escape. But the Peace Conference found him a British officer on one hand, and on the other, white-robed and with the ceremonial silver dagger of the Arab, interpreter for Feisal. It was a nihilism which he could not escape.

Mr. Graves gives a very vivid picture of the eccentric genius of Lawrence. At Oxford he would read all afternoon and all night, sleeping during the morning. As he never appeared during the day there grew up a mystery about a strange undergraduate who came out at night and walked by himself in the quadrangle. He refused to take part in any sport, or other organized activity, yet he rode a racing motorcycle at breakneck speed, dove through holes in the ice all by himself and in the middle of the night, and perfected the unorganized night-sport of roof-climbing.

In the fields of archeology and Romanesque architecture he had collected vast amounts of material, but his interest in a subject never lies in the direction of publication. He can switch off the current of his personality at will, so that his presence in a room will not be felt. He never looks at any one's face and so recognizes no one with whom he is not extremely familiar. He regards sociability, gambling, drinking and women as at best stimulants for the years when the zest of life is gone. His luck is phenomenal, nothing but the generosity of Fate permitting him to go through the hazards of the Arabian campaign unscathed. He always makes very plain

his feeling upon a subject, telling the King of England (so the story goes) that he did not care to be decorated, for he considered the part he played in the Arab revolt as "dishonorable to himself and to his country and to his government." And again when a Paris publisher applied to him for the rights to bring out a translation of the *Revolt in the Desert* he consented upon the condition that the book bear upon its jacket the inscription:— "The profits of this book will be devoted to a fund for the victims of French cruelty in Syria." Naturally the translation has never appeared.

It is a man of such a diversified personality, and who is something of a mystic as well, that Robert Graves set himself to describe. The task was evidently beyond him, for in spite of the charming and extremely readable book, Lawrence remains almost as much a mystery as before. Now he has changed his name to Shaw and retired to the monastic seclusion of the British Royal Air Force, possibly to work out a more suitable philosophy of life. Feisal rules, but in Irak instead of Syria. Whether the French will continue to occupy Damascus, and whether Arab freedom will ever become more than an ideal are questions which only the future can answer.

Meanwhile, Lawrence pursues his lone path, the path of a man without a single close personal friend. His acquaintances he uses simply as a means to an end, and to none of them does he expose more than one of the many aspects of his personality. For those of us who value highly the friendships which life affords such a lone course would be intolerable. But neither loneliness nor nihilism can for long affect a man with complete power of rigid self-control; in the end he will rise above even the less common weaknesses of mankind, and with a severe mental discipline pursue his way through a world for which he has almost no respect at all.

R. D. Williams

SHORTER NOTICES

DEFENCE OF THE WEST. *By Henri Massis. With a preface by G. K. Chesterton. New York. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1927. $3.00.

This volume is devoted to the development of a somewhat protentous thesis. The whole individualistic movement, beginning with the Protestant Reformation, is, according to M. Massis, going bankrupt. In its present stage this movement has, on the one hand, become crassly utilitarian, and, on the other, pseudo-religious and pseudo-mystical. With the loss of the transcendence, which can be secured only through Revelation and the outer authority of the Roman Catholic Church, there has been a lapse into pantheistic confusion. Non-Catholic Europe has thus laid itself open to the encroachments of the formidable force, destructive of the sense of spiritual purpose in life and of militant effort with reference to this purpose, which M. Massis defines as Asiaticism, the "internal and cosmic vertigo of the East." This disintegrating influence has penetrated into the West through Russia which has shed its veneer of Occidental culture and revealed its true affiliation with Asia, and Germany, especially post-war Germany, whose idealism is only a mask for the Teutonic will to power. "That same Germany," Keyserling himself avows, "who, while she could hope for a decisive victory, was carried away by the spirit of pillage and impudence, passed without transition to idealism, so soon as it became evident that events were taking an evil turn." Behind Teutonic imperialism lurks the imperialism of the Asiatics themselves. In the words of M. Massis: "Sustained and aided in enterprise hostile to the race by refugees from all the European nations, by apostates from all the creeds, by the sectarians of all the religious aberrations that form with them the ecumenical council of coalised heresies, they (the Asiatics) are working with our worst ideas in order to turn them against us. We are here at the geometrical locus where the various counterfeits of spiritual communion meet and interpenetrate, and assemble their forces of division against 'the great faith, the great doctrine, the great school of energy' that has made the civilization of the West."

As a remedy for the spiritual anarchy of both East and West "nothing less is needed than a complete restoration of the principles of Graeco-Latin civilization and Catholicism. This great tradition of ancient and Christian wisdom may yet save what of viable there is in the world."

M. Massis draws up in the course of expounding his thesis a formidable list of false prophets: among the dead, Martin Luther and Kant, Blake, Tolstoy, and Walt Whitman; among contemporaries, Romain Rolland, Keyserling, Spengler, Maeterlinck, Gandhi and Tagore. One may grant that sham spirituality has been promoted by all these thinkers and writers and yet feel that M. Massis has failed to elucidate the real issues that arise in a comparison of East and West. His volume does, however, throw much light on the battle of ideas that is in progress in contemporary Europe. It presents effectively in particular the position of the French neo-scholastic group, of which the most distinguished member is probably M. Maritain. As long as M. Massis is dealing with topics of which he has some first-hand knowledge the bold sweep of his generalization is stimulating; when he seeks to evaluate the culture of the Far East, with which at best he has only a second-hand acquaintance, his boldness degenerates into rashness. He falls into positive errors of fact and even graver errors of psychological interpretation.[1]

At bottom most of the sham spirituality to which M. Massis objects may be summed up in the word primitivism. He himself recognizes that the primitivistic tendencies he discovers in certain contemporary Asiatics are at least in part of European origin — more often than not only an exotic form of Rousseauism. "We have seen a Rabindranath Tagore denounce the misdeeds of the machinery and technique of the West in the same tone in which Rousseau condemned the corruption of Athens, the decadence of Rome, and the humanism of the Renaissance, in order to exalt the Scythians, the Early Persians and the Germans of Tacitus." To be sure, Asia had in ancient Chinese Taoism, a primitivistic movement

[1] An occasional "howler" has been added by the translator. For example M. Massis asked us to imagine Saint John of the Cross or Saint Francis of Assisi dressed up as a bhiksu (Buddhist monk) or the Curé of Ars as a cramana (Hindu religious recluse). This becomes in the translation "Saint John of the Cross or Saint Francis of Assisi *in* a bhiksu or the Curé of Ars *in* a cramana."

of its own. It is a matter of interest to note, as Curtius (quoted by Massis) does, that "Taoism has exercised during the last years of the War and since a surprising force of attraction over a great number of the best minds among German intellectual youth." One should not forget, however, that a warfare of first principles was waged in ancient China between Confucians and Taoists — the same opposition that exists between the humanist and the primitivist today.

One cannot afford to view on the same level, as M. Massis tends to do, the primitivistic Lao-tzu, the humanistic Confucius, and the religious Buddha. Both Buddha and Confucius were capable of the keen discrimination which M. Massis denies to Asiatics and which one may grant him is necessary, if one is to avoid pantheistic confusion. In dealing with Buddha and India in general, we need to recall the traditional meditativeness of the East and then to distinguish on psychological rather than on dogmatic grounds between this meditativeness and mere revery. There is surely little in common between the "strenuousness" in which the teaching of Buddha culminates and the "inaction" (Wu Wei) of the Chinese Taoists. The quality of effort that the Buddhist puts forth in meditation is related to the *yoga* on which the Hindu has put major emphasis from a remote antiquity. Yoga, though it has often no doubt suffered corruption in India itself, does not, when genuine, encourage a passive surrender to the naturalistic flux; it is at the opposite pole from any philosophy of *élan vital*. One may therefore reply in the negative to M. Massis when he asks: "Can there not be found in Bergsonism an attitude analogous to that of the Hindu yogis?"

The tendency of M. Massis to look upon true spirituality as a monopoly of the Roman Church is likely to lead to an attitude that is narrow and even bigoted. It is desirable under present circumstances that one should grant generous recognition to the religious achievement of Asia. M. Massis seems to forget at times that the specifically religious element in Christianity itself is largely, if not indeed mainly, of Asiatic origin.

IRVING BABBITT

SELECTED POEMS OF AMY LOWELL. *Edited by John Livingston Lowes. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1928. $3.00.

Professor Lowes's connection as editor with this selection of Amy Lowell's poems is an adequate guarantee that it contains as far as such an undertaking allows the best and most representative of her poetry, selected from her eleven volumes.

The poems in this selection remain individually clear when the whole has been read. The scenes that so many of them depict, as corners in gardens, glimpses of sea beyond a beach, a stretch of village street, autumn or evening vistas, lawns and interiors with an arrangement, perhaps, of individuals who are natural in such surroundings, retain in this poetry their peculiarity of outline and detail. Such things Miss Lowell saw vividly and completely. The impulse to preserve them in poetry and to preserve with their essences was the controlling factor in the development of her technique. And as her technique developed she became a subtle and sometimes masterful builder of pictures in verse. In this connection one thinks at once of *St. Louis* among others, or poems like *Meeting House Hill*, where the simple picture in its near perfection seems the sufficient expression of a mood or impulse. Or there are the poems in which we find pictures succeeding one another with such delicacy and fastidious discrimination that they are like visible unfoldings of mood. There is, too, the poem entitled *Lilacs*, in which the same technique is employed to build up around a feeling for this flower the essential background of New England. It is a series of vignettes. And these poems, we think, are the author's most successful. Certainly they are the most characteristic among her best work.

Miss Lowell's, then, is primarily a pictorial art; and for the easiest substantiation of this remark one has only to point in any selection of lines from her poetry to the profusion of color words. Her feelings for the most part attach themselves to what she saw, to the surroundings she loved, to the universal objects of nature, to particular landscapes — those of New England most lovingly — to gardens she knew and familiar insides of houses. Her descriptions of all these are frequently vibrant with feeling. Her poems to the moon are passionate, or, like the nights she describes, drip with its

light. Her devotion to New England, felt best, perhaps, in *Lilacs*, *Behind Time*, and the description in many of the narrative poems, is more affecting because it is never blind to New England's harsher aspects. And her emotional nature rejoices in the gardens she describes with an exuberant appreciation.

The narrative poems included in this selection have been referred to. They share with the others the same obvious merits. Lyric or narrative, Miss Lowell's poetry has the same bias toward description. In either, the emotion tends to be patterned on a selection of visible objects. And it is a changing tableau or a sequence of vivid paintings that impresses most in some of her narrative works. There are, however, those that have an excellence of their own. We are thinking particularly of *Number 3 on the Docket*, *The Day That Was That Day*, *The Rosebud Wall-Paper*, and *The Doll*, all of which are found in this collection. In all of these is achieved that objectivity which is a prerequisite of their kind. All are grim or grimly ludicrous stories from New England life and remarkable for their variations in tragic effect. There is no softness in them. They are unsparing in incident and characterization. Three are written in dialect, and with such marked success that we feel that an alteration of their language would detract from the transparency of the characters involved.

But in spite of the excellence that has been observed in these poems, and more, still, that might be declared, there is a failure on their part as a whole, to really impress and fill the mind. The failure, it seems to us, is due to the almost complete absence in Miss Lowell's poetry of independent intellectual realizations. There is no lack of feeling. But there is scarcely any identification of feeling with the forms and figures of thought as distinct from the forms and figures of objects. We would mention, however, in exception, the *Eleonora Duse* sonnets and *The Congressional Library*. Her poetry, it has been said, is primarily pictorial. But the criticism we make here does not apply invariably to pictorial poetry. Much of this, as we know, has an emotional and intellectual value independent of the objects it portrays. But this is not the case with Miss Lowell's poems. They are singularly without overtones. We see what she describes and share her feelings; the experience is confined to this. Nothing is detached therefrom to enrich the mind in

its daily business with the emotions irrespective of external surroundings. To explain a little, we should be surprised to feel an impulse in the ordinary course of things to quote from her poetry. And yet we might with deliberation return to her pages and enjoy them.

These poems, it has been said, remain individually clear when the book has been read. And this is certainly a virtue in them. But they must be regarded as representative of their author's entire poetic output and as such they should exhibit underneath surface discriminations, mutual ties, or interrelations. These to any significant extent we do not find. The poems for the most part seem isolated from one another. Their several particular objects do not appear as the symbols or language of a single dominant apprehension of the sum of experience. Nor do they even appear as the convincingly appropriated material of a sensibility that proceeds from a characteristic attitude. A certain large acceptance of life is sometimes stated in Miss Lowell's poetry; it is sometimes implied. But it has furnished her with no intellectual forms, and so is no integrating factor in her work, establishing indulging relations among her poems. The paganism she so frequently expresses is strangely at variance with the nostalgia that pervades so much of her work.

But behind her poetry there is a vitality that frequently enters it. It is less effective because unsupplied with definite modes of application. Yet it is unmistakably present in the freshness and freedom of her language, the brilliance and outline of her finely consummated pictures, and her arduous technique.

W. E. Sedgwick

W. E. Gladstone. *By Osbert Burdett. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1928. $4.00.

Mr. Burdett's *Gladstone* completes a trilogy begun with Mr. Strachey's *Queen Victoria* and carried on by M. Maurois's *Disraeli.* These three political figures epitomize an age:— Victoria, symbol of those middle-class respectable virtues, by which righteousness may be said to rule over nations; Disraeli, expansion and reform, "Sanitation and Empire" founded on the crescent wealth of the middle-class; Gladstone, the house of Commons in person, the

moral and political sovereignty newly-won of middle-class votes. Their long existences gave them an institutional grandeur.

Why have these three biographers, each sensible to fashion, chosen to work on Victorian England? What is there so fertile in humanity about that age which artistically our generation finds so sterile? In these three writers we feel a common tone — a tincture of irony, condescension and ulterior respect. We have come to like the Victorian age because, being historically near, it is intellectually remote, hence half romantic; and also because it makes a perfect target in which keen shafts pointed with disillusion sink with unhurting efficacy.

Mr. Burdett's method is admittedly that of a popularizer, but of a higher order. He treats Morley's "official" 2000 page biography as a rich, amorphous quarry; a few selected blocks deftly chiselled build for us the statesman as a man. It is a human rather than a political formula.

Indeed a subtle technique has developed since Mr. Strachey first manifested biography as a modern art. The process of mental vintaging, the selection and pressing of the subject's own scattered words and actions into a single draft, is here pushed to the just point. Gladstone's copious literary remains, Mr. Burdett assures, are unreadable. Lacking the voice, the gesture, the great person, his eloquence on paper is "Burke and water." In fact he sums up in one of its typical phases the nineteenth century's triple dilution of the great eighteenth century prose idiom. The statesman, the novelist, the scientist were qualifying its rigor to a tasteless anemia.

Nevertheless this insipid stuff is full of revealing crystals. Mr. Burdett isolates one early in his book. "O for a light from on high! I have no power, none to discern the right path for myself" cried young Oxford Gladstone of monumental piety. This sense of an inward dimness, continually oppressive throughout his life, begot in Gladstone a compensating dependence on outward guidance, a faultless response to popular opinion, to the high pressure of public "morality." Incapable of originating anything, least of all an idea, Gladstone had a "sixth sense" for the incidence of the right forces. Unlike the saint or the hero, he lacked inner strength. He had the secondary qualities and the surface energies of genius, but his life was the futility of the visionless man of action. This was

his greatness: to sense the tide, devance it even, and standing like a prophet, to usher it shoreward with sure hand and unctuous invocation.

Was it all hypocrisy? There have been sarcastic charges against this age, and it is to the credit of these Strachist biographers that they have countered them. Self-deception is the sincerest form of sincerity. Thus Gladstone's repeated wishes to resign (for an example) are shown as the defective reaction — perfectly vain — of a nature whose life and energies were invented to live and die in the harness of a perpetual crusade. Gladstone was the incarnation of his age, concentrating in his successive flowerings the constituent ferments of an active soil. He was no more inconsistent than is the process of vegetable growth.

Mr. Burdett might be criticized on the ground that his book is not sufficiently organic, especially the first half. His analysis and exposition are often departmental; here and there a gobbet on Gladstone the "lightless, Gladstone the sum of middle-class aspirings, Gladstone the reformer of prostitutes, Gladstone the unconscious publicity fiend." They seem too much like set passages. They mulsify poorly with the general liquor, forming and reforming on a changing surface more than once, like patches of oil on a river, new in iridescence and pattern, but in substance the same.

As history there is little to criticize. Like all things popular it must dissatisfy the specialist by its very success. His picture of England during Gladstone's long, very representative life is good. It is specious (in the eighteenth century sense) but it is not epic. Modern biography stands on its readableness and its aptness. Mr. Burdett disposes of both these qualities, and his book deserves to have success.

DANA DURAND

THE AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE OF TO-DAY. By G. H. Edgell. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $6.00.

After having noted the many publications abroad on modern American architecture, or rather "modernist" as Professor Edgell would have it, due to the title one might indeed open this book with considerable enthusiasm. The first pages disillusion one, however,

and an appalling list of buildings is seen in the styles of the Georgian, French, Colonial, etc., periods, which overcome the reader with their mediocrity (not bad but indeed second-rate work), the author quite forgetting that " 'styles' once accomplished soon become yardsticks for the blind, crutches for the lame, the recourse of the impotent." The modernist architecture is fairly treated but with no real enthusiasm, much hampered by not being related with corresponding movements in Europe. For instance, the paragraph on the Nebraska State Capitol mentions the fact that the design reflects certain Scandinavian work but nothing so definite as that the solution of the entrance-façade is quite similar to that of the Hauptbahnhof in Stuttgart.

But as an expression of the conservative feeling towards architecture, the book has undoubted value. The discussions of various problems confronting architects in the designing of buildings like museums, hospitals, etc. are quite illuminating — one might indeed recommend the authorities at Harvard to read the section devoted to memorials in the hope of avoiding a much feared tragedy. In the discourse on concrete, other types than the commercial buildings might have been reviewed such as churches as seen in a recently published design of Mr. S. Woods Hull or the church at Basle, Switzerland — a material not yet frankly utilized in any prominent American ecclesiastical building. Then, too, the comments on the various examples often times do not take up the question whether or not they fulfil the requirements of the particular type.

Among the theatres we look in vain for such a modern design as in the St. George Playhouse in Brooklyn by Schlanger and Ehrenhich and the Little Theatre movement is not mentioned — a topic quite apropos at this date. In the plea for polychromy in architecture, the use of vari-coloured stones is not separately stressed as recently advocated in a magazine article by Frank Lloyd Wright — daubing fine materials with paint causes them to lose all character whereas variegated materials can always be legitimately employed.

In spite of this axiom by a young writer, the art of the present appears only bit by bit, its guiding system buried half in the past and half in the future; the author avoids admittedly the future, a bad tendency in general, but quite happy here since he is so out of feeling with certain forms of architecture which seem to be portents of

what is to come. Recently a Boston theatre showed a movie concerned with the curiosities of New York in which the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Centre was shown as an instance of a modern apartment house. Such confusion this book tends to augment by holding up the shifting standards of refinement "and taste" and with its inchoate conglomeration of styles but tends to clarify with its sensible words on the varied needs to be solved in a building. In spite of our desire to see an architecture in America by "pioneers," not by "traditionalists," an architecture which Professor Edgell seemingly does not favor, the book holds our attention by these excellent discussions, the lively style and the fine photographs.

MARVIN ROSS

TA HIO. The Great Learning. (University of Washington Chapbooks, No. 14). *Newly Rendered into the American Language by Ezra Pound. Seattle, Washington. University of Washington Book Shop.* 1928. $.65.

According to Confucian tradition "The Great Learning" "forms the gate by which first learners enter into virtue." Yet it is in no sense an elementary manual but rather a suggestive enchiridion wherein is contained the most succinct exposition of Chinese metaphysics. None of the other Chinese classics presents in so short or so logical a form the elements of China's philosophy. The purpose of the work, in the words of the new translation, "lies in developing and making visible that luminous principle of reason which we have received from the sky, to renew mankind and to place its ultimate destination in perfection, the sovereign good."

What Ezra Pound offers us is a new edition in convenient form, whereby this oriental classic may stand alone as a piece of literature, bereft of pedantic footnotes in the maze of whose learned obscurities the casual reader tires and forgets either form or philosophy. Mr. Pound never sacrifices his expression for the sake of literalness to a Chinese character which at best is an explosive bombshell of possible interpretations. When explanation is necessary he makes use of appositional phrases, the minimum of expository interference.

The book consists of two parts, first the words of Confucius himself and secondly a series of annotations by his disciple Thseng-tseu. These latter are citations of famous exemplars of Chinese virtues and the style is more typically and bewilderingly oriental. Yet even here Mr. Pound has interpolated a graphic diction that creates a vivid impression. To some critics that heightening of effect may seem inexcusable; yet this very defect becomes a virtue to the ordinary reader. Mr. Pound seeks an effect such as is necessary to any piece of literature, and, avoiding a puritanical literalness, he gives us his interpretation of a living spiritual idea.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR.

IN THE BEGINNING. *By Norman Douglas. New York. The John Day Company.* 1928. $2.50.

"This time, yes!" he was saying to his heart, and soon his arm began to encircle her warm waist and to press upon the hips, endeavoring to draw her earthwards" — Mr. Douglas on the third page of his first novel since *South Wind* ten years ago thus angles for our attention, with an amusing and questionable trick. "No hair grew on his head or anywhere else; moreover, his whole body had been thinly sprinkled with gold dust which the priests washed off six times a day with tepid milk. . . . There he sat like a golden egg among the snowy blossoms, staring down at his toes that projected from under his thighs and twiddled ceaselessly." But the Nameless One just described is a pale divinity beside the unspeakable Bashakuloff of *South Wind.* Indeed the book is filled with neat little pricking incidents and descriptions which clutch at a reader's wandering interest. *South Wind* showed us the mortals of a corrupt Southern paradise, who assume a god-like stature in their beautiful unmorality, but *In The Beginning* describes an earlier Eden, where an idyllic landscape is filled with a fatuous population of gods and demi-gods, subscribing to or carping against the conventions of human society. The young moon was impotent and subject to convulsions. The wind said that nobody should be a virgin. It is exasperating and disheartening to find Norman Douglas, whose irony has heretofore been grinning acceptance of the tricks of a whim-

sical providence, whining that both gods and mortals ("Which of the two is more contemptible?") should be thrown to the crocodiles. Nevertheless he writes with an easy economy, a cultivated simplicity which is by no means ungracious. Set against the smug leers of Cabell and Erskine, Mr. Douglas never smirks. He is still unrivalled in his field.

L. E. K.

THE VIRGIN QUEENE. By Harford Powel, Jr. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $2.00.

Overwork, boredom, and disgust with humdrum existence supplies a first cause for the adventures of many figures in literature. There could be no more simple way of putting the machinery of fiction to work and of introducing the hero's general background than to commence the story with him in full revolt. The hero of *The Virgin Queene*, Barnham Dunn, sailed for England and was soon installed in an Elizabethan manor rich in Shakespearean tradition. Here things happened that made literary history — and incidentally an ironical and amusing story.

Mr. Powel sets up his characters in a way that enables a smooth, superficial impression to be gathered from his people. With the possible exception of Dunn, the men and women created are all stock figures of fiction; a signal is all that is needed from the author to definitely identify them in the reader's mind. This method of characterization, if it may be called such, serves its purpose well in *The Virgin Queene*, these standard folk react readily to the theme of the novel and supply a basis for the development of much merry satire.

The writing throughout the novel is concise and to the point, with short sentences that despite their brevity never jar. This feature of Mr. Powel's style makes it extraordinary readable and in a very short time carries one to the last page. Another touch that is altogether pleasing is the apropos reference to contemporary incidents and the introduction of present day personages. But towards the end there is a slight tendency to the obviousness of the three reel Mack Sennett comedy.

The Virgin Queene is a fulfillment of the "literary promise"

Mr. Powel showed while on the Lampoon. It is a gay bit of satiric farce poking fun at many things on both sides of the Atlantic from advertising to Shakespearean criticism. Like a good musical comedy, it has plenty of wit, a pretty girl, and romance. What more could one ask from "Spring Fiction"?

R. W. CHASTENEY

THE BENSON MURDER CASE. *By S. S. Van Dine. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1926. $2.00.

THE "CANARY" MURDER CASE. *By S. S. Van Dine. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1927. $2.00.

THE GREENE MURDER CASE. *By S. S. Van Dine. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1928. $2.00.

There is something mysteriously familiar in the writing of these three widely-read detective stories. It is almost as if in turning their pages one heard the voice of a certain well-known professor speaking from his Harvard platform.

Under the circumstances there is a peculiar fitness in applying the method of these stories to the detection of their author. Look for a moment at the circumstantial evidence. We have found the obscure works on toxicology, insanity, and criminology, which Van Dine uses with such ease, in the Harvard Library. We have been able to compare hand-writing in the cuts with hand-writing in reading assignments: the similarity is at least suggestive. It is hardly necessary to mention a facility which is almost eager in the use of German and Greek. And a sabbatical year, coming at just the right time, further bears us out. It looks as if a possibility, perhaps no more, has been established.

But the method of Philo Vance checks us at this point. Circumstantial evidence would have convicted any one of four innocent people of the murder of Alvin Benson. We must go deeper and ask, as Vance would do, what is the mental equipment of the author of these stories. In the matter of style, much the same sort of periods occur in the writings of our professor as on the lips of Philo

Vance (the detective in these stories), the same predilection for unusual polysyllables, the same liberty of scorn. Roughly, the incidental subject matter consists of: allusions to the fine arts, to obscure classics such as the Greek Anthology, and to criminology. With the first two of these, as Professor both of Greek and Fine Arts, he would naturally have expert acquaintance. With the third, his wide cultural interests may well have familiarized him. Nor would we in the least try to dodge the problem seemingly presented by his knowledge of human types. Sibella Greenes, as everyone knows, graduate in dozens every June from Radcliffe. For the rest, such types as he may not have been able to meet or invent, fiction (or motion picture!) may have offered leading suggestions. And where did he learn his poker? Here is a puzzle, but only to those who do not play poker, a game based directly on the universal principles of probability. A "brilliant amateur pianist" was Vance; as his friends know, so is our professor. Perhaps most compelling of all is the common rumor that before this he has published anonymous detective stories.

At this point the matter becomes crucial. There is not a single reason why the professor whom we have so carefully sleuthed might not have written these stories. He is favored by personal, circumstantial, and stylistic evidence. And yet the surprising fact of the matter (a fact upsetting enough to make one doubt, almost, the value of even the Vance method!) is that they were written by some one else. The true S. S. Van Dine, beyond a doubt, is a certain Willard Huntington Wright, onetime editor of *Town Topics* and the *Smart Set*, author of *The Creative Will*, *Modern Painting*, and compiler of classic detective stories. Amusing and wide-spread as the notion is that a Harvard professor should prove to have been the author of popular detective fiction, we must re-affirm that it is an illusion.

STERLING ALLAN

PERIODICAL REVIEWS

THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY. *Edited by S. E. Morison, A. M. Schlesinger, K. B. Murdock, S. T. Williams, and L. S. Mayo. Volume I, Numbers* 1-2. *January, April,* 1928.

The New England Quarterly made its first appearance in January with a number highly creditable of its kind. The initial editorial states the purpose of the journal, to publish "every sort of article, short note, or document, on the past of New England and on the migration of New England ideas, people, and institutions" by "all writers of whatever age, ancestry, or residence." The editors desire to break new ground in "a field that hardly knows the blade of a plow," but they are properly wary of "the idolator to whom every New England product is hallowed." In short their broad purpose is to present for the first time scientifically historical studies of the region since circa 1850, as well as to rehearse in the light of changed standards and values the history of that region in its earlier days. What most strikes one about the first number is the interest of it. There is little or none of the *jejunitas* which one has come to believe inevitable in a learned journal. Here is something which even the casual reader may enjoy, and which the tried historical scholar will find a welcome relief from the tedium of his accustomed reading. Mr. Morison contributes a short biography of Fisher Ames which proves once again its author's ability to synthesize history and literature into a thoroughly harmonious unit. The *Journal of Village Life in Vermont in* 1848 makes the reader sigh only because of its pathetic brevity. Lawrence Martin's *Genesis of Godey's Lady's Book* is a very fluent account of the origin of the first parent of a large class of magazines. The *Ballad of the Northwest Fur Trade,* an original document edited and annotated by F. W. Howay, follows. Perhaps the best thing in the issue are the book reviews. Van Wyck Brooks' comments on Mumford's *Golden Day* are little short of brilliant. Other excellent reviews are contributed by Stanley Williams and S. E. Morison.

The interest of the second number is in inverse proportion to its increase in size and scholarship. John Hunter Sedgwick's account of the adventures of William Eaton in northern Africa is good

historical writing, but its connection with New England is tenuous in the extreme. There is an illuminating note on "Swedenborgianism" in the work of Ralph Waldo Emerson by Clarence Paul Hotson, followed by a detailed study of *Conscious Art in Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation* by E. F. Bradford. A. H. Buffington has an article on the *Isolationist Policy of Colonial Massachusetts*. The paper on *Benjamin Franklin's "Electrical Kite" and Lightning Rod* is, like that on Eaton, related to New England only through the accident of its protagonist's birthplace, but succeeds in establishing one or two interesting points on the question of this famous experiment. Following a brief discussion of *Two New England Reviews* is Mr. Morison's *Forcing the Dardanelles in* 1810, easily the high spot of the issue, and with a closer relation to the avowed subject of the journal than the title might lead one to suppose. Of the reviews in this number the best are the two by Kenneth B. Murdock and the one by Robert Hillyer.

Taking the two issues together, one may conclude that the second represents the ideal of the editors more closely than the first. It is heavier, more substantial, and of a distinctly more learned air. But in both there is a noticeable lack of anything pertaining to that more recent period since 1850 which the opening announcement so clearly promised. And, although in view of the confessed historical nature of the magazine, it would be unfair to press the point too far, the contents of these two numbers cause one to wonder if *The New England Quarterly* is not, after all, somewhat in the nature of an obituary.

V. F.

THE EXILE. *Edited by Ezra Pound. Number* 3. *Spring* 1928.

The third number of the Exile is by far the largest and most interesting that has yet appeared. William Butler Yeats contributes two series of poems — of which *Sailing to Byzantium* has just been published in his new book *The Tower*. Following these, a poem beginning *"The"* by Louis Zukofsky, a heavily numbered mosaic of memories from the author's fund of miscellaneous information. Notes refer to Broadway (line 134), John Erskine (184, 185), Horses (224-237), myself, Mussolini, Pater, Peer Gynt, the King's

English, etc., etc. . . . Mr. Pound then includes one of his own Cantos, which in fragment is almost as beautiful as some of those that were printed in *XVI Cantos*. Perhaps he feels that he owes John Rodker who published them a debt of gratitude, for Rodker's *Adolphe* 1920 is here concluded. The editor presents and defends some verses by R. C. Dunning which are never as distinguished as Mr. Pound's apology for them — in which he says of the renaissance of poesy "a few of 'em got started . . . to look for a certain plainness of speech . . . and having about 1918 got started looking for Mr. Eliot's rather more fragile system (a system excellent for Mr. Eliot but not very much use to anyone else) . . ." Payson Loomis is represented by *Don't Wake Me Up Yet* which is in many ways the most entertaining single thing in the number. Mr. Loomis succeeds in presenting in vivid isolation a personal state of mind with a maximum of potential universal references. This from his context —

"Oh! for one of those things that fly back and forth in
department-stores like carrier pigeons
(Made my Airedale bark so in a general store in the west.
But this very building is so strange that a dog
would bark and bark and bark)"

Morley Callaghan, whose concise, depressing stories have appeared in *transition*, has here a story called *Ancient Lineage*. He is more interested in subject-matter — as opposed to style — than Hemingway, but they are two of a kind. This manner of writing can have only a limited sustaining effect — for its background and irony are too easily duplicated to maintain a necessary novelty.

Clifford Gesseler has a sequence of sonnets called *Waikiki*, in which the traditionalism of the opening lines are amusingly contrasted with a more or less colloquial sestet. From the first sonnet—

"The luscious leaves of twilight sifting down
Across the mellow splendor of the sky . . .
Volstead is too much with us. Late and soon . . .
O grand and goofy sky! O cuckoo sea!
Come out, my love, and greet the cock-eyed moon!"

There are other inclusions — less worthy of interest than the editor's official comment. To extract a few remarks from gay Mr. Pound:

"1. What largely ails the 'Arts' is unemployment . . .

5. Le style c'est l'homme. Knowledge of this simple fact wd. have saved us from Woodie Wilson.

11. The 207 literate Americans alleged by scientists to exist, ought to be compelled to serve in the National legislature now and again, in spite of popular choice.

16. The res publica means, or ought to mean: the public convenience.

17. We refuse to recognize England as a civilized nation so long as her divorce laws remain the dastardly manifestation of brute stupidity they now are . . . etc. . . . etc. . . .

18. Parenthesis: I seriously advise every reader of this note to refuse utterly to buy tickets for Europe until the visa infamy is removed. If you must go, enquire at six travel bureaus and refuse to buy their tickets, and then buy your ticket at the seventh. And remember that our State Dept. deserves no pity and that the French State Dept. deserves no pity. These two are the chief offenders."

Mr. Pound appends a Desideria.

"Quite simply: I want a new civilization. We have the basis for a new poetry, and for a new music. The government of our country is hopelessly low-brow, there are certain crass stupidities in administration that it is up to the literate members of the public to eradicate. Voilà tout.

"I say 'new' civilization, I don't know that I *care* about its being so very different from the best that has been, but it must be *as good* as the best that has been. It can't possibly be the same so why worry, novelty is enforced. . . .

"There is plenty of work to be done.

"(Parenthesis. No, dearie, when I say: the basis for a new poetry, I don't mean the vers libre movement as it was in the year 1912)"

L. E. K.

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No. 3, pg. 259, l. 28. *For* Marcel *read* Morel

More or Less Personal

Joseph Wood Krutch, *The Nation's* dramatic critic, is making a tour of European theatres this summer. He is contributing to *The Nation* a series of articles on the theatres of Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, London and Paris.

Stuart Chase, Edna Ferber, Sinclair Lewis, Ivy Lee, Upton Sinclair, H. L. Mencken and others have described the kind of world they would like to live in. These *Very Private Utopias* are appearing in *The Nation.*

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385 Washington St.
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